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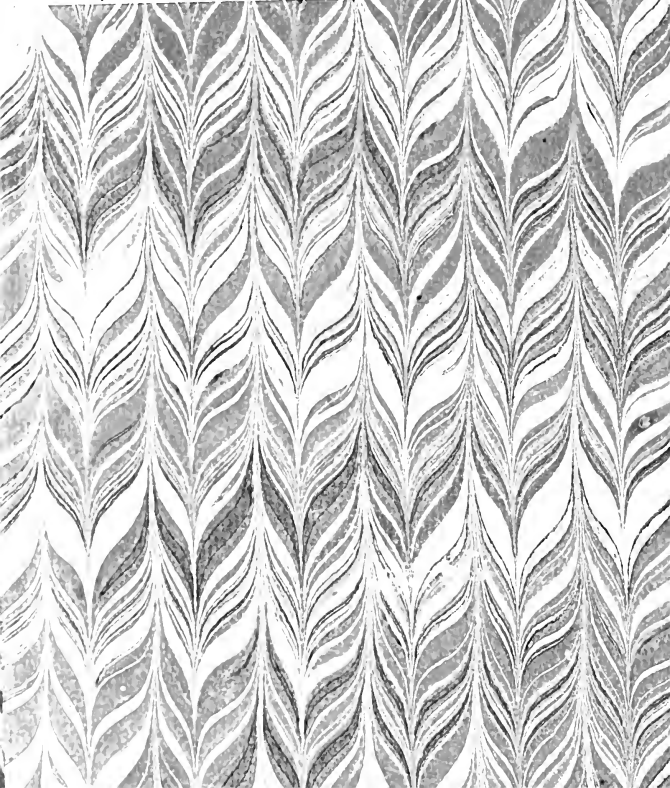
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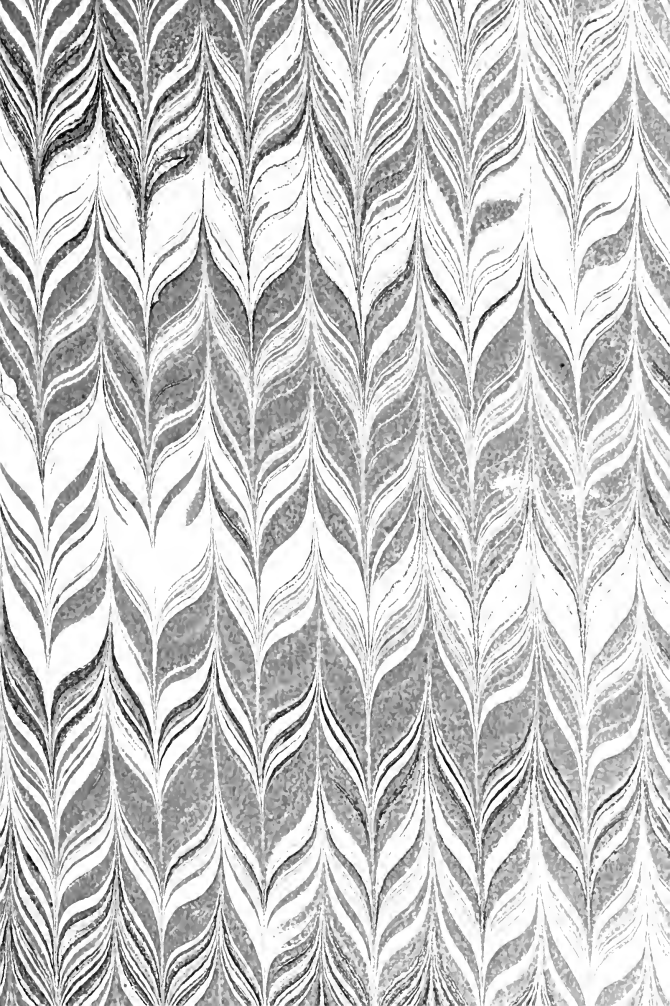
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New York 1867

# LETTERS AND JOURNALS

RELATING TO THE

WAR OF 1777

AND THE

## CAPTURE OF THE GERMAN TROOPS AT SARATOGA.

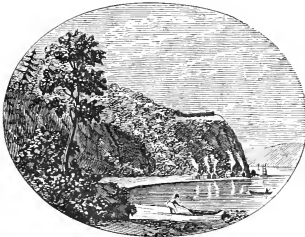
By JOEL MUNSELL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL GERMAN,

By WILLIAM L. STONE,

*Author of the Life and Times of Sir William Johnson.*

"HUMANI NIHIL ALIENUM."



JOEL MUNSELL.

1867.

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By J. MUNSSELL,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States,  
for the Northern District of New York.

1867

TO

JAMES B. ANGELL,

President of the University of Vermont,

WHO

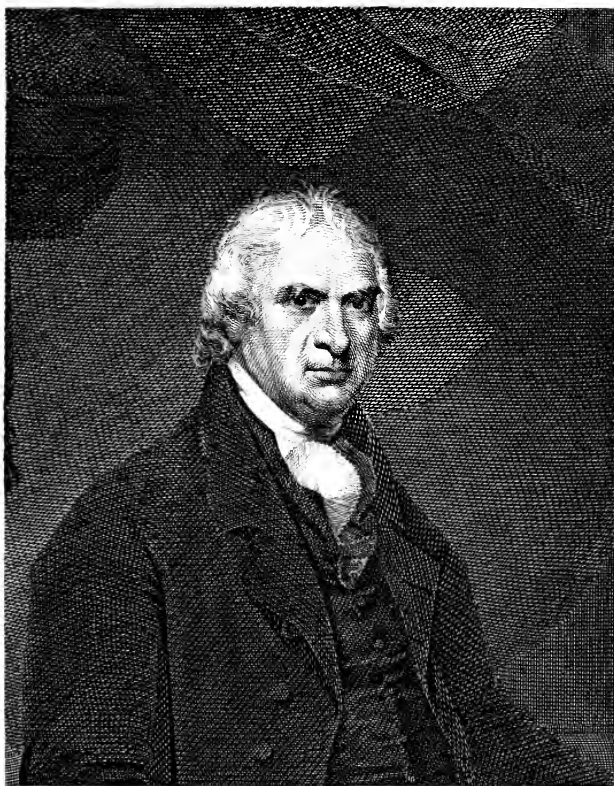
FIRST INSPIRED ME WITH A LOVE FOR THE GERMAN  
LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE,

**THIS VOLUME**

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.





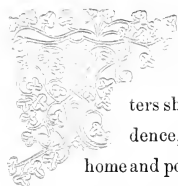


1764. — 1765.

Engraved by P. Masson.

## TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

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THE memory of Madame Riedesel\* will live in the hearts of Americans, as long as letters shall endure. The child-like trust in Providence, which alone enabled her to leave a luxurious home and powerful friends, and follow her husband across a pathless ocean into a strange land, then almost a wilderness, for the sake of sharing with him his trials and hardships, affords an example worthy of our study and admiration. Nor can any one peruse these touching records of a devoted, conjugal love, chastened and sanctified, as it was, by an unaffected religious experience, without the consciousness of a higher ideal of faith and duty.

A few detached and imperfectly translated portions of these letters were first published in English by General Wilkinson, in his *Memoirs of my own Times*, and were afterwards copied into Professor Silliman's *Tour in Canada*. The work was subsequently more fully translated and given to the public in 1827. This translation, however, not only fails, in innumerable instances, to convey the ideas and spirit of the original, but omits nearly forty pages of the first and only German edition published

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\* Ried-esel, pronounced Re-day-zel, with accent on second syllable. The cockneys in the British army pronounced it Red-hazel.

at Berlin in 1800.\* When, therefore, a few months since, Mr. Munsell proposed that I should undertake a new translation with original and explanatory notes, I entered into the work with alacrity. I felt that it was a duty I owed to the memory of one, who, as the associate and friend of Washington and Schuyler, Carleton and Burgoyne, was so identified with the early struggles of our national existence, to present her character to American readers in its true light. In his attempt to do this, the translator of the edition of 1827 has been only partially successful; and, while our thanks are justly due him for his pioneer efforts in this direction, still, justice to Madame Riedesel forbids the incorporation of so incomplete a translation into our standard literature. "For the passages which have been omitted," says the translator in his preface to the edition of 1827, "no apology will be required by those who can read the original. The reading portion of mankind has become so hostile to vulgarity, so delicate, and in some respects so fastidiously refined, that many things and words that were perfectly innocent and inoffensive, or only pervertible by the sagacity of profligates and rakes, at a time not distant from that of Fielding and Smollett, are now considered utterly disgraceful, and are wholly banished from polite literature." The effect of this passage is to leave upon the minds of those who have not read

\*It was entitled, Die | Berufs Reise nach America | Briefe der | Generalin von Riedesel | aus dieser Reise | und | während ihres sechsjährigen Aufenthalts | in America | zur Zeit des dortigen Krieges | in den Jahren 1776 bis 1783 | nach Deutschland geschrieben | Berlin | bei Haude und Spener | 1800. 16mo, pp. x, 352.

The voyage of duty to America: letters of Mrs. General Riedesel, upon her journey and during her six years' sojourn in America, at the time of war in that country, in the years 1776-1783, written to Germany.



the original, a totally false impression. If the readers of this volume are so "fastidiously refined" as to be shocked by any thing which the pure and lovely Madame Riedesel has written, it is high time that the works of our chastest authors be put out of their reach, until their morbid sensibilities be restored to a healthy tone. Designed for no eyes but those of her mother and her family, these letters have an unstudied familiarity. There is, however, nothing in them that can offend the correct and cultivated taste of any true man or woman. Many of them were written amid the sickening horrors of the camp; and it is her artless and faithful delineations of the scenes through which she passed, and the state of society in this country at one of its most momentous epochs, that give to her story its highest charm and value.

A translation of a passage from Weid's *Voyage to North America*, in relation to the Indian chief Thayendanega, which forms the appendix to the German volume, has been omitted, as the original is accessible to the English reader. In its place we give, as of far more interest, a personal sketch of the baroness, including an account of her romantic courtship and marriage.

The appendix to the edition of 1827, contains several letters from General Riedesel to Generals Washington and Gates. These letters are not reproduced in this volume, as they will soon appear in a translation of the *Life and Writings of General Riedesel*, upon which I am now engaged. This work contains, besides Riedesel's military and personal journal during his residence in America, many additional letters from Washington, Gates, Burgoyne, Schuyler, and other

revolutionary characters, which have never been published in English.

To David M. Stone, T. W. Field, and the late Theodore Dwight of Brooklyn; Friedrich Kapp, Charles Congdon, and David T. Valentine of New York; Hon. Judge Hay of Saratoga Springs; and to my loved teacher and friend, Professor Robinson P. Dunn of Brown University, I am indebted for kind and valuable suggestions. Nor must I forget to thank Mr. John C. Buttre for the pains he has taken with the artistic engraving which forms the frontispiece of this volume.

One word further in relation to the authenticity of the engraving itself.\* Upon writing to Lieutenant Colonel Max Von Eckling—the author of the *Life and Writings of General Riedesel*, now residing at Meiningen—for a copy of the portrait of the baroness, he with great courtesy complied with my request, accompanying the photograph with a letter, under date of December 7, 1866, from which I make the following extract:

“At last I am able to answer your wish. The only one to whom I could apply is Baron Rotenhan, a grandson of Mrs. General Riedesel, who has inherited the whole estate, and who is, at the same time, in the possession of all the family portraits. I, accordingly, send you enclosed the photograph, which you will please send back after having used it. Please send me five or six copies, which I would like to distribute among the relatives of Mrs. Riedesel. Baron Rotenhan has not given me any other items in relation to Mrs. Riedesel, although I asked

\* The portrait from which the engraving is taken, represents Madame Riedesel at the age of sixteen, a few weeks before her marriage. It was painted by the celebrated German artist, Tischbein, in 1762.

him for them. Probably he does not know more than that which I have stated in my biography of the General, which was communicated to me by his son."

The kindness of this reply, as well as the prompt and appreciative response of Lieut. Col. Eelking and Baron Von Rotenhan to my request, will, I am confident, commend them to the gratitude of the American public.

WILLIAM L. STONE.

*Saratoga Springs, January 1st, 1867.*

## PREFACE TO THE GERMAN EDITION.

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OF those German troops which England hired for the purpose of conquering her revolted colonies, General Riedesel commanded the Brunswickers.\* In the year 1776, he departed for America at the head of those troops, leaving his wife with the wish that she, together with their children, would follow him to that portion of the globe. This she did, and thus created the occasion for the letters which the reader will find in this little volume. The authoress wrote them to her mother, the widow of the minister of state, his excellency Herr von Massow, and a few intimate friends while upon her dangerous voyage and during her sojourn in America.

A few years subsequently, this correspondence came into the hands of her son-in-law, Count Henry Reuss the XLIV, grand-marshal and chamberlain to the court of Berlin.

The count took advantage of the leisure of one summer, which he spent with his parents-in-law at their country-seat, to arrange the letters in order, and, on account of the great interest which they excited among all the relatives, he had them, the following winter, printed as manuscript for the family, though only a very small number of copies were printed.

General Riedesel, however, did not live to see them in print. He died on the sixth of January of the same year, while holding the

\* Early in the year 1776, England entered into treaties with the smaller German states to take into her service 20,000 German troops. The exact number of those hired was 16,300, of these more than 4,000 were Brunswickers. These latter, as stated in the text, were placed under the command of General Riedesel. They consisted, according to Max Von Eelking, the learned and industrious German historian, of the following troops: 1st, a regiment of (dismounted) Dragoons, under Lieut. Col. Baum. 2d, Prince Frederick's regiment of Infantry; Lieut. Col. Pratorius. 3d, Rhet's regiment of Infantry; Lieut. Col. von Ehrenkrook. 4th, Riedesel's former regiment of Infantry; Lieut. Col. von Specht. 6th, Grenadiers; Lieut. Col. Breyman. 7th, Rifle Battalion (Jagers); Lieut. Col. Barner.

position of lieutenant-general, and commandant of the city of Brunswick.

Even without this history of the appearance of these letters, one can easily see from the letters themselves, that they were not designed for publication; still as it is not every thing intended for publication which is, for that reason, deserving of being printed, so there is certainly much that is withheld from the public, which is worthy of being brought to its notice. Especially, did this seem to me to be the case with these letters; and, accordingly, when one of these copies was presented me by the right honorable editor, I entreated him to allow me to prepare an edition for the public. The count granted the request, with the remark, "Yes, certainly, if you think good can be accomplished by it." I am most assuredly of that opinion. If examples are more heeded than mere precepts; if fervid attachment in conjugal life; if religious observance of the duties of a mother; if it is true that in all circumstances and situations of life, nothing affords so much satisfaction as the consciousness of having acted according to the dictates of duty; if sacrifices and self-denials of all kinds do not impair the efforts toward fulfilling that duty; if a determined resignation to unalterable circumstances; if all this is worthy of imitation, and so much the more estimable as it is perhaps rarely to be found, especially among the higher classes; then the publication of a book which exhibits the actual practice of all these virtues, certainly cannot be without profit. In so far as truth is of more value than fiction, the greater will be the interest with which these letters will be read, because they rest upon facts, while in reading even the best of romances, the conviction that all was invented for the purposes of instruction, must, after all, lessen the affectionate sympathy and weaken the moral effect that had been intended.

With the approbation of the highly respected and honorable editor, I have altered the title of this little work for the present edition. In the one designed only for the family it runs thus:

"Extracts from the letters and papers of General, Baron de Riedesel and his wife *née* Massow, concerning their common voyage to America and their sojourn in that country, compiled and arranged by their son-in-law, Count Reuss. *Printed as manuscript for the family.*"

The great number of books, which are now published, make it particularly desirable, if not for the general reader, at least for the trade, that books of similar contents should be distinguished as much as possible by the title, especially when they relate to *journeys*. If,

therefore, a title is much better if it is characteristic, I need make no apology for calling this "The Voyage of Duty to America," especially as Mrs. General Riedesel does not come under the category of those whom Yorick classes as *travelers*. Proofs of the correctness of this discriminating title, the reader will find upon every page of the book, if indeed it is not literally justified on pages 36, 38, and 209.\* That the title does not mention the letters of General Riedesel, and the fragment of his journal which relates to the military operations of the English General Burgoyne, must be excused by the fact that these letters are, in this connection, nothing but a part of a drama; and the military report must be considered merely as an episode.

A few typographical errors, which I shall not allow to remain standing in a revised edition, the reader, I hope, will excuse — especially as they consist, for the most part, of omissions of types which can be set right without difficulty.

The vignette of the title page represents a prominent cape in the St. Lawrence river (cape Diamond), which is a thousand feet above the level of the water, is the highest and most fortified point of Quebec, and, in fact, may be regarded as the citadel of the city.

In addition, also, to the fact that this promontory presents a most picturesque appearance, it is particularly deserving of being here given as an embellishment, since it was the much longed for goal of the tedious voyage of the authoress, as well as the signal of its termination. I have borrowed this suitable little ornament from Weld's *Journey to North America*, a work that was issued from my publishing house at the same time with the letters of Mrs. General Riedesel; and the reading of which I can confidently recommend as very interesting to all those who wish to get a true and comprehensive idea of the recent condition of the free states of North America and the Canadas.†

CARL SPENER.

*Berlin, May 8th, 1800.*

\* These designated pages will be found, in this translation, in the twenty-first letter, in the first portion of "The account of Mrs. General Riedesel's journey from Wolfenbüttel to Bristol," and in her remarks just previous to her departure from Cambridge to Virginia.

† Weld sojourned in North America from the end of the year 1795 to the beginning of the year 1797.

## PERSONAL SKETCH.

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REDERIKA VON MASSOW, afterwards Baroness Riedesel, was born in 1746. Her father, Lord von Massow who was commissioned by Frederick II, a governing president of the allied army, acted as commissary in chief, and as such was entrusted with the general management of affairs. He was a man of sterling worth, and in every respect deserving of the trust reposed in him by that monarch. Being obliged to remain a long time at the theatre of war, and not wishing to be separated from his family, they were domiciliated near him.

Herr von Massow seems to have been a genial gentleman, and his house was open to many officers, who either were quartered in the same place with him, or resided in the vicinity. He had also a son in the allied army, and he, too, often brought his friends to the parental roof. Mrs. Massow, we are informed, was an extremely amiable lady, who understood well how to do the honors of her house, at the same time that her husband kept an excellent table. But that which more than all drew the young officers to this hospitable house, were the beautiful and lovely daughters of the commissary, who by their grace and unaffected manners bewitched not only the younger officers, but the older and more experienced generals.

Riedesel had been in official correspondence with Herr von Massow for sometime previous to his becoming personally acquainted with him or his family. He was, therefore, on his first appearance at head-quarters, received like an old acquaintance, and as such introduced to the members of the household; where, standing high, as he did, in favor with the duke Ferdinand, he was received with all the more distinction.

Frederika (called by her own family Fritschen) made a deep im-

pression upon the heart of the young cavalry captain, and an alliance would have been proposed in the winter of 1759-60, but for various adverse circumstances arising from the war. In his absence however, he had a friend at court, in the person of the eccentric Günther, who afterwards became a distinguished officer; from whose correspondence we gather an amusing episode of the young lady. It seems that he did not particularly enjoy her favor, and gives vent to his grief in a letter to Riedesel dated at Mülden, the 2d December, as follows:

“ \* \* \* She is truly worthy of the affection of such a deserving and distinguished man as yourself. You must not regard what I write you on this subject as flattery, which I detest. But, my friend, I must ask a favor of you. Frederika is very much prejudiced against me, and treats me like a coach horse, capriciously, and seems determined to discern only my bad qualities. You know me, however, and I can at least flatter myself of having this piece of good fortune. Represent my character to her in another and a better light. I should feel very much grieved if a lady of so noble a character, and so many accomplishments as Frederika, should have such a bad opinion of me. I know that it is possible for you to convince her of the purity of my sentiments. She has confessed to Madam H—— that she loves you most tenderly. I congratulate you from the bottom of my heart, and hope that an early peace will aid you in attaining to the possession of so many charms. Now dear Riedesel, adieu. Think occasionally, in the intoxication of your joy, of poor Günther, who, shut off from all human intercourse, has no other pleasure, at present, than of knowing of your happiness, and of remaining to the last moment of his life,

Yours truly and sincerely,

GÜNTHER.”

His colonel, Jeannert, who also frequently visited the Massow family, and knew the state of affairs between the parties, often in his dry manner, expatiated at length upon the beauty and loveliness of the *jungfrau*, and prophesied an early peace. This friendship and interest often found expression in his official letters upon patrols and foraging, and was mingled in them with denunciations of his hard life and miserable quarters.

Toward the end of the year 1762, Riedesel ventured to follow the dictates of his heart, and inform the duke of the state of his feelings in respect to Miss Massow, at the same time asking, with all due form, his permission to the union. The duke, who had known for a long time



how matters stood, cheerfully consented, and congratulated him most graciously. Neither Riedesel's parents nor those of Miss Massow had as yet given their formal consent to this union. The duke, therefore, after the custom of those days, offered to act as negotiator, and request their permission to the match. He accordingly wrote first to his brother, the reigning duke, and having obtained his approbation, applied on the 12th of December to the parents of the lovers, for their consent. This obtained, he did not rest satisfied until he had himself arranged the nuptials at his head-quarters. Thus it was that the last days of the year were to be spent, after so many privations and dangers, in a joyful and happy union.

The 21st of December was appointed for the marriage. There were busy times in the little hamlet of Newhaus. Adjutants and artillery officers galloped up and down the streets, and all was animation. Numbers of carriages containing richly dressed ladies were out, and the whole town gave indications of a gala day. As may naturally be supposed, there was no lack of parade, gifts and poems. The Duke Ferdinand, the heir to the throne, Prince Friederich, General Homboldt, Adjutant Reden, Private Secretary Westphal, Colonels Schieffen, Oynhausen and Veltheim, and others, had their portraits painted in oil in full size, which they presented to the bridegroom in commemoration of the day.\* Four of the most beautiful ladies had their pictures taken, representing the four seasons — the bride impersonating spring.

Madame Riedesel, after the nuptials, remained with her family, while her husband marched with his regiment into the duchy of Brunswick, and went into garrison at Wolfenbüttel, where he purchased a house. The close of the seven years' war soon after, gave opportunity for a few years of respite from hostile strife, until the revolution in America disturbed the domestic relations of the baroness. The following pages describe the adventures that befell her during the period in which she followed the fortunes of her husband and countrymen in America, and form one of the most interesting books that have appeared in connection with that memorable contest. On her return to Germany, in 1783, she enjoyed a respite of four years from the alarms of war, when her husband was advanced to the rank of lieutenant-general, and was sent into Holland to support the cause of the stadtholder; after which he returned to

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\*The portraits of these officers, which hung in the ancestral castle at Lauterbach, were destroyed in the general pillage of the place in 1848.

Lauterbach. In 1794 ~~he~~ was appointed commandant of the city of Brunswick, and died there in 1800.

Madame Riedesel survived her husband eight years, and died at Berlin, 29th March, 1808, at the age of 62. She rests by the side of her beloved consort in the family vault at Lauterbach. Of her nine children three were living in 1856, namely: Caroline, unmarried; America, widow of Count Bernsdorf; and Charlotte, the wife of Major Von Schöning, in the service of the king of Saxony. Her only son, George, died 4th August, 1854, at Buchwald in Silesia. Frederika, the second daughter of Madame Riedesel, who accompanied her in all her wanderings in America, became one of the most distinguished women of her day. She married the Count Reden (who died in 1854), and resided at Buchwald, which was the resort of all the celebrated men of the age. It was a favorite retreat of Humboldt, and also of Baron Stein. Madame Reden, accordingly, was on warm terms of friendship with the prominent men of the time; and, after her death, the king of Prussia, Friederich William, with whom she was intimate, caused a beautiful monument to be erected to her memory, with an appropriate inscription. She left but one daughter, who was married to Baron von Rotenhan, at Reutweinsdorf, in Bavaria, with whom this branch of the family of Riedesel dies out.

## L E T T E R S .

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*From General Riedesel to his Wife.*

LEIFERT, *Feb. 22d, 1776.*



DEAREST WIFE: Never have I suffered more than upon my departure this morning. My heart was broken; and could I have gone back who knows what I might have done. But, my darling, God has placed me in my present calling, and I must follow it. Duty and honor force me to this decision, and we must be comforted by this reflection and not murmur. Indeed, my chief solicitude arises from the state of your own health, in view of your approaching confinement. The care of our dear daughters, also, gives me anxiety. Guard most preciously the dear ones. I love them most fondly.

I am thus far on my journey without accident and in good health, although very tired in consequence of my anxiety of mind the past few days. I am hoping, however, for a refreshing sleep, and trust that you may be blessed in a similar manner.

I have this evening been raised to the rank of major-general.\*

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\*The confidence which was reposed in Riedesel is shown in the following letter to him from his duke, written just previous to his receiving his promotion. It would seem, also, from the letter itself, that Riedesel had expressed to the writer his solicitude at leaving his wife and family.

BRUNSWICK, *Feb. 14th, 1776.*

My Dearest Colonel Riedesel: I have received your report of this day, wherein you mention to me that every thing is arranged for to-morrow's march. Thankfully acknowledging your faithful services and cordial sentiments toward me, I do not doubt, in the least, that you will acquit yourself to my perfect satisfaction with

Therefore, my own Mrs. General, take good care of your health, in order that you may follow me as quickly as possible after your happy delivery.

GIFHORN, *Feb. 23d, 1776.*

I have just arrived at Gifhorn, fortunately without accident, and, God be praised, without any desertion. I might have slept well last night had not my spirit been constantly with you and my dear children. Ah! dear wife, you did not notice — and I am glad you did not — how much I have suffered the last four weeks, and what it has cost me to conceal from you my distress. My mind has not suffered so much from work (for to that I am habituated) as it has from melancholy and anxiety. Now, however, it is over with. God has so ordered it; let his will be done.

I do not doubt that you will be able to follow me as soon as your confinement is safely over. Nurse carefully your own health, and do not venture too much with the young children. I think that the eldest and Frederica, also, will stand the journey well. But you must be careful, and not too greatly expose the youngest — whether it be a boy or a girl — nor injure it by excessive tenderness. It is better to be separated from a dearly loved child, for a little while, than to reproach yourself with its premature death.

Secondly; you must not set out on your journey until you have received my first letters from America, from which you will learn where I am myself. Thirdly, and lastly, you must

the command entrusted to you. You may rest assured that if, in an unhopèd for case, it should please Heaven to take away your life, your wife and children shall be cared for as much as possible. But I hope and wish, that you may come back in God's own time, safe and well, even if you should not meet me again on earth.

In the mean time, I hope to see you to-morrow, to wish you in person, all possible luck; and I remain,

Your affectionate

CARL,

Duke of Brunswick and Luneburg.

To Colonel Van Riedesel.

obtain good letters of introduction to people in England, in order that your temporary sojourn in that country may be agreeable. Remember, also, to travel by short stages, and do not expose the children too much to the air.

HAUKENBÜTTEL, *Feb. 25th, 1776.*

I received, dear wife, your first letter early this morning; and I thank God that you are well, and disposed to acquiesce in that which my duty and God's will have imposed upon me. Pray to our Heavenly Father that you may continue in this frame of mind, and he will assuredly give you the needful strength to overcome all rebellious feelings. I continue, thanks to a kind Providence, in good health, but, of necessity, am yet deprived of sleep, and my heart is still heavy. The presence of yourself and the dear children are wanting to my happiness. What says my little Gustava? And how is the cunning elf Frederica? Remember me to Madame Paasch and her daughter, and say to the latter that she must write me a letter (which you are not to read) about your health and state of mind.

Kiss our sweet little Gustava and Frederica for me, and rest assured that I am ever, &c.

AMELINGHAUSEN, *Feb. 29th, 1776.*

I will, in a few words, give you my diary. You know that on the 22d I was at Leifert, downhearted, thoughtful, and wearied, not having yet been able to obtain sleep.

On the 23d, I spent a disagreeable, cold day at Gifhorn, where, by the by, I dined with General Bremer.

On the 24th we were at Haukenbüttel, where we had a day's rest.

The 25th and 26th were spent at Vriestädt. I reviewed my regiment of dragoons, which lay encamped at the country-seat of a Mr. de Grote.

On the 27th I arrived at Ebsdorf; and on the 28th reached Amelinghausen. At this place I inspected my infantry regiment, and returned to my quarters in this village at eleven o'clock last evening.

Yesterday, my regiment of dragoons overtook me, and I shall retain it by me until we come to Stade, which we shall reach by the fifth of March. To-day I shall again have a large dinner company. We generally have twelve persons at table. On our marching-days we have five, and on our resting-days six dishes. Our kitchen expenses average half a louis d'or a day.

With this letter I send another to little Gustava and Frederica, whom I embrace tenderly, and with heart and soul am ever entirely thine.

STADE, *March 3d*, 1776.

I write you this, it is true, in great weariness, but with a joyful heart at the successful embarkation of the dragoon and grenadier regiments. At seven o'clock we began to put the men on board, and in less than three hours not a single man remained in the city—all were upon the Elbe, an hour and a half's journey hence. The departure of the boats was one of the most beautiful spectacles that can be imagined. All was contentment and happiness, and the citizens could not sufficiently praise the good order in which the embarkation was effected, and the admirable management of the troops during their sojourn in the city. To-morrow, Prince Frederick's regiment and mine will arrive, but I do not yet know when they will embark, since half of our ships are still missing; neither does any one know when they will make their appearance, as their crews were not ready at the time that those which are here, sailed from England.

I think, also, that I shall remain here at least eight days longer. I shall have, however, on board my ship a good officer—Captain Foy, whom you will doubtless remember to have

seen at Minden. He was formerly an officer in the English artillery, and is a very large man. This Foy has an American wife who is at present in England. He is desirous to have his wife join him in America as soon as it is more quiet, and he would be very much pleased if she could accompany you thither, but not until he and I know where we are to be stationed.

This Foy will remain with me until we reach America *in safety*; for he tells me that our voyage across will be but a mere trifle. The ship in which I shall sail from here is the Pallas — a very good ship, but having a somewhat small state-room for the seven whom I am compelled to have with me. Foy assures me, however, that I shall sail from Portsmouth on board a man-of-war of large burden. I have to-day examined all the ships fit for service that are in this port.

But enough of myself, dearest wife. Now let me say a word to you in whose welfare I am more interested than in my own. I hope that you are now entirely recovered from your confinement, and toward April will be ready to march!\*

STADE, *March 18th, 1776.*

Dear Wife: Here am I upon the point of embarking, having entire trust in the merey of that God who has lovingly guided my steps up to the present time. Do not let this news give you uneasiness, for, believe me, one can have a right good time on board a ship. I have very good company; and when I arrive off the English coast, and have been transferred to a man-of-war, my situation will be still more pleasant.

It is therefore decided, that you are to go to Plymouth as soon as your health and that of our newly born little daughter

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\* Or perhaps more literally "in marching trim." This playful and sprightly allusion to his own profession is entirely lost in the translation of 1827, where the passage is tamely rendered, "I hope you will be ready for the voyage." This, however, is only one out of innumerable instances in which that translation, as stated in the preface, signally fails to convey the *spirit* of the original.

Caroline, will permit; and that you will there await the news of my arrival in America. Be not impatient. God loves us too well not to bring us together again as soon as practicable.

My brother will dine with me to-morrow, and then all will be over. I look forward to it with deep melancholy. Embrace our children, yes, our dear children for me. The ship awaits me. Love me always. Take care of your precious health for my sake, and be assured that I am ever wholly thine.

#### ON BOARD THE PALLAS, *March 21st, 1776.*

Here we are still quietly lying before Stade, in consequence of contrary winds; we must therefore have patience. Nevertheless we shall to-day noon proceed to Fryburg, which is not far from Glückstadt, where we shall wait for more favorable winds to carry us out to sea, and across to England. Meanwhile we are quite content. Your presence only is necessary to complete my happiness, for I confess that I have the greatest longing to see you once more.

For your amusement, and that you may see how we pass away our time, I, herewith, send my journal.

First then, we have a state-room almost as large as your sitting-room. Upon both sides are two small cabins, in one of which is my bed, and in the other that of Captain Foy. In the state-room itself, on both sides, are fixed four beds, in which sleep Captains Hensch, Gerlach, and Cleve, and the captain of the horse, Fricke. The cashier, the keeper of the military-chest, and the secretary, are in that part of the ship reserved for the soldiers, a private state-room having been put up especially for them.

I rise about seven o'clock in the morning, after having said my prayers in bed. We dress ourselves quickly, and breakfast after the English fashion upon tea and bread and butter. Then I go upon deck to smoke my pipe. After that I write or read, drink my coffee, walk up and down with both the Englishmen,



and with one or two pipes more pass away my time until two o'clock when we have dinner. We have nine persons at table, have three dishes, and eat nearly an hour. Then the table cloth is taken off, and we spend nearly half or three-quarters of an hour drinking different healths as follows: First, the king; second, the duke; third, yours and the children; fourth, Captain Foy's wife; fifth, a good sea-voyage; and sixth, a successful expedition in America. At four o'clock, all is finished. Four bottles of wine are consumed daily, together with half a bottle of arrack\* for punch. Afterwards I drink coffee with the Englishmen. The remaining gentlemen provide for themselves. After coffee I visit the other vessels; and in the evening play a rubber of whist. At half-past eight cold meat is brought on — also wine for whoever will drink, and beer — and at ten o'clock all of us go to bed, and in this manner one day after another passes by.

Captain Foy goes from Dover to London to report himself to the king, and will rejoin me at Portsmouth. Upon his arrival there, I shall be transferred to a man-of-war, where every thing will be more agreeably arranged for my comfort.

General Gage returned from America in this ship, at which time it had eight small state-rooms, an apartment for the general, and a dining room; all of which will be again fitted up. But of all this you shall hear in detail from me at Portsmouth, as also of the condition of things in America, and of the safest and quickest way for us again to see each other.

ON BOARD THE PALLAS, *March 22d*, 1776, on the open sea at the Red Ton, where the pilots leave the ships.

Here we are upon the open sea. The pilots are about taking their departure, and, through them I write you my last letter from the extreme limits of Germany. Fear nothing; we are

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\* I. e., spirituous liquor distilled from rice.

all very well, and I hope we shall make the entire passage-across to Spithead safely, and, once accustomed to the broad sea, reach America in perfect health.

Foy promises that I shall be off the heights of Spithead on Wednesday at the latest; and the first thing of which I shall think, will be to inform you of our arrival and of the state of my health.

ON BOARD THE PALLAS, opposite  
Dover, *March 26th*, 1776.

I write you the instant we come in sight of the English coast. Captain Foy, who goes to London, will post this letter from that city. I mention to you with satisfaction that I have not been unwell a moment; still less have I been sea-sick; but, on the contrary, have had a good appetite and good sleep the whole time. The soldiers, however, and also my servants, have mostly all been sick and yet remain so. The poor cook is so bad that he cannot do the least work, indeed, he cannot even raise his head. This is very inconvenient, since Captain Foy and myself are obliged to attend to the cooking, which would amuse you could you see us.

I will now give you a brief account of our voyage. Thursday, we sailed from Stade to Fryburg. It was a magnificent spectacle to see the beautiful villages upon both banks of the stream. Glückstadt, a fine Danish fortress, we left upon our right. We were in fine spirits, ate and drank heartily, and played whist in the evening.

Friday, we made sail for Ritzbüttel or Cashaven, where we hove to at evening in order to land and see the city, and play a ruber of whist.

Saturday we went to sea with a very gentle wind. We, however, hardly believed that we were at sea. We were all well and eat with great appetite. From the Red Ton, where the Hanoverian pilots left us I wrote you my last letter. In the

afternoon, fishermen from Helgoland came on board, and I bought, for two thalers,\* a large codfish, twenty haddocks, and four flounders, which I could not have obtained in Brunswick for ten thalers. Rainy weather now came on.

Sunday morning we had a heavy fog, and the sea became boisterous. Two guns were fired from our ship to indicate to the other vessels the route for them to take. The fog now lifted, the wind and the waves rose, but still there was no storm. Now all were sick. The cook could not cook. Müller could not dress me. Valentine could find nothing. To sum up, great lamentation and great blundering arose on all sides. Hungry, I had nothing to eat. Finally, Captain Foy and myself cooked a pea soup in the sailor's kitchen, and eat cold roast beef, which made up our whole dinner. The soldiers eat nothing.

Monday the weather was somewhat milder, and some of the people became better, though most of them remained sick. Captain Foy and I once more cooked a portable bouillon soup, a cod with anchovy sauce, a ragout from roast beef, and a piece of roast veal with potatoes.

Tuesday we had the most beautiful weather in the world, and a few of the people became again well. The soldiers cooked for themselves, but the cook still could do nothing. Foy and myself, therefore, again did the cooking. We had rice soup, yellow turnips with beef, codfish with anchovy sauce, and a ragout of veal. From a distance one could see land.

To-day, Wednesday, we are opposite Dover. Captain Foy goes from us and takes this letter with him. Dearest angel, remember that every one may be sick upon the water; consequently, you will have very little help from your servants. You must, therefore, choose the shortest route to England. I think the best one will be by way of Calais.

Captain Foy says that if Quebec is still ours, and there is no

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\* A thaler is seventy-five cents of American money.

American army this side of Montreal, not only he, but General Carleton, also, will have his wife join him. You must positively not set out on your journey before they do—then you can accompany them and travel with more safety, as you will have company and attendance, and want for nothing.

ON BOARD THE PALLAS, in the harbor of  
Portsmouth, *March 28th*, 1776.

You see, dear wife, that I let slip no opportunity to give you news from me. Here we are happily arrived in the harbor of Plymouth, and I am on the point of going into the city to pay a visit to Admiral Douglas and the other generals who, like ourselves, are here for the purpose of embarking for America. Our servants are again well, and the cook has returned to my employ to the great benefit of my stomach. You cannot imagine a more beautiful spectacle than that which we had early yesterday morning at six o'clock, when we were so near to Calais that we could distinguish every house, while at the same time and from the same spot we could see the city of Dover on the English coast. At nine o'clock Foy left us to go to London, and, during the entire day, we sailed along the English coast, and had every instant a view of a new town. People in the fields ploughing, and travelers, all gazed curiously at our little fleet. In this manner time passed until evening; after which I slept peacefully, and at five o'clock this morning saw Portsmouth. By nine o'clock we had anchored; and are now on the point of going ashore.

ON BOARD THE PALLAS, between Portsmouth  
and Plymouth, *April 6th*, 1776.

Our departure from Plymouth followed sooner than I expected; for the wind having become propitious we immediately weighed anchor, and day before yesterday at eleven o'clock

in the morning, we were off—thirty sail strong—amid the salutes of all our cannon, and those of the fleet that were still lying off the harbor of Spithead. On the fifth, the wind became unfavorable and remained so until this morning. Now, we go with a good wind straight to Plymouth, where, it is true, we shall not stop, though I hope to find some means of sending this letter into the city. God be praised that he has kept your husband so healthy. Several officers, and among them, my English adjutant, are already sick; but I am still well, have a good appetite, and sleep soundly; and, therefore, hope to remain in health until I arrive in America.

I think this will be the last letter that you will receive from me until our arrival in America. Possibly, however, on the way over, we may meet with some ship to whose care I can entrust a letter, for which opportunity I shall be constantly on the watch.

There are still several points upon which I must give you advice. Before you leave Brunswick, you must procure letters of introduction, in order that when in London, you may procure lodgings in a private house, and not at a hotel. Then you will be able to make a definite bargain for those days that you may remain there, for your lodging, breakfast, dinner and tea. And by doing in this manner, you will find yourself much better off than if you had stayed at a public house where every thing is three times as dear. For example; for seven days' lodging of myself, my two adjutants and our servants, one dinner and seven suppers—the dinner for twelve persons the supper for four—I was obliged to pay twenty-two pounds sterling, or, in our money one hundred and thirty-two thalers.

This rule you will be obliged to observe at all places where you intend remaining some days. Should you go to Exeter, Plymouth or Bristol (in which latter place Madame Foy is), you must ascertain, while in London, at what private houses you can obtain lodgings. Such private houses, where, for a definite sum, you may lodge and board, are plenty in England.

I advise you farther, that while in London or elsewhere, you examine the class of vessels upon which travelers usually take passage, so that you can arrange your plans in reference to your sleeping arrangements; for you cannot have with you more than one child—the other must sleep with the nurse, and the smallest will be obliged to lie in a hammock.

You must buy in London bouillon-cake, with which, should the fresh meat give out, you and the children may have a good broth.

ON BOARD THE PALLAS, *April 24th, 1776.*

Since the fourth instant—the day of our departure from Plymouth—we have sailed upon the great ocean, now with good, and now with bad winds; and three times already we have had such gales that we came near having a storm. All have been sick; but, thanks to God, I hold out well, with the best of health.

We have now traveled over five hundred and seven full German miles from Stade, and have yet to make three hundred miles before we reach Quebee. In five or six days more, we shall, I hope, see the coast of Newfoundland, and shortly after arrive in the river Saint Lawrence—when the voyage will be more agreeable, and the amount of sea-sickness lessened.

Dearest, best wife, notwithstanding my love for you and my burning desire to see you again as soon as possible, if I had not given you my word that you should follow me, or had I known the hardships of so long a voyage, I would never have advised so lengthily a journey for you, especially with your children. I must confess that I tremble when I think of this great undertaking; but my word is given, therefore I must conform to circumstances, trusting that God will bestow his blessing upon it.

But for God's sake, do not travel alone, and wait for Madame Foy, or some other lady of standing with whom you may embark

in the same ship. But it must be a lady who has already made the voyage to America, and consequently knows what preparations are necessary, and could help and advise you in case you or the children were sick. You must remember, dearest wife, that you, and your children, and all your domestics may easily become sick on the way over, if not constantly, yet during strong winds; for upon my entire ship there are not five men who have continued well; and every one declares that it is a regular wonder that I am an exception to the general rule. In such a case, you would lie in bed with your children without the least help—having nothing to eat or drink—and having, moreover, not the least heart to render yourself the slightest assistance. The crew of a ship, for the most part, are swine, loafers, and clowns, who cook nothing but salted meat half dressed, which is not at all fit to eat. One thing more: the water will finally become so bad and have such a bad smell, that you shall not be able to drink it; and you must, therefore, endeavor to take with you a filtering-stone, through which you can strain it. You must, also, either accustom the children to drink beer, or boil the water, that you intend to drink, the day before.

My poor cook is almost always sick, which gives me considerable trouble. There are many days in which we do not know how or what to eat. Besides, our fresh meat is all eaten up, and at present there is only salt meat and poultry. We shall soon begin to kill our sheep. The worst of it is, however, that through the sickness of our cook, there is no one to take care of the provisions, and consequently one portion of them is spoiled, and the other stolen.

In fact, I must deceive you if I should say that our present life was agreeable. The best that can be said is, that, thanks to God, I find myself well, by reason of which I am enabled to bear with patience all these annoyances.

ON BOARD THE PALLAS, two leagues  
this side of Quebec.

I can give you no great description of our voyage; for what can I say of nine weeks spent between heaven and ocean, where one day passed away the same as another. Here we are, after much hardship, still two miles from Quebec, where we shall arrive this evening, but without tarrying, General Carleton having, before our arrival, driven the rebels from the vicinity of Quebec, and being now engaged in their pursuit. For this reason we shall continue our voyage up the river to join that general. It is yet too early to give you any advice respecting your journey. Captain Foy thinks that we must first see whither the expedition will lead us. I, therefore, say nothing further than this — do not travel alone, or without some lady of standing, be it Mrs. General Carleton, or Madame Foy, or any other lady. I must close, as I shall be obliged to send this letter on board the man-of-war, where it will be taken care of. As soon as I have joined General Carleton I will write you in detail about every thing that has happened, my own health, and your journey.

BETWEEN QUEBEC AND MONTREAL, *June 8th, 1776.*

Here, in a few words, is every thing that has happened to me since our departure from Quebec on the first of June. We arrived off Quebec at six o'clock in the evening. I immediately went on shore to visit General Carleton, who welcomed me with much courtesy and friendliness, and invited me to dine with him on the next day. In order to form an idea of his personal appearance, place before you the Abbé Jerusalem; the figure, countenance, carriage and tone of voice, all precisely the same; and give him a black gown and a wig, no one would be able to tell the difference.

The second of June, after dining with General Carleton, I





GEN: CARLETON.



saw the rebel prisoners. In the evening I paid a visit to Commodore Douglas who commands the fleet, and who, upon my departure, saluted me with thirteen discharges of cannon.

The third, my birthday, I spent on board my ship. The order which I received from General Carleton—to leave my dragoon and Prince Frederick's regiment in garrison at Quebec—did not seem to me entirely just. Captain Foy was appointed adjutant-general and secretary to General Carleton.

On the fourth, as it was the birthday of the king of England, I waited with my whole body of officers upon the general to offer our congratulations. Salutes were fired from the fortress and all the vessels, and afterward we had a ball.

The fifth, General Carleton bestowed upon me the command of a separate corps. This I did not expect, and it has created great surprise.

The sixth, as there was a favorable wind, I was dismissed by General Carleton, and sailed with my allotted corps. Here am I, therefore, at the present time of writing, upon Lake Champlain; but rest perfectly easy so far as regards the enemy. They have wholly disappeared; and we have not seen a single soul of them this side of Lake Champlain.

Dear soul, no place would be more comfortable for you than Quebec. You can, however, go conveniently to Montreal, and there await news from me, in order that you may know in which direction to follow us. In Montreal there is a very well managed post, so that you can very easily go upon land from one place to another; and I will make such arrangements that you shall find every thing comfortable for you on your arrival in that city. The land in this country will please you much: all of it that meets the eye is beautiful.

LA PRAIRIE, *June 28th*, 1776.

I have recently given you a detailed account of our arrival at Quebec. From there we went to Three Rivers, where I, as

well as all the generals, arrived too late for the affair which happened in that place. Thence we advanced farther with the ships, and landed at Vergere. Our march thus far has been tiresome, but now we have rest.\* My entire equipage has arrived, and we live well, but dearly. Our table usually consists of from ten to twelve persons, with six dishes; but I am not able to maintain such an establishment for less than two guineas a day. A bottle of wine costs a thaler of our money. I am here alone with all the German troops. It seems that General Carleton wishes me well. He marks me out for particular favor; and if things go on in this way I shall have reason to be well contented. I hope this business will not last long. We have already conquered the whole of Canada, and shall, as soon as the boats are in readiness, force our way into New England by way of Lake Champlain, where are all the rebels, and also General Howe, who, it is said, has already obtained some advantages over them. When you are once here, I will try and manage to take you comfortably back in my ship, where you will fare better, as I am now somewhat accustomed to a sea voyage, and for that reason know how to remedy many evils that are inseparably connected with a ship.

In case you undertake the journey, you will find in Quebec, Lieutenant-Colonel Baum with the dragoons, who has already taken pains to procure good quarters for you. You will then write me at once, and rest for a few days at Québec. Then proceed to Three Rivers, where you will find comfortable quar-

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\*Not only was the march very fatiguing, but, as the heat of the sun increased, many of the German troops, under Riedesel's command, fell sick; so that by the middle of July, upward of three hundred of the Brunswickers were lying ill either in the military hospital or at private houses. Most of them suffered from a violent diarrhea accompanied by fever, brought on by the sudden changes of temperature of the climate — warm days and cold nights — to which they were wholly unaccustomed. General Riedesel greatly endeared himself to his men at this juncture, by taking the utmost care of all of them, but especially the sick. He, also, made strenuous efforts to procure for them wholesome food; and as supplies were not easily obtained, he caused the inhabitants to open a market twice a week at La Prairie, where fresh provisions could be had with some regularity.

ters in the house in which General Carleton at one time resided. This town is thirty leagues from Quebec, and when there, you are thirty leagues from Montreal, where you will either see me myself or find farther instructions from me. You will find the country here magnificent, only it is a pity that the colonies are still in their infaney, since one can very seldom find vegetables, fruits, and such things as belong to a good table. Meat, fowls and milk, however, one can have in abundance. The houses are all only one story high, but within, have four rooms and are very cleanly. An ordinary peasant's house will afford our entire family accommodations. The inhabitants are exceedingly courteous and obliging, and I do not believe that our peasants, under similar circumstances, would conduct themselves as satisfactorily. I have no news to tell you. We are here very quiet. General Carleton, with part of the army, is at Chambly; General Frazer is at St. John; and I am here, and travel through the country to make myself acquainted with the lay of the land. I eat my dinner every day at three o'clock; generally go to bed rather tired; and at three or four o'clock in the morning am again upon the highway. Fully four weeks will elapse before we pass through Lake Champlain.

LA SAVANNE, *Sept. 12th*, 1776.

The army is encamped for the purpose of remaining nearer together. I am posted very advantageously at a place called Savanne, where I command a separate corps. I have therefore plenty of exercise, which I find very conducive to my health. The nights are beginning to be a little cold, and we already think and speak of winter-quarters, into which I think we shall withdraw in the month of October. What comfort would it be for me, if I could then quietly enjoy the society of yourself and my children. Truly that would be worth more to me than all else. But where may you now be! Perhaps on the broad sea; perhaps in great peril. During how many

nights is my mind filled with such cares for your welfare! I hope that God will soon end my anguish, and grant me the joy of seeing you in my arms. The fourth of this month, after exercising my troops, I gave to General Carleton and the principal officers of the army a great dinner of thirty-six covers and twenty-six plates served twice. All seemed pleased. I did it in honor of my lord and his troops; and the effect of it has been good, for I have made friends of every one, and stand well with all the officers and men.

IN CAMP AT LA SAVANNE, *Sept. 23d, 1776.*

At last, dear wife, I have received your letters of the 9th, 20th, and 30th of April, and 12th of May. All these letters have given me great comfort, and I have thanked God from the bottom of my heart, that you and the children are so well. I as heartily embrace you and the children. It has also given me pleasure to have this news confirmed by a gentleman just from England; and I thank Providence who has so blessed your journey. I know, dear wife, that you arrived in London safely on the 12th; that about the 18th, you had gone to Bristol; and that you and the children found yourselves well. O'Connel, whom Colonel Specht sent to London, himself spoke with the landlord of the hotel where you lodged, and you had set out for Bristol only three hours before his arrival. I do not direct this letter to England, but entrust it to the first ship that goes from here, in order that its captain, in case he falls in with you on his way over, may give it to you, and quiet and rejoice your heart with the news of my perfect health. You will find at Mrs. Murray's all needful information for your farther guidance. I shall have my winter-quarters at Three Rivers, where you may quietly await my return.

CROWN POINT, on Board the *Washington*, a prize taken from the rebels, *Oct. 26, 1776.*

We have destroyed the fleet of the rebels, and taken possession of Crown Point. We shall now go into winter-quarters.\* Our campaign is at an end; and I shall go back to Three Rivers, where I am to be stationed this winter, and await you with the greatest impatience. Oh how happy I should be if you came this winter and I could enjoy your pleasant society! The winter-quarters will be very quiet, and I should be able to live entirely for you. General Carleton, like a hero, has routed the enemy's fleet, having left behind him his whole army. He has very properly spared those that are married; and if this war is carried on in a similar manner next year, I shall be surer of my life in the midst of it, than upon the parade grounds of Wölfenbüttel and Brunswick. If you are at sea, General Burgoyne, who is the bearer of this letter, will do his utmost to have it delivered to you upon the ocean; but if you are still in England he will take pains to procure you a good ship next spring, and in this case it is only necessary for you to apply to him by letter. I am here for six days as a volunteer. We have been

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\*The winter-quarters of the Germans were in and around Three Rivers, as far down as Chambly, on the western side of Lake St. Pierre, and between the St. Lawrence and the Richelieu. The more special divisions were as follows: The regiment of Specht as far down as Champlain, near Three Rivers, and the place called Baticamp; the regiment of Rhetz from the last named place to Fort St. Anna. These regiments sent off detachments to the parishes south of the St. Lawrence. The dragoons and regiments of Riedesel were quartered in Three Rivers. Two squadrons of the former, and three companies of the latter, had the town assigned to them. The two other squadrons were transferred to Cape-de-la-Madelaine, the two other companies to Point-du-Lac. The regiments were also obliged to send detachments to the nearest parishes on the other side of the St. Lawrence. The regiment of Hesse-Hanau was removed to the parishes of Berthier and Masquinonge. It, also, sent out detachments to occupy St. Francois and Sorel. The regiment of Prince Frederick occupied the parishes of Riviere-du-Loup, and Machiche. The grenadier battallion was quartered in St. Charles, St. Denis, and St. Tours. Barner's light infantry were sent to Buloville and Chambly, where it was joined by the company of sharp-shooters. The artillery of Hanau was quartered in Montreal.

in close proximity to the camp of the rebels at Fort Carillon, and have taken some prisoners.

THREE RIVERS, *Nov. 10, 1776.*

I have little more hope of seeing you here this winter ; therefore, I write you this letter in order that if you still remain in England, you may not be without news from me.

I find myself, thanks to God, well, but in great anxiety about your welfare, as I know not where you are. Yet I shall not murmur, if you do not come, although I should have taken much comfort in seeing you here. God, who governs all things according to his wise will, has, perhaps, saved you from any misfortune. The uncertainty as to your whereabouts at this late season of the year, gives me the most anxiety. I must now bring this to a close, as the post is about starting for Quebec, and commend you to the guidance and protection of a kind Providence. I embrace you and our dear children, and coax myself into the belief that you will certainly come next spring.

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*Letters from Mrs. General Riedesel to her Mother.*

WOLFENBÜTTEL, *March 8, 1776.*

Dearest, best Mother : Your last letter has made me almost beside myself. Some passages in it would seem to indicate that you do not feel kindly toward me, and others again show so much anxiety and love, that it makes me right sick to be forced for the first time willingly to disobey you. Believe me, however, that if any thing could have made me hesitate, it would be the happiness of seeing you at my house. But I



understood myself in this matter, and knew how hard it would be for me to go from you and refuse you any thing, and therefore, I forbore, in my last letter before this, to beg you to come to me. I could not endure the thought of separating myself from you, especially for so long a time; and yet, the thought that you begged me—nay, commanded me to remain here, made me shudder. Yet to remain, when the best, the tenderest of husbands allowed me to follow him, would have been impossible. Duty, love and conscience forbade it. It is the duty of a wife to leave all and follow her husband. My love for him is known to you, as well as his for me and the children.

WOLFENBÜTTEL, *May 3, 1776.*

If you could only know how rejoiced I am to see by your letter that you begin to be more reconciled to my journey! I have now the satisfaction of knowing that every one approves of my having followed the dictates of duty. Yes, I travel with the most confident assurance that God, who knows my innermost heart, and to whom, therefore, my intentions are known, will watch over and preserve me and the children from harm. The only thing that worries me, dear, kind mother, is, leaving you behind; but I hope that it will not be for long, for perhaps, God may soon grant peace, and then we may be able to pass our days more quietly. God gives his blessing to all. In the meantime pray to him for ourselves and our children, and every thing will prosper with us. On my part, my most ardent wishes and fervent prayers shall daily arise to God that he will preserve you, most worthy mother, and cause the remainder of your days to pass away happily. Preserve your love for us always, and we shall ever love and venerate you. Have the kindness to write me once more and assure me of your love. If you write immediately, I can receive your letter at this place before I set out on my journey, which, if we all remain well, will be toward the 13th of this month. I beg that you will

address your next letters to Bristol, where I shall await verbal instructions from my husband.

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*Mrs. General Riedesel's Account of her Journey from  
Wolfenbüttel to Bristol.*

I set out on my journey, on the 14th of May, at five o'clock in the morning from Wolfenbüttel; and notwithstanding my passionate longing to see my husband once more, I still felt the greatness of my undertaking too much not to have a heavy heart, especially as my friends had not ceased to repeat to me the dangers to which I exposed myself. Gustava, my eldest daughter, was four years and nine months old; Frederica, my second, two years; and Caroline, my youngest child, just ten weeks old. I had, therefore, need of all my courage and all my tenderness to keep me from relinquishing my unprecedented wish to follow my husband. They represented to me not only the perils of the sea, but told me, also, that we were in danger of being eaten by the savages, and that the people in America lived upon horse-flesh and cats. Yet all this frightened me less than the thought of going into a country where I could not understand the language. However, I was prepared for every thing; and the thought of following my husband and of doing my duty, has kept me in good spirits during my whole journey.

At our first stopping place, my good old Rockel said to me with a confident manner, as he lifted the children out of the carriage, "See how God blesses our journey; our children are looking much better!" This Rockel had been with us eight years, when my father gave him the place of forester. As soon as he heard of the departure of my husband, and that I was to follow him, he left every thing in the lurch in order to accompany me

as a footman;\* and during our whole journey, he has showed all of us the greatest attachment and attention, especially for the children, whom he made it his duty to carry and take care of. In a tavern where I stopped the first noon, I came across a very rude landlord. While the horses were feeding I ordered a beer soup, for which I was obliged to pay ten groschen.† Upon my complaining of this charge as being too much, he answered me very snappishly that I must pay it, and that I could have stayed away if I had wished. He further added that he might be uncivil, but I would meet with still more uncivil ones, to whom I should be obliged to pay six times as much — a delightful encouragement for me who had intended to live very frugally! In Maestricht they warned me to be on my guard, as the roads had become very insecure by reason of highwaymen, one hundred and thirty of whom, within the last fortnight, had been executed, part by hanging, and part in another manner. But this number is not the fourth part of those still at large, who, when caught, will be strung up without further process, on the highway — on the very spot where they are found practising their profession. This news threw me into a great fright, and I determined not to travel by night. But as I had received very bad horses, I was obliged to pass through a forest at twilight. Suddenly, some object hanging in the air struck me through the open window of my carriage. Thereupon I seized it; and, as I felt something rough, I asked what it might be. It was the body of a hanged man with woolen stockings! Though thoroughly frightened at this adventure, my terror became even greater when, presently, we stopped before a house standing wholly alone in this same wood — the postillions refusing to go a step farther. The place was called

\* In the original the word is *yüger*. The primary meaning of this word is, a hunter, but when used in this connection, a *yüger* answers precisely to the English word *tiger*, that is, a liveried footman.

† A groschen is a fraction over three cents of American money — twenty-four of which make a Prussian thaler, or about seventy-five cents, as mentioned in a preceding note.

Hune. I shall never forget it! A man of quite a suspicious appearance received us, and conducted us into a very remote room, in which I found only one bed. It was cold, and I had, therefore, a fire made in a great chimney. Our entire supper consisted of tea and coarse bread. My faithful Rockel came to me with a very anxious countenance and said: "Things are not right in this place; there is a room full of arms, and I believe the most of the band are absent, and are surely robbers. But I shall sit during the night before the door of your room, with my fire-arms, and sell my life dear. The other servant shall sit in the coach also with his fire-arms. All this naturally gave me an unquiet night's rest. I seated myself upon a stool and laid my head upon my bed. However, I finally slept; and, how great was my joy on awakening, when, at four o'clock in the morning, they came to tell me that every thing was ready for our departure! I thereupon put my head out of the window, and saw in the wood, where we were, a great number of nightingales, which, by their sweet singing, made me forget all my previous terror. My entire journey, however, was very prosperous. I passed through Brussels, Tournay, and St. Omer, where I arrived on the 31st of May at one o'clock in the afternoon. Between Tournay and St. Omer I passed a town called Cassel, where there is a mountain which I visited. From the summit, one could see thirty-two towns, exclusive of hamlets. It is one of the most beautiful prospects that can be imagined. Upon my arrival at Calais, I immediately sent for the captain of a ship, with whom I made arrangements for our passage over to England. I took, according to advice, a packet-boat for us all, in order to be more comfortable, but left my carriage behind, as they told me that in Dover one was obliged to pay a fine of thirty, or even sixty guineas on a coach brought into England from a foreign country. I was forced to remain two days in Calais on account of contrary winds. Finally, I was summoned on board the ship. I confess my heart beat a little. Both my oldest children were in fine spirits, for in order to increase their

courage I had promised them that they should see their father after we had crossed the channel. I pretended to be very courageous in order to dispel all their fears. We were driven to the shore, whence the boatmen, taking up the two eldest children, carried them on board the ship. I had the youngest in my arms. The servants followed me on foot. I looked around me for the children, and found, to my great astonishment, that they were already on board the ship, playing among the sailors. I had the little one, also, lifted on board; and now my heart having a magnet, I found it not so bad as I had imagined. A plank was thrown across from the shore to the ship, over which I walked with firm steps. The ship was handsome and clean, which at once relieved me of all fear. The sailors, also, appeared contented. I had a love of a cabin in which were eight beds. All of its furniture was of mahogany and brass, and so highly polished that one could see himself in it. I was told that my children and myself had better lay ourselves on the beds; but there was no air below and we accordingly went above upon deck and ate and drank with an excellent appetite. My daughter, little Frederica, became so well acquainted with the sailors, that when she wished to go up or down, she always called out "Husband! your arm!" These people are very fond of children, and know well how to wait upon them. One of them was in the habit of taking up little Caroline, carrying her about, and taking care of her. It was very droll to see him, a large, brown complexioned fellow, with a little child constantly laughing at him. We all remained well. The captain assured us that he had not had in a long time such a favorable wind, which, though pretty strong, was yet from a right direction. In five hours we were across. As the ebb of the tide would have prevented our landing before eight or nine hours, we seated ourselves in a little ship and were on land in six minutes. My inmost heart was stirred with gratitude toward God, who had so happily assisted us across, and was also full of the thought, "You will bring your children in health to your

husband." They now were determined to have their father, which troubled me greatly. I beguiled them, however, by saying that we must embark once more. But now they teased me continually and jumped up whenever they saw a ship. As soon as we landed at Dover we received many congratulations upon having accomplished so long a journey; but this cost us money. More than thirty innkeepers came to me and begged that I would be pleased to put up with them. I made choice of a French inn, and found the accommodations very good. It was, in truth, a magnificent hotel, and every thing about it was most remarkably clean. The custom house officer came to search my baggage, which is very troublesome, but I had letters addressed to him; and as soon as he heard that I desired to follow my husband to America, he very gallantly said that it would be cruel to worry the wife of a general who had gone to that land for the service of the king. And thus I came out all right. As I had been obliged to leave my carriage at Calais, I was forced to take a stage-coach from here to London, which was very expensive, since the baggage was charged for by the pound.

I arrived at London on the evening of the 1st of June, and found there many people whom I knew, among others, General Schlieffen, M. de Kurtzleben and Count Taube. My husband had written to the latter, and begged him to secure for me private quarters; but through fear that I might not come, he had omitted to do so — otherwise I would have had better and cheaper accommodations. Nevertheless, I was delighted to see such evidence of how much my husband had my voyage at heart, and how little he doubted that I would carry out my plan. I, therefore, rejoiced the more at not having allowed myself to be deterred from my journey. I must, however, mention a circumstance which, on my first arrival in London, exercised an unfavorable influence upon the quality of my lodgings.

I relied entirely upon my landlord at Calais, to whom I had been recommended; but I now believe that he abused my confidence, by taking advantage of it to convey over to England

many things at my expense. He said to me, also, that he should advise me to take with us a trusty man for our protection, without whom I would run a great risk. He, therefore, pretended to take great pains to find me such a one, and at length brought me an extremely well dressed man, whom he introduced to me as a nobleman, and a very good friend of his, who would, with pleasure, accompany me to London. I treated him with great civility, not knowing how I should sufficiently acknowledge so great kindness. I made the children sit opposite to me in order that he might have a comfortable seat; and, during the whole journey, endeavored to manage so that they should not trouble him. He gave himself, also, the manners of a man of consequence, and ate with me during the entire journey. I noticed, it is true, that the servants, in the different inns on the route, made themselves very intimate with him, but I did not think much of it at the time, as the gratitude, under which I supposed I was to him, closed my eyes. As soon as we arrived in London I asked for a good room, but how great was my astonishment when they conducted me into a very wretched apartment in the the fourth story. I supposed, however, that all the other rooms were already occupied, since Mr. de Forence had assured me in Brunswick, that I should have magnificent lodgings. General Schlieffen and many others who came to call on me, especially three ladies to whom I had brought letters of introduction from the hereditary princess (at that time duchess of Brunswick), were surprised to find me in such miserable quarters. The following day my landlord came to me with a thoroughly ashamed air, and very respectfully asked whether I knew the man with whom I had arrived, and whom I had requested him to entertain well — for I had not thought it exactly the thing to have him take his meals with me in London. I told him that he was a nobleman, who, at the request of Mr. Guildhaudin, my landlord in Calais, had been so courteous as to escort me on my journey. “Ah!” answered he, “this is one of his tricks. He is a *valet de place* and a

great swindler, whom he has brought here for his own purposes ; and as I saw you sitting in the carriage with this man on your arrival, I confess that I did not believe you were what you pretended to be, and therefore judged that these rooms would be good enough for you. Since these people have been to call on you, however, I see how greatly mistaken I have been. I therefore beg your forgiveness, and entreat you to take another room, for which you shall not pay more than for this one here, for I very much wish to rectify my mistake." I thanked him and begged that he would free me from this man as soon as possible. He asked me, nevertheless, five or six guineas (I forget exactly how much it was) for his escort. I can never forget this trick of Mr. Guildhaudin, who, by the way, made use of my carriage for his own private speculative purposes. He told me that I would have to leave it behind, as I would not be allowed to bring it into England ; but I afterwards learned that he probably wished to hire it to travelers on their way to Germany, as he had often done this same thing with other carriages entrusted to his care. But in this calculation he was disappointed ; for as soon as I arrived in London, I wrote to the minister, Lord North, who immediately gave me permission to have the carriage brought to London free of all duty. This, it is true, detained me quite a little while ; but, at the same time, added much to my comfort and convenience.

When I arrived in London, my eyes had suffered so much from having become overheated during my journey, that one of them became very much inflamed, and filled with considerable proud flesh. General Schlieffen desired me earnestly to consult an oculist, and brought me the one who attended the queen. He appeared frightened at the condition in which he found my eye, but at once gave me hope of his being able to effect a cure. He put some kind of a powder into a quill, and requested me to open my eye wide, which I did very confidently, not having any idea of the pain that awaited me. He then poured the whole powder into the eye, that it might eat away the proud



flesh. The pain I endured is indescribable; and since then I have never been able to bring myself to submit to this experiment; for whenever I attempted it, my eyes involuntarily closed themselves. However, it did me a great deal of good. The oculist, nevertheless, gave still another prescription; and I was obliged to pay him three guineas, which did not seem to me entirely right. General Schlieffen, however, told me that I could not give him less, as he was the queen's oculist.

I resided, while in London, in Suffolk street, and found every thing very dear. As I had intended remaining only two days, I made no agreement, but after eight days I had my bill brought to me. I took a few rides around the city, but not long ones, on account of little Caroline, whom I nursed myself. I determined, however, to see every thing on my return. Still I was twice in St. James's park, and saw the king and queen, who were quite near me in their sedans. The park is a most lovely place for walking; more than five and six thousand persons come here daily.

One day I had quite a disagreeable adventure in London. My friends had advised me to buy a little cloak and hat, without which I could not walk out. I had been dining with M. de Hinüber, the Hanoverian minister. His wife proposed that we should take a walk to St. James's, but neglected to tell me that a part of our dress was not in keeping with the English fashion. Little Gustava was dressed in the French style, with a little hooped petticoat, and a pretty, round hat. I noticed that most every one pointed at us with the finger, and inquired of Madame Hinüber the cause. She replied that I had a fan, which people never carried with a hat, and that my attire was too dressy, which caused us to be taken for French women, who were not very popular in London. The following day I went out again; and, as we were all of us dressed throughout in the English fashion, I thought that we would not be specially noticed. But I was mistaken, for I again heard the cry — "French women! pretty girl!" I asked our *calet de place* why they called us French women, and was informed that it was on account of my having

put ribbons upon my children. I tore them off and put them in my pocket, but they only stared at me the more; and I then discovered that it was on account of the hats which English children wore differently shaped. I learned from this the necessity of conforming to the fashions of the country if one would live pleasantly, for a mob is soon collected, and if one engages in an altercation with it he subjects himself to insults.

My plan was to go to Bristol, and there await an opportunity to go to America. It is true that all those to whom I had been recommended advised me against this course, because there I would not have such a good chance to obtain news, and hear of a ship sailing; but my husband had strongly counseled me to go there, and I did not wish to act contrary to his instructions. I accordingly set out from London on the tenth of June, and arrived in Bristol upon the eleventh. I had no sooner stopped before the inn, than the mob gathered round and stared at the droll appearance of my carriage (to which were attached German steps), and at the two muskets that my servants had securely fastened under the traveling box. They fingered them over, and also raised the oil-cloth cover of my carriage to see how it was painted. My servant, who could only speak a few words in English, instead of sitting quietly without speaking, began to call them names, and was paid back in his own coin. Upon this he lost all control of himself, and knocked one of them down by a blow under the ear. Immediately the entire crowd pitched on to him, and there is no telling what might have happened had not the mayor — who was the chief magistrate of the place and the uncle of Mrs. Foy — arrived on the scene at the very nick of time. I had written to Mrs. Foy begging her to procure me quarters, and the mayor's arrival, at this time, was in consequence of my having sent for him, on my first coming into the place, to direct me to them. This venerable old man went off immediately for his niece, with whom I could converse a little in French, and with whom I drove to my lodgings. These were very fine and spacious, but were, also, very dear.

## SOJOURN AT BRISTOL, PORTSMOUTH AND LONDON, AND EMBARKATION.

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I discovered, soon after my arrival in Bristol, how unpleasant it is to be in a city when one does not understand the language. My servants had lost all heart, and I was obliged to conceal from them how badly I myself felt. I wept for hours in my chamber, until, finally, I gathered courage and resolved to surmount all difficulties. I took great pains to learn the English language, and in six weeks made such progress as to be able to call for what I wanted, and to understand the newspapers, which, at this time, were very interesting, particularly those articles that related to Quebec, where my husband was stationed.

I was soon obliged to change my lodgings. My landlady would not allow me to have the least washing done for the children. I took up my residence, therefore, in another dwelling, from which I had a very beautiful prospect. I overlooked the whole College Green a delightful promenade filled with trees in the midst of clean grass, and paths in which men, women and children, even, were in the habit of walking. My own children ran and frisked among the shrubbery very often. Bristol would be a very pleasant place in which to reside, were its society better, but the number of sailors that reside in this city makes it far from agreeable. The very day after my arrival, my landlady directed my attention to what she called a most charming sight. As I stepped to the window I beheld

two naked men boxing with the greatest fury. I saw their blood flowing and the rage that was painted in their eyes. Little accustomed to such a hateful spectacle, I quickly retreated into the innermost corner of the house to avoid hearing the shouts set up by the spectators whenever a blow was given or received.

During my sojourn in Bristol I had an unpleasant adventure. I wore a calico dress trimmed with green taffeta. This seemed particularly offensive to the Bristol people; for as I was one day out walking with Madame Foy, more than a hundred sailors gathered round us and pointed at me with their fingers, at the same time crying out "French whore!" I took refuge as quickly as possible into the house of a merchant under pretense of buying something, and shortly after the crowd dispersed. But my dress became henceforth so disgusting to me, that as soon as I returned home I presented it to my cook, although it was yet entirely new.

About three English miles from Bristol there is a bath, called Hot Wells, which bears a striking resemblance to Wendenfurth, near Blankenburg, in the Hartz, except that at Hot Wells there are many beautiful houses and a large assembly hall. One meets here many people who come for the purpose of bathing. They are mostly persons whose disease is of a pulmonary nature. Almost all the ladies ride on horse-back, on account of the mountains and rocky valleys; and those who are not able to ride sit behind a guide in a kind of saddle, which is made similar to a little arm chair. This place is the favorite resort during the summer months, but, as winter approaches, the crowd flock to Bath, a town lying eight miles off. At Bath a person is never at a loss for amusement, for the place is perfectly lovely and full of magnificent buildings. But I saw it only in summer, when there is but little society there, and consequently found it very lonely.

In the house in which I lived at Bristol, there was a Captain Fenton whose wife had remained in Boston with a daughter of

fourteen. He loved them both dearly, and begged me to take charge of letters when I should embark for America. Upon my arrival there, I learned that as her husband had not returned they had been imprisoned, and afterwards greatly ill used. I will narrate this, however, in its proper place. I made still another acquaintance in Bristol, which I shall always dearly prize. The way of it was this. Just as I was setting out from Wolfenbüttel, a young Mr. Lee, nephew of the American general of that name, and a student at Caroline College in Brunswick, gave me a strong letter of introduction to an English banker, of the name of Ireland, at the same time assuring me I would find him very agreeable. Although I placed little confidence in the recommendation of this young man, yet I sent the letter to the above mentioned banker, who lived six English miles from the city. A day or two after, quite an elderly gentleman with a very pretty wife called upon me, whose friendship I had the good fortune to gain so soon, that they begged me to visit them. I therefore drove over to their place and dined with them. They lived in a magnificent country seat, beautifully situated, and surrounded by a most charming garden. I found there two most lovely little girls — their daughters — who constituted their entire happiness, although they wished very much for a son. They were rich and every thing around them was on a magnificent scale. These good people showed me much friendship, and when I set out for Portsmouth, with the intention of embarking from that place, I was obliged to give them my word, that if the ship — as often happened — should be delayed, I would not sail after the middle of October. Afterward, having just missed sailing, I came back to London at the end of September, whence I wrote them in the spring that I was on the point of embarking. Immediately these good people came up to London, which is, I believe, about eighty-six English miles from their country seat, to tender me their services. Finding, however, that they could give no assistance, but determined that I should want

for nothing, they insisted on my taking with me letters of introduction to their friends in those ports in which I might, possibly, be detained by contrary winds. After I had safely arrived in Quebec, and, consequently, had no further need of these letters, I opened them, and was deeply moved on discovering that they had charged all their friends to supply me with as much money as I might wish, without even limiting the amount. When the wife was afterward delivered of a son, they desired me to stand godmother — an honor which, in England, is a great mark of friendship. I have often wished that this son might be able some time to come to Brunswick, that I might requite the great friendship his parents showed to me, and which I shall never forget.

I passed three or four months in Bristol, and desired nothing more ardently than to follow my husband, especially as I knew that Quebec was still in the hands of the English. But I could never induce Madame Foy to go. She said that she must wait for letters from her husband. Meanwhile it continued to get later and later in the year. I wrote, therefore, to the minister, Lord George Germaine, and begged his advice. He answered me very politely, that it was indeed true that winter was drawing near, and that I must, therefore, the more wish to embark, especially since my husband had written for me. But since he had, at the same time, imposed the condition that I should travel with Madame Foy, and he saw me determined to follow his wishes in every particular, he did not know exactly what counsel to give me. At all events, however, he would offer me a passage over in a packet-ship, if I could induce Madame Foy to accompany me. But all my endeavors in this latter direction were fruitless. At last the long expected letter from her husband in America came to hand. Upon this my impatience showed itself and also the irresolution of Madame Foy. Finally, I succeeded in persuading her to consent to our departure. I accordingly, again wrote to Lord Germaine, who very obligingly at once answered me to the effect that he owned

a packet-ship that was to sail without any delay; that he would tender me all its cabins for my own use, and that of those who were to accompany me; and that Mrs. Foy could, therefore, share them with me if I so desired. I would, he continued, find every thing on board the ship nicely arranged for my comfort, and that it gave him infinite satisfaction to have it in his power to serve me. I afterwards learned that he actually gave orders to have all necessary provisions put on board — not even forgetting a cow, that the children might have milk. Yet, notwithstanding this, the captain of the sailing packet, on his arrival in Quebec, made my husband pay for all these articles.

In proportion as the moment for our departure approached, the more irresolute Madame Foy became. She loved her comfort, and it gave her pain to leave her very pretty and well furnished house. Finally, however, we set out for Portsmouth, where we were to embark. Here Madame Foy and her sister found many officers who were old acquaintances, with whom they passed a very gay evening: meanwhile I was busily employed in getting my children to bed. These officers told them that it was already too late in the year; that they would have an exceedingly unpleasant passage; that it was a thousand pities that such handsome ladies should expose themselves to so great risks; and many things more to the same effect, which I could not understand, not being a sufficient master of the language. However, it resulted in her telling me the same evening that she should go back to Bristol. I urgently besought her not to decide so hastily, and went to bed, she remaining with her company. The following morning at eight o'clock they came and informed me that we must start back. I begged, I wept, but all in vain; for she well knew that my husband had enjoined it upon me not to undertake the voyage without her. She had already sent back our cartman with our baggage to Bristol. I knew, therefore, that there was no help for it; our conveyance was before the door, and I had no alternative but to return. As we were driving out of the city, I saw a large

wagon escorted by a guard on horseback. I asked what that meant? My English maid (I had engaged an English woman in Bristol for my journey) told me that it was money being conveyed on board the ship. At this reply my heart sank within me, and I remarked to Madame Foy, that if they risked so much money upon this ship, it could not be too late in the year for a safe voyage. "Well," she answered me, "if you think so, why do you not attempt the passage?" "Because you have prevented me from doing so," replied I, "by sending back our luggage to Bristol without consulting me." To this she rejoined in a bantering tone, that, as I was so stout-hearted, I could easily undertake the voyage with the few clothes I had with me, and that she would send my baggage after me by another ship. This woman was generally very gentle, but was led into this behavior by her sister, who was quarrelsome, and really dreaded the voyage. The tone in which she said this, however, at once put me on my mettle, and I resolved to let her go on, and return myself to Bristol and await the ship, which had not yet arrived. It was expected every moment; and I had less doubt of its speedy arrival, as I had no conception of the slowness of the ship-masters, and how often they were detained. I accordingly sent with all dispatch my trusty jager, Rockel, on foot after the cartman, who fortunately understood a little German, and on that account was more easily persuaded by Rockel to unload my baggage. I then left Madame Foy and hurried back again to the place whence I had just come, determined there to wait for the ship, as long as the season of the year would permit. I was led to this determination, not only on account of the promise I had given my friends, the Irelands, but especially as I had been assured by the family of Admiral Douglas, whose acquaintance I had made in Portsmouth, and by other kindly disposed people, that I could still count upon fourteen days of good weather. Those officers, also, whom I had seen at Madame Foy's, could not even deny this; and when I reproachfully reminded them of telling such a different story, they excused themselves on the



plea, that having found the ladies so very timid, they thought they could not please them better than by dissuading them from the journey. I often dined at the Douglass mansion. As I was not yet familiar with the customs of the country, I was continually afraid of appearing like Ninette at Court, in the comedy. For example, I could never bring myself to eat vegetables, boiled after the English fashion, merely in water, until I noticed that they sometimes poured over them an excellent sauce of butter. I therefore prepared them in a similar manner, and found it much better than our own way of eating them. However, vegetables are so very good in England, that one can also eat them, even when merely boiled, with salt. I met with another embarrassment, also, in regard to drinking. Each one in turn honored me by offering me a glass of wine. I had already heard something of this custom, and that it was considered insulting to the one offering the wine if it was refused. As I was nursing my youngest daughter, Caroline, at the time, and, therefore, dared not take the least drop of wine, I was sorely perplexed. The first day I had not the courage to refuse, but, as I feared that in the end it would injure my child, I, finally, with all frankness, asked whether they would consider it an insult if, instead of taking wine, I returned the compliment in water? They smiled, and assured me, that although exacting people, or those in low life might, perhaps, take offense, yet high-minded persons would excuse it, and thus I was also relieved of this scruple.

In the English churches they always repeat aloud the Lord's prayer and the commandments. It struck me very singularly at first, to hear every one repeating the prayers aloud, which made so great a noise, that I was on the point of running out of the church. Finally, however, I did as the rest.

The women in England are obliged always to wear their bonnets in church, and they would be pointed at with the finger, if they came in without them. When I came back to Germany, and my daughters and I made our appearance in

church, with our bonnets on, every one stared at me. Now, they wear them in church frequently. Thus is it with every strange fashion. I remained three weeks in Portsmouth, constantly expecting the arrival of the ship. At last, every one assured me that I was running too great a risk, in going to sea at this cold season of the year, both as regarded myself, and particularly the children; and that it was wagering a hundred to one that any more ships would arrive at Quebec this year, on account of the ice with which the river St. Lawrence was covered about this season. As I had long waited for a ship, this state of things was dreadful. But to remain on board of the ship for the winter, would have been still more dreadful; and this consideration decided me to give up entirely the journey for the present, principally, however, on account of the children, for whom I felt anxious. Had I been alone, I might have risked it.

Portsmouth is an agreeable seaport, and that which makes it the more interesting as a residence, is, that one has a fine view of the ships which arrive daily, and announce themselves by firing cannon. Then the people run down to the shore, and with great impatience await their arrival in port. Ships are built here, and the dockyard is splendid, as is, also, the building in which those young men, who are intended for the marine service, are educated. Never have I before seen such order and cleanliness in a public school. Since my visit it has been entirely destroyed by fire. The house of the admiral is beautiful, and the view from it magnificent. A wall encircles the city, affording handsome walks. There are, also, many beautiful houses in Portsmouth, and the people, though mostly sailors, are more civil than in Bristol. The admiral took care that they should be so, and punished all irregularities with severity, but in other respects he was a good and kind man. My money by this time had nearly given out. I had only sent for as much as I needed for my equipment and embarkation. The journey, and my sojourn in Portsmouth, which had cost me considerable, had

nearly exhausted my means; and I was, therefore, not a little rejoiced to find in the same inn where I was stopping, friends to whom I could apply, in the event of a possible embarrassment. These were a Captain Young and his wife, who had just arrived from Tobago. The captain during the Seven Years' War, had served as adjutant under our duke, then the hereditary prince, to whom he was entirely devoted; and as he was well acquainted with my husband, he proposed to me to go with them to London, and reside at their house, I paying my own proportion of the cost. He was a man of middle age, and his wife, who was nearly thirty years old, was very sallow and ordinary, but had a very sweet face. I thanked Heaven for this discovery, and as I saw that I had no further hope of going to Quebec this year, I promised to follow them, which I did in a very few days. While on my journey, I stopped over at a small, but neat town, the name of which has escaped my memory. As I was fearful lest I should be obliged to pay as much there as in Portsmouth, I called only for a small room, a leg of mutton and potatoes. The hotel itself was splendid, and all its inside surroundings of great elegance. The corridors, galleries—in one word, the whole house was decorated on the outside with flower-pots and trees intertwined: between these were hung glass globes, in which were seen gold-fishes and birds. I was frightened at this elegance, and trembled for my guineas, especially when I saw myself led into most beautiful apartments, and my table supplied bounteously with five or six delicate dishes. As the landlord insisted on waiting upon me at table himself, I said to myself, "That now costs a guinea more!" The next morning I found my servants drinking coffee and chocolate, and eating tarts and other tit-bits, and could not restrain myself from administering to them a gentle reproof at their treating themselves to these delicacies, when they must know that I was but poorly supplied with money. They assured me that they had called for nothing more than tea, but that the landlord had said to them, that such brave servants, who were willing to follow their master

and mistress to America, deserved to be well entertained. In short, there was no attention and courtesy with which I was not loaded. Finally, in fear and trembling, I called for my bill; and behold, I had only to pay ten shillings! I told the landlord that he had certainly made some mistake. "No," answered he, "I have made a fair profit, and think myself fortunate that I have it in my power to prove to you that there are honorable people in England. I admire your courage, and wish to convince you of it."

Upon entering my carriage, I found it decorated with wreaths of flowers, and nosegays; and upon accidentally taking hold of the pockets of the wagon, I found that the landlord had had the politeness to fill them with cakes and oranges for the children.

I arrived in London toward the end of September, and soon afterward learned, to my great chagrin, that the ship, which I had so longingly awaited, had reached Portsmouth, and immediately departed for America. They assured me, however, that I should have run a great risk had I gone so late in the year. Yet I learned afterward, that the ship had arrived safely in Quebec, though another one that touched at Portsmouth only a few days later, had been crushed by the ice; the crew, however, were rescued.

I was now in London at the Youngs, and fed upon the best of everything; and as often as I spoke of paying, I received the answer, that they were only too fortunate in possessing me. This, indeed, caused me great embarrassment; but as I supposed them to be immensely wealthy, and on that account did not wish to take money from me, it occurred to me to have my portrait painted on a bracelet, and have it set in diamonds, which I had with me, and then to present it to the wife before my departure. In this way, I hoped to lighten my obligation, without causing expense to my husband. I spent my time with Madame Young, who was very sickly and hypochondriacal, and with our landlady, Mistress Bohlen, a worthy and lovely woman,

and, on the whole, was tolerably happy. Meanwhile, Madame Young renewed her old acquaintances, lived very expensively, bought gowns and head-dresses by the dozen, kept the house full of milliners and mantua-makers, and, as soon as her preparations had all been completed, proposed that we together should visit the public resorts and private companies. I excused myself on the ground that I was a nurse, and, therefore, could not leave my youngest child, and more than all, that I was too sad and uneasy on account of my absent husband, to attempt any such thing. I added, finally, that I feared, also, the great expense which it would entail; that she knew I expected money from Germany, and did not wish to abuse the confidence of my husband, who had provided for my expenses with a free and liberal hand. She took my refusal very badly, for her intention was to go out, and she had the idea that it would be more becoming if she had somebody as an escort. Instead, therefore, of being friendly as hitherto, she treated me with almost rudeness; and that which made matters still worse was, that her husband praised me for my great attachment to my children, which prevented me from going out. She accordingly came to me one day, and asked if I had yet found a lodging? On account of their so often repeated invitations to remain yet longer with them, I had, indeed, not thought of it; still I answered that I had already taken the matter in charge. She replied that she knew of a place and would go with me to see it, and thereupon led me to a truly mean house, situated in a bad and remote street. I told her that I considered these quarters too common, and preferred rather to economize in other things than in my lodgings, which I must have respectable, as I had letters of introduction to several ladies of quality, and wished to be in a position to receive them in a manner befitting their station. She answered me spitefully, that as I was such a good housewife, and loved to be so retired, she had supposed these would be satisfactory.

As we were being driven home, I noticed an advertisement

on a corner house, in a good neighborhood. I went in at once, and found, it is true, a small dwelling, but one that was clean and respectable, for which they asked four pounds a week. I said that this was more than I was in a position to give, but I could assure them that if they would let me have them at a lower rate, I should always be home in good time evenings, and have my door closed by ten o'clock. The landlady saw my children, and, as soon as she heard my history and the fatalities that seemed to follow me, she said to her husband: "Look now! we have no children; these will take the place of children at our house; that is better than a few more guineas!" She then let them to me for three pounds a week, including furniture, kitchen utensils, and washing materials. I immediately took my departure from my former hosts, and betook myself to my new quarters, where I found myself very happy; for I was not only comfortably lodged, but my host and hostess became my warmest friends. I told them with perfect frankness, that it was my intention not to spend much; that it was true my husband allowed me a liberal hand in my expenditure, but I was the more desirous of limiting myself on that very account. I further told them, that my whole capital, at that time, consisted of ten guineas, and that, perhaps, I should receive nothing more under six weeks. "Well," replied Mistress Russell, my new landlady, "I will be your housekeeper, and buy your bread and meat, and as for the rest you shall be supplied by ourselves, which, as well as your rent, you can pay at your own convenience."

They both taught my children English; and when I was obliged to go out, I confidently left them in their charge. When I was on the point of going away, the following spring, I noticed that the husband appeared very sorrowful and dejected. I inquired after the cause. "Alas!" said she, "it is your departure which distresses him so, and particularly, that of your little Caroline, and he has charged me to beg you to leave her with us." "What would you do with her supposing

I should die?" answered I. "Oh," she rejoined, "the moment you left her with us, we should consider her as our own child, and give her our entire fortune." If I desired to buy some trifle for my children, the good woman invariably asked me whether the expenditure would not exceed the sum which I had allowed myself. I was delighted to be with such high-minded people; and I had yet more reason to thank Providence that it had taken me away from the Youngs, when, in the sequel, she contracted so many debts, that they came near arresting her, and did, indeed, levy on her effects. The husband shortly after fled the country from the same cause, and the wife, was finally, supported by her friends. I would have had, therefore, a thousand different vexations, if I had kept up my connection with those people. I cannot, however, sufficiently praise the good treatment I received from the English nation. Even persons whom I did not know, came and offered me as much money as I might need; and upon my expressing astonishment at this, and saying that they did not know but I might be passing myself off for other than I really was, they answered, that if I were an impostor I would not live so retired; neither would I bestow so much care upon my children as I did.

My friends advised me to present myself at court, as the queen had stated that it would give her great pleasure to see me. I had, therefore, a court dress made, and Lady George Germaine presented me. It was on New Year's day, 1777. I found the castle very ugly, and furnished in old fashioned style. All the ladies and gentlemen were stationed in the audience room. Into this room came the king, preceded by three cavaliers. The queen followed him, accompanied by a lady, who carried her train, and a chamberlain. The king went round to the right and the queen to the left. Neither passed by any one without saying something. At the end of the drawing room, they met, made each other a profound bow, and then returned to the place whence they had started. I asked Lady

Germaine how I should act, and whether the king, as I had heard, kissed all the ladies? "No," she replied, "only English women and marchionesses; and that all one had to do, was, to remain quietly standing in her place." When, therefore, the king came up and kissed me, I was greatly amazed, and turned red as fire, since it was so entirely unexpected. He immediately inquired if I had received letters from my husband? I said, "Yes, up to the 22d of November." "He is well," rejoined he, "I have inquired after him particularly; every one is satisfied with him, and I hope the cold will not injure him." I answered, that I believed and hoped, that, as he was born in a cold climate, the cold would not trouble him. "I trust so, also," said he, "but this I can assure you, that where he is, the air is very healthy and clear." Thereupon he saluted me in a very friendly manner, and passed along. As soon as he was out of hearing, I remarked to Lady Germaine that, by the kiss of the king, I had now become naturalized! Shortly after, came the queen, who was, also, very friendly, and asked me how long I had been in London? I said, "Two months." "I thought it was longer," she rejoined. "I have been in London," I continued, "only so long, but have been in England already seven months." She then asked, whether I liked it here? "Yes," I answered, "but all I wish for is to be in Canada." "Do you not then fear the sea?" she further asked, "I love it not at all." "Nor I either," rejoined I, "but I have no other means of again seeing my husband; I shall, therefore, joyfully make the journey." "I admire your mettle," said she, "for it is a great undertaking, especially with three children."

From this conversation, I saw that she had heard more of me; and I was, accordingly, additionally pleased at having been presented at court. During this reception, I saw all the royal children, with the exception of one that was sick. They were ten in number, and all beautiful as pictures. As I had been so well received, I visited the queen several times afterward. In the



spring, just before my departure to Portsmouth to embark, I paid a farewell visit to the queen, when she once more asked me if I had no fears of such a frightful voyage? And when I replied, that since my husband wished me to follow him, I did it with courage and delight, believing that I was thus performing my duty, and that I was assured that were she in my place she would do the same; she replied, "Yes, but they wrote to me that you undertake this journey unknown to your husband." I answered, that she was a German princess, and well knew that I could not undertake this without the consent of my husband, as, in that case, I could not have the necessary money. "You are right," said she, "I approve of your resolution, and only wish you all imaginable success. What is the name of your ship? I shall often inquire after you, and, upon your return to England, I hope you will visit me." She kept her word, and often inquired about me, and frequently sent her remembrances.

General Burgoyne had promised my husband, that we should travel together. I, therefore, asked the advice of Lord Germaine, who informed me that a man-of-war was certainly safer; but as one was wholly dependent on the captain, who took no pay for the passage or expense of the voyage, it would be unpleasant, especially as I had children. He, therefore, rather counseled me to take a merchant-man. Mr. Watson, a rich London banker and a worthy man, who had already been three times lord mayor of that city (the same whose foot was bitten off by a shark while bathing once in the West Indies), had seen my husband in Canada, and promised to let me have his ship. General Howe, an old friend of my late father, and of mine, also, strongly advised me to accept it, and promised, for my greater safety, and in order, also, to give more consequence to the ship, a letter of marque, together with two officers and sixty men. Mr. Watson liked this arrangement right well, as such an adjustment is of great advantage to the owners of ships; although it is in a measure neutralized by the fact that

it, at the same time, exposes the ship to the risk of a fight. Mr. Watson showed me the ship, introduced me to the captain and the entire crew, and declared to them, that whoever should offend me, might expect the same punishment as if he had offended him, and, moreover, that any one of whom I complained, should be instantly discharged.

The ship was large and spacious, and was immediately arranged as I wished.

As I knew that it would please my husband, I wrote to Madame Foy, and proposed that she should take the journey with me. She accepted it, and all errors were forgiven and forgotten. We met at Portsmouth; and on the 15th of April, 1777, we went on board of our ship. We were very busy the entire evening in arranging our things in order, and went to bed at nine o'clock.

LETTERS FROM GENERAL RIEDESEL  
TO HIS WIFE.

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THREE RIVERS, *April 16th, 1777.*

What sad vicissitudes of happiness and unhappiness! At the Isle Aux Noir, news was brought to me, at the end of the last campaign, of the safe arrival of yourself and children at Quebec. I was beside myself with joy at the prospect of passing a most delightful and quiet winter in your society, and in the bosom of my beloved family; but how dreadfully was I deceived in my expectations to find, upon my arrival here, instead of yourself, your last letter, brought by the ship, London, informing me that your journey would be postponed until spring. This was a thunder-clap, and the only consolation that remained to me was, that I could still thank Heaven that yourself and our dear children were at least all well.

The ship, London, upon which it was expected you would have taken passage, arrived safely at Quebee, on the 8th of December, without the least disaster. Your apartments for yourself and our little family, had been quite comfortably furnished and fitted up; and we would, therefore, have passed, perhaps, one of the happiest winters that we have ever spent together since our marriage. That hope is all turned to water. But God has so ordered it, and we must not murmur, but bow in submission to his holy decrees. I have endeavored to divert my mind from my grief, but in vain. I remained from the 13th of December to the 16th of January, in Quebec, to pay my respects to General Carleton, and have been overwhelmed

with courtesies and attentions. After my return, I celebrated the queen's birth-day by giving a great dinner, a ball and a supper; and since then, following the example of the other generals, I have continued to give a supper and a ball every week; partly to gain the affection of the inhabitants of this place, and partly, also, to provide innocent pleasures for the officers, and thus keep them from visiting public houses and bad company. General Philips made me a visit in the month of February. I have at different times inspected our regiments in their winter-quarters; and, in the beginning of March, General Carleton, also, visited me here, and reviewed all our troops. He was perfectly satisfied with them all. I accompanied him to Montreal, where I spent eight days with him at General Philips's. On his way back, he staid with me two days more. Since that time I have again been round to inspect our regiments. I spent the week after Easter by myself in the country, in order to have quiet for my religious devotions; and now, as the present season is becoming beautiful, and we flatter ourselves that we shall be able to receive vessels from, and dispatch them to Europe, I seize my pen to talk with you; for I am yet uncertain whether, or when you are coming, and at all events, I am determined that you shall not be without news from me. Still, I dearly wish that this letter may have been written in vain, and that I may have the joy of seeing you arrive upon the first ship.

In this letter, you have a short account of every thing I have done during the past winter; and I will only say to you—in order to give you an idea of the swiftness with which one travels here in sledges—that from the 20th of February to the 10th of April, I have been five hundred and eighty leagues (which is four hundred and thirty-five good German miles), partly on the snow, but chiefly on the frozen river St. Lawrence. As yet, I do not know when the army will break up, preparatory to moving on New England. If you still come, as I continually flatter myself you will, remain quietly a few days at Quebec,

where you will stay with my good friend, Mr. Murray, whose wife is a meritorious person. She will please you very much; and should we have already broken up our quarters here, take up your sojourn at Three Rivers, where you will find my quarters vacant and prepared for you, to which end, I shall leave in the same house all my superfluous baggage. The grand vicar, M. Saintonge, will hand you over the keys on your arrival; and he and the Tonnaucourt family will lend you all that you may need in the way of furniture.

You will find a tolerable garden, arranged with reference to walking, and to furnishing your cook with all necessary supplies; and you can remain here until we are permanently located on the other side of the lake, in New England. When this time arrives, I will endeavor to provide a large ship for your passage over the lake, and will send you a reliable officer, who will bring you to me. I think it probable that when you arrive in Quebec you may not like the place. Neither will the wife of General Carleton be a woman to your taste; she is too proud. Madame Murray, however, is a worthy woman. All the officers trace a resemblance in her to you, for which reason I have given her the preference over all other women. Here at Three Rivers you will find three families who will overwhelm you with politeness, and will do every thing for you that you may wish. First, the grand-vicar, who has a cousin by the name of Cabenac, a maiden of much wit, who I am confident will please you; then there is the family of Mr. Tonnaucourt, a colonel of militia and a widower, but who has three daughters, extremely well educated, who will be very good company for you; and, lastly, a nunnery in which there is, also, a seminary for young maidens, where both our oldest daughters can find pleasant amusement. I think you will prefer Three Rivers to Quebec, on account of its cheapness, for one can live here for less than one-half of what it costs in Quebec or Montreal.

I write this letter in duplicate, sending one to England, in case you have not started on your journey, and the second

to Quebec, where you will find it on your arrival at Mrs. Murray's.

THREE RIVERS, *June 5th, 1777.*

Dearest Wife :

On the 6th of last month, General Burgoyne arrived here from England, and brought me the good news that, when he left, you were on the point of setting out in the ship of Mr. Watson. I have, therefore, expected you for the last four weeks with the greatest impatience, and am now obliged to set out from here, on account of the delay of your fleet, without having had the joy of seeing you — a circumstance which grieves me inexpressibly. But as it cannot be helped, I will not murmur; for it is the will of God, who knows how to dispose every thing in the wisest manner, and more for our own good than we often believe.

I depart this instant, my love, for St. John, in order to pass from that point through Lake Champlain to New England. I leave you entirely free to decide whether you had better remain in Quebec, Three Rivers, or Montreal. I think that Three Rivers will suit you the best, because it is cheaper. There you will find a garden and a house thoroughly prepared for your reception, besides, also, your own countrymen, as Lieutenant Colonel Ehrenkron commands at that place. You will, moreover, be near our military chest, and, consequently, you need never lack for money. You will find, in addition, wine and various other things that still remain there. I leave here, also, Bühring, the *captain d'armes* of my company, that he may assist you in every thing, and show you how you may obtain the necessary provisions. Your servants can receive their supplies from the storehouse. I flatter myself that the inhabitants of the place wish me well. I am certain that they will treat you with courtesy.

Should you wish to drive out with the children, you will be allowed only the post. That costs but one shilling for every

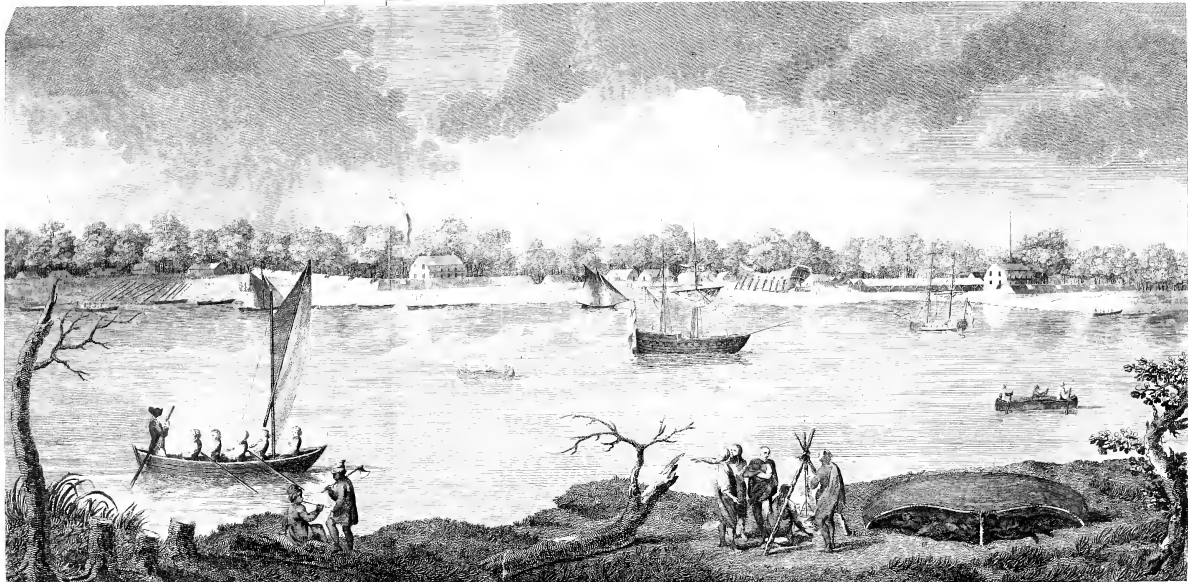




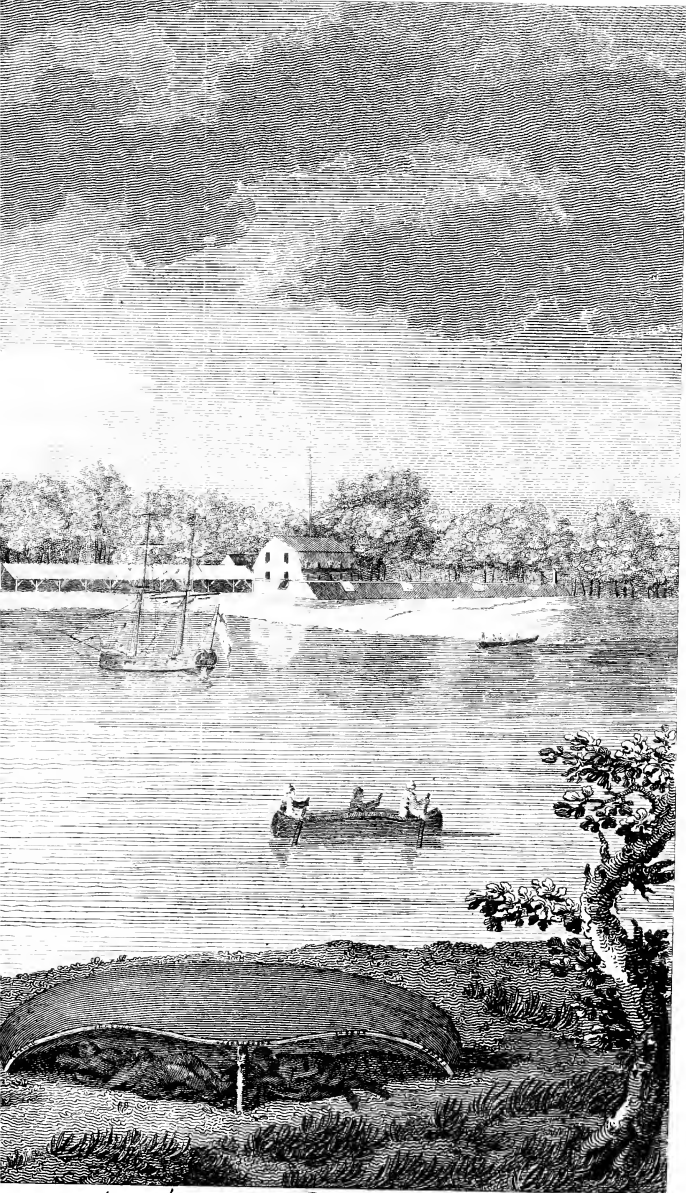




at the, Boulton's, Works, Sec.  
America.  
London.



*A View of ST. JOHN'S, upon the RIVER SORELL, in CANADA, with the Redoubts, Works, &c.  
taken in the Year 1776, during the late War in America.  
Published as the Act direct, Jan<sup>y</sup> 1789, by William Smeathman, Street, London.*



*Redoubts, Works, &c.*



league. As for the rest, remain tranquil, my love. I shall not allow you to remain long here, for just as soon as our camp becomes quiet, I shall send for you at once.

Farewell, dear wife. My heart is very heavy within me, because I go hence without seeing you, but I hope that it will not be for long.

CHAMBLY, *June 10th, 1777.*

Though removed from you, dear wife, yet I am ever with you in spirit, and even now am seeking solitude, that I may the better talk to you, and in thought call back the pleasant hours, which we have spent with each other.

Some days before my departure from Three Rivers, I committed the blunder of leaving open the window of my sleeping room, in consequence of which I drew into my system a rheumatic fever. This, it is true, passed off on the 6th, the day of my departure, but left me somewhat debilitated the first day of our march. Now, God be praised, I am again completely restored to health. To-morrow I go to St. John to give orders for the repairing of the boats. By this time I hope you have arrived at Quebec without any ill luck, and I await your first letter with the greatest impatience. I shall hardly have the heart to open it, for fear that something has happened to you or the children upon the journey. If, however, I find by it that you and the children are well, then will I thank God and have unspeakable joy. In that case, our separation will not last much longer, as I shall have you conveyed hither the very moment that things become somewhat more tranquil with us.

Time fails me to make this letter longer. Farewell, and do not be uneasy. God will be your and my protector in every event that may befall us.

## DIARY DURING THE VOYAGE FROM PORTS- MOUTH TO QUEBEC.

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On the 16th of April, 1777, as soon as the man-of-war, the *Blonde*, had given the signal, we left Spithead, thirty sail strong, for St. Helena, where we were to await a man-of-war, named the *Porpoise*, that had been ordered to escort the *convoy*. We were all sea-sick nearly the entire day, particularly when we had thrown over the anchor; for then I found that the motion of the ship was much more unpleasant.

On the 17th, the wind rose, and on the 18th, at six o'clock in the morning, a second signal was given, and we weighed anchor to the satisfaction of all sides.

On the 19th, we passed Plymouth under a fine breeze. Most all were well, and my children and I were as pleasantly situated as if we had been at home. The weather was so beautiful that we danced upon deck. Our music consisted of a capital fifer and three drummers.

On the 20th, 21st, 22d and 23d, we had contrary winds, storms, very high swelling waves, and bad weather generally; and, in addition, the men were all sick. I, alone, had no time to be so, for my servants were nearly the sickest of all, and I was, therefore, constantly called upon to wait on my three children. I believe there is nothing better for sea-sickness than to be right busy; for on the first day I was as sick as the others, but when I saw my children sick and without care, I

thought only of them, and found myself actually better, with a good appetite. In general, one does nothing on board a ship but eat and drink. Every day we had four, and oftentimes, five and six dishes, which were right well prepared. In the morning, when I was up, I breakfasted in our cabin, washed and dressed the children, afterward myself, and then went up on deck. When I could, I worked; at two o'clock we ate dinner; drank tea at six o'clock; and at eight in the evening, I went down stairs and undressed the children. Then I had my supper, and at ten o'clock went to bed. My oldest daughter, Augusta, was pretty sick for two days, but after that she was better than ever: both the others were only a little unwell; and all three had a good appetite.

On the 24th, we had beautiful, but very cool weather, and the wind was too weak.

On the 25th, we experienced a calm, and we remained nearly at the same place. The helm broke, but the captain, who knew well what to do in such emergencies, at once replaced it. We had then made only two hundred and fifty leagues since our departure.

I know not whether it was the hope of so soon again seeing my husband that gave me good spirits, but I found the sea not so dreadful as many had painted it to me, and had not the least repentance for having undertaken the journey. I was conscious of fulfilling my duty, and was calm because I trusted in God—that he would bring me safely to my dear husband. I would gladly have sent back my servants, who, more uneasy and timid than I, were almost, if not entirely, useless to me. I pitied them; for they, of course, had not the same interest in the journey as I, who was expecting to overtake a beloved and esteemed husband. The children felt very differently from the servants; for when they also were down sick, to my question, whether they wished to persevere or go back, they answered, “Oh, we will cheerfully be sick, if we can only reach our papa!”

On the 26th, we again had a fair wind, and made some headway.

On the 27th, we had divine worship. It was exceedingly edifying to see the entire ship's crew kneel down, and observe the fervency with which they prayed. In the evening, the wind shifted, and the ship staggered so dreadfully, that many were again attacked with fresh sea-sickness, though not as badly as at first. I often fell down; one of my daughters had a finger crushed by the swinging round of a door, and the other hurt her chin.

On the 2d of May, we had made six hundred and fifty leagues.

From the 3d to the 6th, we had contrary winds and storms; and on the 4th, on account of the continued bad weather, no divine worship was held on board the ship. The vessel was so tossed about by a storm which we had on the night of the 5th, that we could not close our eyes; and I was fearful lest I should crush one of my children, as they all three slept with me. Little Frederica never went to bed without praying for her father; and once, after one of these prayers, she said to me, "I long to see my dear papa soon." I asked her what she would pray for when she should be with her father? "Then," said she, "I would pray to God every day, that he never more would separate us." This affected me to tears.

At last, upon the 6th, toward noon, the wind changed, and during the 7th we had a very good wind, and made one hundred and thirty leagues in twenty-four hours. All were delighted, and paid visits to the different ships. The ship, *Henry*, which had on board one hundred and thirty-four of our troops, was so polite as to raise its flag and call out, "Long live the dear wife of our general, and the good general himself!" I cried, in my turn "Long live the entire ship!" and showed them my three children as the choicest treasures I possessed. Thereupon they again shouted, "Hurrah! hurrah!" The next moment they formed themselves into a prayer-meeting and prayed, and sang hymns. My whole heart was stirred within me. The man-of-war, *Porpoise*, came up close to us almost every day, to inquire after my state of health, and to know if they could help us in



any way. The captain of the ship was the very same who had carried my husband to Canada. My husband had pledged himself to get him promoted at the end of the voyage — for he was only a lieutenant — and upon his intercession he accordingly was raised to the rank of captain. There was on board of this ship, a Captain Skin (governor of the province of Georgia), with his son, whose acquaintance I had made in Portsmouth, at which time they were so polite as to tender me an advance of two hundred guineas, in case I should need money. It is true I did not have any occasion for such a loan, but I have none the less kept their kindness in grateful remembrance.

Upon the 8th, we fell in with a ship, which at first they took for an American. Although we had nothing to fear on that account, still I was a little anxious, as I did not particularly long to be present at a naval combat. A cable parted on board of the man-of-war, *Blonde*, and knocked four sailors into the sea. One of them was rescued, but the other three were drowned.

On the 9th, we had come a thousand sea miles, estimated at a third part of our voyage.\*

On the 10th and 11th, we had a good wind, and on the latter day we coiled up a knot every hour (i. e. a sea mile; thus called on account of the knots in the line with which they reckon the sea miles). There was divine service held this day, and a parade of all the soldiers.

On the 12th, we had good weather, but the wind was not propitious for us.

On the 13th, it was better; and on the 14th, changeable, and accompanied by such a thick fog, that it was necessary in the night to blow trumpets to warn off the other ships, that, otherwise, might have approached too near our own.

On the 15th, it rained the whole day, and was very cold. Still, the wind remained good until noon, when it changed; and, from the 16th to the 21st, we experienced contrary winds,

accompanied by most disagreeable and cold weather. A still worse circumstance, however, was, that the captain of the *Blonde* — one of the men-of-war attached to our convoy — who never had been in this region, had run too far northerly, thereby carrying us back some five hundred sea miles, and obliging us to wait for a north wind to take us to the banks of Newfoundland.

On the 22d, we had a full moon, and with it we received a good wind, which brightened every countenance.

On the 23d, the wind was changeable. We saw the banks, but could not yet reach them. I was reminded of the fox and the bunch of grapes in the fable, and came near weeping. We had now been five weeks at sea, and had only made sixteen hundred and sixty miles. Besides, it was so misty, that the men-of-war fired a cannon every hour, to guard against the other ships losing themselves.

One of the ships, called the *Silver Eel*, lost her main-mast, and in the night, with the *Porpoise*, separated from us; a circumstance that caused me some uneasiness, as my entire baggage, and my husband's wine and regimentals were on board of that ship. Neither did these ships rejoin us until the 30th.

On the 24th, we had truly good weather, but still a contrary wind: it was so, also, on the 25th.

On the 26th, we were favored with a fair wind, and arrived without mishap on the banks of Newfoundland. The ship's cook caught a heavy cod-fish, and brought it to me. The captain of our ship, who was an old and intimate friend of Madame Foy and took it ill that he had not given it to her, snatched it out of his hands, and threw it again into the sea. I, however, gave the good man a guinea for his kind intention. We caught nothing more the whole day, but I had my triumph when, soon after, the captain of the *Porpoise* sent me four cod-fish, bound on a board, to which some one had fastened a string for safety, in case our captain should again throw them overboard! I treated the entire ship's crew to them, as if nothing had previ-

ously occurred, upon which the captain, at least, seemed ashamed of the rudeness with which he had treated me.

The above mentioned incident, was not the only unpleasantness which Madame Foy occasioned me. I had much more reason to regret that I took her with me; for her sister, who was again with her, did not conduct herself in the best manner, and was, besides, very willful; and Madame Foy's old intimacy with the captain of our ship, of which I have before spoken, was the reason of her not daring to refuse him those liberties to which he had formerly been accustomed. Another thing which rendered it unpleasant was, that her chambermaid, a most beautiful creature, had accompanied her on this journey solely for the sake of leaving a country where she was already too much known, and of finding among the sailors such licentious friends as she was best pleased with. One day it happened that the captain's wine store was stolen, and my poor jäger, Rockel, was accused of it. I felt deeply for this honest man. Fortunately, however, it chanced that one night as Mademoiselle Nancy (this was the name of the above mentioned chambermaid) was just on the point of mousing the wine, the ship gave a sudden lurch, and threw her down with two bottles in her hand. Upon this, she gave a loud scream, which brought every one to her on the run, and her theft was discovered. She justified herself on the ground, that the chief of the soldiers had bidden her to procure him wine. This man was an old tippler, who often passed the night with her in my fore-chamber, especially on Saturday, when it was the ship's fashion to spend the evening in drinking the health of wives and sweethearts. Fortunately, I had made friends with the lieutenant, the old under officers, and the helmsman, by sharing my meal with their wives and children. These persons, therefore, came to me one night when the maid and her lover were conducting themselves very wantonly, and assured me that they pitied me, but that they had risen quickly, and if these dissolute people had come too near me, they would have been

able to come at once to my assistance. They promised me, also, that they would stand guard over this place every Saturday. This courtesy composed me much at the time, and, subsequently, greatly assisted me in preserving calmness.

The 27th, 28th, and 29th, we had good wind and beautiful weather. The ship, *Blonde*, caught one hundred fish. A large portion of them were cod-fish, some of which weighed fifty pounds, and were very fine. They were hung around the ship by their mouths, their entrails taken out, and the sockets of the eyes filled with salt: in this way they were nicely preserved for a long time.

On the 30th, we had the most beautiful weather in the world, but a calm. It was a magnificent sight to see some thirty ships upon the open sea, which was as clear as a mirror. By this time, we had passed the Great Bank, and had made in all, twenty-one hundred and twenty-one leagues — over two-thirds of our journey. We saw a large number of whales very close to our ship, among which were several young ones, thirty-five to forty feet in length.

On the 31st, we had the satisfaction of seeing the first land, which is called *Chapeau Rouge*. My heart beat for joy. In the afternoon we passed the island *St. Pierre*.

The 1st of June, the weather was rainy, but the wind fair.

On the 2d, we had, first, a calm, then a good wind, and passed the island *St. Paul*, and *Cape Breton*.

On the 3d, we came into the gulf of *St. Lawrence*, and saw the *Port islands*, which are great cliffs. It was the birthday of my husband, and my heart was filled with a mixture of joy and sadness, and with a longing to see him soon, after all the delays, to hold him in my arms, and to deliver over to him our dear children.

On the 4th, we entered the river *St. Lawrence*, and saw mountains upon the left hand. We met a large number of ships that were on their way back to Europe; but the wind was so strong that we could not speak with them. Many on board of

our vessel said that they saw soldiers upon them. This caused me inexpressible pain until our arrival; for the thought of coming into a strange land, which my husband had, perhaps, just left on his way back to Europe, was to me dreadful.

On the 5th, we passed in the night the island of Anticosti.

On the 6th, we actually saw land and mountains, and, by this time, had placed at our backs two thousand seven hundred and sixty leagues. My impatience increased with every day, and I sought to drive it away by work. I had already, during the voyage, embroidered a double night-cap for my husband, two purses, and seven caps for myself and the children, and had made in addition, many other little things.

On the 7th, we had a contrary wind; but on the 8th, it was good, and we had only to make a hundred and sixty leagues before reaching Quebec.

On the 9th, we were becalmed, and anchored at the island Pôt de Brandé.

On the 10th, at four o'clock in the morning, the anchor was weighed; and we were now safely over all the dangerous places. It is a ravishing sight to see both sides of the shore at this place—the houses, the great cataract at Montmorency, and then Quebec, which we came in sight of at ten o'clock, on the morning of the 11th. The throbbing heart-joy, which the first sight of this ardently wished for termination of our journey gave me, made all my limbs tremble. Quebec, upon first coming into view, appeared quite handsome, and, surveying the whole prospect, I recalled the beautiful description which Emilie Montague has given of it in her letters, and which I found very accurate.\* The city of Quebec itself, however, is as dirty

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\* Madame de Riedesel means Mrs. Brookes's *Emily Montague*. The author of the *Travels through the Interior Part of America, in a Series of Letters* (Lieutenant Anburey) who had reached Quebec but a few months before Madame de Riedesel, thought, that, in consequence of the devastations occasioned during the last siege, Quebec 'would by no means answer the beautiful description given by the elegant writer, Mrs. Brookes, in her *Emily Montague*, Vol. I, p. 150.'—*Note of the translator, in the translation of 1827.*

as possible, and very inconvenient, for one is obliged to ascend a great mountain in going through the streets. There are, also, few handsome houses, but the inhabitants are polite people. While we were anchoring, an incident occurred that gave me great satisfaction. Our ship's captain, who was a good man in other respects, but who had been seduced, through his relations with Madame Foy into behaving rudely toward me, came and begged my forgiveness, at the same time praying for my intercession to prevent the impressment of his sailors. It was the practice to examine every ship on its arrival, to see how many sailors it possessed; and if it was thought that there were too many on board, a portion of them were taken away to the king's ships. I used my solicitations for him, and was so fortunate as to have them granted.

When it was known in Quebec that I was nearing the city, I was saluted with cannon by all the ships in the harbor; and at twelve o'clock, noon, we saw a boat approaching us, containing twelve sailors dressed in white, and wearing silver helmets and green sashes. These seamen had been sent to fetch me from the ship, and they brought me a letter from my husband, in which he wrote that he had been obliged to set out for the army. This news greatly grieved and frightened me, but I resolved, at the same time, to follow him, even if I should be with him only for a few days. I seated myself, with my entire family, in the boat, in which I begged permission to take also Madame Foy and her sister. This request was granted; and I thus had the satisfaction of making them ashamed of the trouble they had occasioned me. At last we safely landed after much yearning desire and an eight weeks' voyage, at about one o'clock in the afternoon. When we reached land, I found a little carryall with one horse. This was the equipage of Mrs. General Carleton, which was sent with an earnest invitation to come and dine with her, and also to lodge at her house. I accepted the first, only, as I wished to follow my husband at once. At the General's, I was received by all with friendship. Indeed they

did not seem to know how they should sufficiently express their joy at my arrival, which they assured me would make my husband very happy. Mrs. General Carleton, upon hearing of the fleet's arrival, and of my being with it, had been so thoughtful as to send off immediately a courier to her consort, to apprise him of my arrival, in order that he might rejoice my husband with the news. The ladies were astonished at seeing me dressed like an English woman; for having seen our soldiers' wives\* arrive dressed in waist-coats, short cloaks, and round caps with flebbe; † they supposed that this was the German custom. The Canadian fashion for a woman's dress is a very long cloak of scarlet cloth. The rich wear them of silk, and without this garment they never go out. The latter wear in addition, a kind of worsted cap with great colored loops of ribbon, which, by the way, distinguishes the nobility from the other classes. Indeed, the nobility pride themselves so much upon this head-dress, that they could tear it from any native woman of plebeian rank, who should dare to adorn herself with it. The large cloaks often conceal very bad and dirty clothes. They wear, also, in addition, an under-petticoat, and jackets with long sleeves; and when they go out, they wear upon their heads large capes which cover the whole head and face, and in winter are wadded with feathers.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, we sat down to table at Mrs. General Carleton's.

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\*The number of wives of Brunswick soldiers that accompanied their husbands to America, was seventy-seven.

† A kind of worsted or cloth ornament, coming down from each side of the cap over the ears, very similar to the dogs' ears of the school-boys' caps in winter at the present day.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF GENERAL  
RIEDESEL TO HIS WIFE.

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ST. JOHN, *June 13th, 1777.*

You are welcome, my dear angel, to the Canadian continent ! I had just seated myself at table with the other generals, at General Phillips's, when the courier arrived with the delightful intelligence, that the fleet from Portsmouth was already at the Isle de Bee, within sight of Quebec ; and that they already had the news, that you with the three children, were on board, safe and well. You must, therefore, without doubt, have arrived in Quebec the same evening that the letter was written.

The whole company expressed a common joy at the intelligence, and drank deeply to your auspicious arrival. The share which they all took in my good fortune gave me additional pleasure. I only wished that you had arrived eight days sooner, as I then would have had the happiness of seeing you ; for I had intended, in case I heard of your arrival before passing down the river St. Lawrence, to return, and see and embrace you. Now, however, it is too late, as I cannot go back. Meanwhile, dear wife, let us have patience ; our separation shall not last long, only, indeed, until you can join me with somewhat of security, tranquility and comfort. As our correspondence can now be conducted with regularity, I beg you to keep for me a kind of diary of what you and the children do daily ; and in order that we may each know what the other does, I herewith begin mine.

At eight o'clock in the morning of June 5th, I left Three



Rivers;\* took dinner at Riviere de Loup, at the parsonage; and slept at Massinonge, where I arrived very tired. On the 6th, I went to Berthieux, where I dined at noon. In the afternoon, I was ferried over the river St. Lawrence in a *canot d'ecorce* (a boat made after the fashion of this country, of the bark of a tree), and took up my quarters for the night at the parsonage in Sorel.

On the 7th, I set out about six o'clock in the morning, and at noon, dined at St. Denis with Lieutenant Colonel Specht, of our troops, and arrived in the evening at Chambly.

On the 8th, both the battalions, Berner and Breyman, marched to St. John, and two others came in their place. My equipage was not able to follow me so quickly, a circumstance that made me feel rather forlorn, as I had nothing to eat or drink. It finally arrived in the evening. The transportation of the troops over the river St. Lawrence gave me considerable annoyance; but, at length, it was all happily accomplished.

On the 10th, I entertained General Phillips at my quarters; and on the 11th, General Burgoyne breakfasted with me. At noon of the same day, I set out from Chambly for St. John, and on the way, dined at St. Therese with Colonel Mackenzie.

On the 11th, I dined at noon, with General Phillips, in company with Generals Carleton and Burgoyne, and then it was that I was made so happy by learning of your arrival. I therefore hope now soon to learn, through a letter from you, of every thing that occurred to you and yours, during the journey. To-day, or early to-morrow morning, I set out for Crown Point. You shall hear from me as often as I can snatch a moment for writing.

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\* The amount of territory occupied as winter-quarters by the German troops, was, as is seen in a former note, much too large for the number of troops. Those of the Brunswickers — only 2,282 in all — occupied a front of no less than thirty-three German miles. Three Rivers, which was the head-quarters of the German troops during their winter cantonment, was the smallest of the three principal Canadian towns, and counted at this time about two hundred and fifty houses, with twelve hundred inhabitants. The chief buildings were, a convent of the Augustine friars, and an English barracks, capable of holding five hundred men.

Farewell! Hug our three dear children right heartily for me. I hope your money has not given out. At Quebec, you can obtain on my credit as much as you may wish; and at Three Rivers, you will find the paymaster of our army, Gödecke, who will give you as much money as you may need. Once more, my love, farewell! God escorts us as he has done hitherto. Write me soon, and rest assured that I shall remain wholly your own for all time.\*

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\* This letter was not received by Mrs. Riedesel at the time, as she had again set out from Quebec, that she might overtake her husband as quickly as possible.

CONTINUATION OF MRS. GENERAL  
RIEDESEL'S DIARY.

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The same Captain Pownel, who, as I have already mentioned, brought my husband to Canada, tendered his services to bring me by water to Point de Tremble; and a Mrs. Johnson offered, also, to accompany me. About six o'clock in the evening of the 11th of June (the same day that I arrived in Quebec), we embarked on board one of the men-of-war's boats; and at midnight arrived at a place seven English miles from Quebec, having had with us all the way, the most beautiful moonlight, and a splendid band of music. I put my children to bed; and the rest of us sat up and drank tea together.

On the 12th, at half past two o'clock in the morning, we again set out in three calashes, which are a kind of light chaise or carry-all, very small and uncomfortable, but very fast. I could not bring my heart to trust a single one of my children to my women servants; and as our calashes were open and very small, I bound my second daughter, Frederica, fast in one corner; took the youngest, little Caroline, on my lap; while my oldest, Gustava, as the most discreet, sat between my feet on my purse. I knew that if I would reach my husband I had no time to lose, as he was constantly on the march. I therefore promised a reward to the servants if they would drive me fast, and consequently we always went as quickly as the vehicles and horses would allow. The Canadians are everlastingly talking to their horses, and giving them all kinds of names. Thus, when they were not either lashing their horses or singing, they cried,

"*Allons mon Prince! Pour mon General!*" Oftener, however, they said, "*Fi, donc, Madame!*" I thought that this last was designed for me, and asked, "*Plait-il?*" "Oh," replied the driver, "*ce n'est que mon cheval, la petite coquine!*" ("It is only the little jade, my horse!") At every place through which I passed, the peasants greeted me, and cried, "*Voilà la femme de notre cher general!*"—treating me, at the same time, with great affection. Especially was I rejoiced to see my husband so beloved on every hand, and to have them all say to me, "*Oh qu'il sera content! Combien il a parlé de vous! Oh, qu'il vous aime!*" ("Oh, how delighted he will be! How often he has talked about you! Oh, how he loves you!") In the afternoon I came to Berthieux, where I was assured that no calash was to be had, and that I would be obliged to make use of a boat, or rather, a very light canoe, made of the bark of a tree. I begged and implored, and offered money upon money for a calash; for it was horrible weather, and I had to pass the three rivers, which cross each other, and lead to the village of Three Rivers. But it was all of no avail, since they pretended to consider these ferries as a regular post route, and wished to make money out of an ignorant foreigner. There remained, therefore, nothing farther for me to do than to embark. Seated on the bottom of the canoe in one corner, I had my three children upon my lap, while my three servants sat on the other side. We were obliged, at considerable trouble, to preserve our exact equilibrium, the necessity of which, however, I did not learn from our boatman, until we were overtaken by a severe hail storm; whereupon my daughter, little Frederica, became alarmed, screamed, and wanted to jump up. Then it was that the boatman told me that the canoe would be overturned by even the slightest movement. I was obliged, therefore, to hold her very firmly, and not mind her cries; and in this manner, we finally arrived the same evening at Three Rivers in safety, where our officers clapped their hands over their heads for joy; and I, by this manifestation, first learned the danger which I had

risked. Two gentlemen, while engaged in fishing, had been overtaken by a storm, which upset their canoe, and they both were drowned. I thanked God that I had accomplished the passage so successfully, and yet it was not pleasing to me to know of my danger, for this very knowledge, ever afterward, rendered me timid in crossing the smallest river, even in the most beautiful weather.

The grand vicar had no sooner heard of my arrival, than he at once called upon me. He had conceived a great affection for my husband, who had spent the entire winter in this town, and he increased still more my eagerness to follow him as soon as possible, by all that he related of his tender love and apprehension for us, and his solicitude on account of our journey. He said that my husband had been sick, which he felt assured, had been caused by his distress at having been obliged to set out without seeing us; especially as he had been thrown into great anguish of mind by constant, though happily, false reports. For example, he had heard that a lady, who had embarked with three children, had gone down with the ship; and again, that I had actually sailed, but had become so frightened as to have repented of my resolution, and caused myself to be set ashore. I was, therefore, more strongly than ever fixed in my determination to hasten my journey in every possible way; and I immediately sent ahead an express to my husband, apprizing him of our coming. As the horrible weather still continued, the grand vicar had the kindness to offer me a covered calash, which I accepted, and departed in it the following morning at six o'clock. This vehicle went so rapidly, that I could scarcely recover my breath, and in addition to which I was so jolted about (as I was constantly obliged to hold my children), that I was completely beaten to pieces. I was, therefore, obliged at every post station, to stretch out my arms and walk around a little, to render my joints more limber. In going to Chambly, where it was possible that my husband still was, I had to choose one of two roads. I took the one through Montreal, where I arrived on the evening of the 13th; passed the night there; and set out the next

morning very early, that I might see my husband as soon as possible. I reached Chambly on the 13th, and immediately caught sight of a group of officers, and our coachman, whom my husband had left there. I at once ran to him and asked where my husband was? "He has driven over to Berthieux," he replied, "to meet you" (Berthieux was fifteen English miles off!) Then I saw that I had chosen the wrong road, and had consequently missed him. Upon this, General Carleton, who was among the above mentioned party of officers, came up, and assured me that my husband would be back at the latest on the following day. He, thereupon, took his departure and went back to Quebec, after having delivered over the command of the troops to General Burgoyne. An adjutant of my husband remained with me, and I awaited the following day — the 15th of June — with impatience. My children and my faithful Rockel kept a constant watch on the high road, that they might bring me news of my husband's arrival. Finally, a calash was descried having a Canadian in it. I saw from a distance the calash stop still, the Canadian get out, come nearer, and fold the children in his arms. It was my husband! As he still had the fever, he was clothed (although it was summer) in a sort of cassock of woolen cloth bordered with ribbons, and to which was attached a variegated fringe of blue and red, after the Canadian fashion of the country. My joy was beyond all description, but the sick and feeble appearance of my husband terrified me, and a little disheartened me. I found both my oldest daughters in tears — Gustava for joy at again seeing her father, and little Frederica because she saw him in this plight. For this reason she would not go to him at all, but said, "No, no! this is a nasty papa; my papa is pretty!" This conduct arose from the fact, that I had often shown her the picture of her father, and had, at those times, said that he had handsome clothes. She was, therefore, not prepared for him in this costume. The very moment, however, that he threw off his Canadian coat, she tenderly embraced him.

My husband informed me, that as he was on his way to meet us, he had, in order to rest himself a little, taken dinner with Colonel Anstruther, and had then learned, that a woman had just arrived from Berthieux. He at once had her brought in, and asked her whether there was any news at that place? "Nothing more," she replied, "than that a German woman with three children had arrived, who, they say, is the wife of a German general." "How many children did you say?" quickly asked my husband. "Three," answered she. After this last answer, he did not desire to know more, particularly as he had been made happy by learning that all of his three children lived, and had arrived; for he had heard nothing from us the whole winter, as our ships were the first ones which had arrived this year.

We remained with each other two happy days. I wished very much to follow my husband, but he would not agree to it. I was therefore forced, to my great sorrow, to go back to Three Rivers, where I suffered yet more upon witnessing the departure of the troops against the enemy, while I, with my children, was obliged, alone and deserted, to return and live in a strange land among unknown people. Sorrowful and very much cast down I traveled back. What a difference between this journey and that which I had made a little while before! This time I did not move so quickly; for at every post station, which removed me further from him I loved, my heart was torn open afresh.

As we were passing through a wood, I saw, all at once, something like a cloud rise up before our wagon. We were at first frightened, until we discovered that it was a flock of wild pigeons, which they call here *tourtres* (turtle doves), and which are found in such numbers, that the Canadian lives on them for more than six weeks at a time. He goes to one of these pigeon hunts with a gun loaded with the smallest shot; and when he comes in sight of them he makes a noise. They then fly up, and he fires into the midst of them, generally with considerable

luck; for sometimes he wounds two or three hundred, which are afterward beaten to death with sticks. The Canadians sell part of the birds, and eat the rest, making of them either soups or an excellent tasting fricassée, with cream and garlic. At this time of the year one eats them every where, and generally meets with kindness from the inhabitants of the country, who, for the most part, live in good houses having large rooms and nice bed curtains. Every house has a spacious entrance hall, and, at least, three or four apartments. When a Canadian marries off his daughter, he asks his son-in-law whether he intends residing near him; and should his answer be in the affirmative, he builds him a house and stable not far from his own dwelling; while, at the same time, the surrounding land is rendered productive. In this way, both the cultivation and the population of the country are greatly increased. The houses are painted white, giving them a most beautiful look, especially if seen in passing through the St. Lawrence, for then their appearance, in the distance, is even more splendid. Each dwelling has a little fruit garden; and at evening, the herds returning homeward present a most charming sight. Every where throughout this country, the cows, as well as swine, are driven into the woods, and return at a given time to be milked. But they do not neglect to furnish the cattle on their return with plenty of fodder; otherwise they would remain in the woods. It often happens that a sow big with young, and on the point of bringing forth, remains away until her delivery is accomplished, and then returns with all her sucking pigs. If they were confined in pens as in Germany, they would die miserably. They are very quarrelsome, and appear to be a kind of mixture of wild and tame swine.

I came back to Three Rivers very sad and full of anxiety. My invariable society was the grand-vicar, and his so called cousin. As such, at least, she had been introduced to me by my husband. She was good humored and conversed pleasantly. He had the same qualities, and was a man of intellect. I learned afterward, that every one of these gentlemen had the



same kind of cousins residing with them, who acted as their housekeepers; but who, in order to avoid scandal, were forced almost every year to absent themselves for a little while, on account of a certain cause.

Besides these acquaintances, I had, also, the convent of Ursilines, or the Sisters of Mercy, whose sole occupation is to nurse the sick; for which purpose there is a hospital adjoining the establishment. Upon visiting it for the first time, as I was passing by the door leading into the Invalids' Hall, a man caught sight of me, and, throwing himself at my feet besought me, exclaiming—"Become my deliverer! Cause me to be killed, that I may return to Germany!" They told me that he was mad. I gave him something, and got away as soon as possible.

I found among the nuns several very lovely persons, with whom I spent many pleasant days. They had loved my husband very much; and I learned that he had often sent them wine and roast meat. Taking the hint from him I did the same, and even more; for I ordered my dinner to be brought into the convent, and eat with them. The company, and perhaps the wine, but more than all, the wish to divert me, often enlivened them so much, that they would dress themselves up and dance a kind of Cossack dance, dressing me up at the same time like the nuns. A young novice, who had conceived an affection especially for me, traced such a likeness between the holy virgin and myself, dressed in nun's apparel, that she besought me to become a nun on the spot. "Right willingly," I replied, "if you will make my husband the prior, so that he can live with us." She was so inexperienced that she believed this was possible. She left us, and shortly afterward we found her kneeling before a crucifix, and thanking God for my conversion. Soon after I had my children brought in. Little Gustava began to weep, as soon as she saw me in this costume, and said, "Dear mama! do not become a nun I beg you!" In order to quiet my children, I was obliged to take off my nun's apparel quickly.

In this convent there was also a seminary for young ladies, who were taught all kinds of work. The nuns sing exquisitely; and as they sing in the choir behind curtains, one might readily imagine it to be the song of angels.

My household occupations consisted chiefly in taking care of my children, some feminine work, and a little book reading. The officers who had been left behind at Three Rivers were not amiable. Among them was an ill-bred paymaster general, whose rude behavior toward me often roused my indignation, and redoubled my uneasiness. As I waited for an opportunity to pay for my passage to Captain Arbuthnot, whom I daily expected from Montreal,\* I presented the paymaster with an order from my husband to pay me a hundred and fifty pounds sterling. He refused to honor it. I asked him if my husband was in his debt for any amount? "No," said he, "he has, on the contrary, a considerable balance yet in his favor;" but as my husband was in danger and might any day be killed, he thought it advisable to act with deliberation. I was exceedingly provoked at this conduct, and told him that I was too much vexed ever again to apply to him; but I knew that if I should have the misfortune to lose my husband, there would still be coming to me a quarter of his yearly allowance, which amounted to considerable more than the sum for which I had asked him. "Yes, that is so," sneeringly rejoined he, "but how about the passage back?" "That," replied I, "Heaven will take care of;" and I never again allowed myself to speak with him on the subject, but went to an English paymaster, who gave me not only the sum asked for, but in addition, offered to give me in future as much as I wished. I reported the whole affair to my husband, who thereupon became very angry, wrote him a letter couched in very strong language, and gave him a most imperative injunction to pay me just as much as I wanted. He now became more courteous; and I had the luck to advance so

\* In Montreal they buy fur-skins very cheap, to sell again in England at a heavy advance—a business that pays well.—*Note of Mrs. Riedesel in the original.*

far into his good graces, that after his death letters were found among his effects from his wife, in which she wrote him, "You write me so many beautiful things about the general's wife, that you make me quite jealous!" Four years afterward, I had the satisfaction of sending him, during his last sickness, all kinds of nice things for his comfort, at which time he sent for me to beg my forgiveness for having treated me so badly. The speeches of this man, and the various alarming reports that came daily, cast me down exceedingly and embittered my life; especially as my husband's letters often miscarried; for although he wrote me continually, yet when they finally reached me, they were old. It is certain that we are more apprehensive of danger befalling those we love, if they are absent, than if they were near us. I therefore wrote and urged and implored my husband to allow me to come to him. I told him I had sufficient health and pluck to undertake it, and that no matter what happened he would never hear me murmur, but, on the contrary, I hoped to make myself very useful to him on many occasions. He answered me that as soon as it was possible for women to follow the army, I should certainly be sent for. A little while after he wrote me that my wish would now soon be fulfilled; and just as I, in full anticipation, had got myself ready for the journey, Captain Willoe came to escort me. One can easily imagine how warmly he was welcomed by me.

Two days after his arrival we set out. A boat which belonged to my husband and another one brought us to Three Rivers. The troops on board of the first boat were commanded by the good serjeant, Bürich, who showed me every possible attention, and who, since this time, has always kept an eye upon our baggage. Night overtook us, and we found ourselves obliged to land upon an island. The other boat, which was more heavily laden, and was not so well manned, had not been able to keep up with us. We had, consequently, neither beds nor candles; and that which was the most distressing was, that we had nothing more to eat, for we had taken with us upon the

boat, only enough to last us (as we supposed) during the day. Besides, we found upon this island nothing but the four bare walls of a deserted and unfinished house, which was filled with bushes that served as a couch for the night. I covered them with our cloaks, making use, also, of the cushions of the boats; and in this way we had a right good sleep.

I could not induce Captain Willoe to come into the hut. I saw that he was very much troubled about something, but could not at all make out the cause of it. Meanwhile, I observed a soldier set a pot upon the fire. I asked him what he had in it? "Potatoes, which I have brought with me," he replied. I looked wistfully at them, but he had so few, that I thought it cruel to rob him of them, especially as he seemed so happy in their possession. Finally, however, my intense desire to give some to my children triumphed over my modesty, and I therefore begged, and obtained half, which, at the most, might have been a dozen. At the same time, he handed me out of his pocket, two or three small ends of candles, which gave me great joy, as the children were afraid to remain in the dark. I gave him for the whole, a thaler, which made him as happy as myself. In the meantime, I heard Captain Willoe give an order for a fire to be kindled around our building, and for his men to go the rounds the whole night. I heard, also, during the entire night considerable commotion outside, which hindered me a little from sleeping. The following morning as I was at breakfast, which I had spread upon a stone, that served us for a table, I asked the captain, who was eating with me, and who, by the way, had slept in the boat, what was the cause of the noises? He then acknowledged that we had been in great danger, from the fact that this island was *L'Isle à Sonnettes* (Rattlesnake island), so named on account of many rattlesnakes being found upon it; that he had not known of it until too late; and that when he did become aware of it, he was very much frightened, but still had not dared to sail further in the night on account of the storm. There had been, therefore, nothing

left for him to do, but to build a great fire and make considerable noise, hoping in this way to frighten the snakes and keep them off. His knowledge of our danger, however, had kept him from sleeping a wink the whole night. Upon hearing this, I was very much terrified, and remarked to him, that we had immeasurably increased our danger by lying down upon the bushes, in which the snakes like to hide. He acknowledged that I was right, and said that if he had known at the time where we were, he would have had all the bushes taken away, or else would have begged us rather to remain in the boat. He had first learned the fact, however, from the people in our other boat, which had overtaken us later in the evening. In the morning we found on every side the skins and slime of these nasty creatures, and accordingly, made haste to finish our breakfast. After our morning meal, we were ferried over lake Champlain, and came at noon to Fort John, where we were received by the commander with kindness and much courtesy. Thus it was everywhere; so much was my husband loved, both by the English and by the inhabitants of the country. Here we again took our boats in order to reach a cutter, upon which we came to Wolf's island, where we remained the entire night on board the ship. During the night we had a thunder-storm, which appeared to us the more terrible, as it seemed as if we were lying in the bottom of a caldron surrounded by mountains and great trees. The following day we passed Ticonderoga, and about noon arrived at Fort George, where we dined with Colonel Anstruther, an exceedingly good and amiable man, who commanded the 62d regiment. In the afternoon we seated ourselves in a calash, and reached Fort Edward on the same day, which was the 14th of August. My husband had actually left this place the day before with the further advance of the army; but as soon as he heard of our arrival, he returned on the 15th, and remained with us until the 16th. On that day he was obliged, to my great sorrow, to rejoin the army. But immediately after the unlucky affair at Bennington, I had the

joy of seeing him again with us on the 18th, and spending with him three happy weeks in the greatest tranquility. A few days after my arrival, news came that we were cut off from Canada. If, therefore, I had not taken advantage of this fortunate opportunity, I would have been obliged to remain behind in Canada, three long years without my husband. The sole circumstance, which led to this — as it proved for us — fortunate determination, was as follows: Upon the arrival of milady Aekland at the army, General Burgoyne said to my husband, “General, you shall have your your wife here also!” Whereupon he immediately dispatched Captain Willoe for me. We led, during these three weeks, a very pleasant life. The surrounding country was magnificent; and we were encircled by the encampments of the English and German troops. We lived in a building called the Red House.\* I had only one room for my husband, myself and my children, in which my husband also slept, and had besides all his writing materials. My women servants slept in a kind of hall. When it was beautiful weather we took our meals under the trees, but if not, in a barn, upon boards, which were laid upon casks and served as a table. It was at this place

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\* “The Red House, or Burgoyne’s head-quarters, was built before the revolutionary war, by Doctor James Smyth, who fled to Canada, but, subsequently, sold the Red House to Captain Ezekiel Baldwin, who occupied it as a tavern until he built and removed to the tavern owned, subsequently, by Major Sproll. The Red House stood on an open, unfenced space. I recollect having seen it in that condition. When it was taken down I do not know; but two years ago, I found its chimney foundation, over which a new street has since been opened. The fort of 1709 was on the Red House site, where Colonel Lydius, after having been expelled from Montreal, built a kind of block-house residence, which the French called Fort Lydius, and burned in 1745. On its foundation, Doctor Smyth erected the Red House, which, after Smyth left for Canada, was occupied by Peter Trear, a tory.”—*Letter from the Hon. Judge Hay, of Saratoga Springs (long a resident of Glens Falls and Fort Edward), to the translator, December 1st, 1866.*

After the French war, the fortification at Fort Edward became so dilapidated, that it was seldom occupied by any of the troops that were stationed there. Canada being now conquered, it was supposed there would be no further use for it; and, accordingly, just before the revolutionary war, Dr. Smyth erected from the *debris* of the fort, the Red House for his own dwelling. Burgoyne very naturally, therefore, took this house for his head-quarters. The order which designated the “Red House as Head-quarters,” is dated July 29, 1777.

that I eat bear's flesh for the first time, and found it of capital flavor. We were often put to it to get any thing to eat; notwithstanding this, however, I was very happy and content, for I was with my children, and beloved by those by whom I was surrounded. There were, if I remember rightly, four or five adjutants staying with us. The evening was spent by the gentlemen in playing cards, and by myself in putting my children to bed.

## THE AMERICAN CAMPAIGN.

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1777.\*

From the beginning of the campaign of the year 1777, General Riedesel was neither admitted into the war councils of the English generals respecting the movements of the Expedition, nor were the instructions, which General Burgoyne had received from the British ministry upon the manner in which the campaign should be conducted, ever imparted to him. General Riedesel continually sought and begged, either the command of the advanced guard of the army, or, at least, as far as circumstances would admit, of a particular corps, which last request was from time to time granted. At the same time, the general made it his greatest endeavor to follow out most punctiliously the orders of General Burgoyne; to preserve the discipline and *morale* of those troops placed under him; to promote a good understanding between the English and German troops; and to see to it that the German soldiers received all that belonged to them, both by the subsidy treaty, and by their rank, namely: the enjoyment of the same advantages as the English national troops.

Although, indeed, † slight differences occurred now and then

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\* This is an abstract of the Military Memoir, written by General Riedesel, and published in full, in his *Life and Writings*, edited by Max Von Eelking at Leipzig, in 1856.

† These good offices of General Riedesel are corroborated by General Burgoyne in his *State of the Expedition*, 2d edition, page 132.

“ The mode of war in which they [the German troops] were engaged, was entirely new to them; temptations to desert were in themselves great, and had been en-



among the privates, growing out of their not understanding each other's language, yet they were soon settled, especially when General Riedesel was present.

It was under these circumstances that the army moved out of winter-quarters on the 3d of June. On the 6th of July, the Americans abandoned Ticonderoga. On the very same day, General Riedesel was detached with three German battalions to support Brigadier Frazer, who was pursuing the retreating enemy toward Huberton. While, on the 7th, he was only about an hour's distance from Brigadier Frazer, the latter had, without waiting for him, already engaged the enemy. The fire was hot, and the situation critical, until General Riedesel came up with his advanced guard, and made with it a fresh attack upon the right flank of the enemy, which changed the complexion of affairs so much, that the enemy were beaten with considerable loss; and Brigadier Frazer, as well as all the officers of his corps, expressed to the general their most lively gratitude.\*

After this affair, General Burgoyne gathered his army to-

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hanced and circulated among them by emissaries of the enemy with much art and industry. Jealousy of predilection in the allotment of posts and separate commands, ever subsists among troops of different states; and a solid preference of judgment in the commander in chief, often appears a narrow national partiality.

"I confess, I was much assisted in maintaining cordiality in an army thus composed, by the frank, spirited, and honorable character I had to deal with, in Major General Riedesel:—a character which was very early impressed upon my mind, and which no trials of intricacy, danger and distress, have since effaced; but address was still requisite to second his zeal, and diffuse it through the German ranks, and I studied to throw them into situations that might give them confidence in themselves, credit with their prince, and alacrity in the pursuit of an enterprise, which, when its difficulties were considered, in fact required enthusiasm."

"\*After the battle, Frazer, while expressing his thanks for this timely rescue, shook hands with his old friend and companion in arms [Riedesel], with whom he had already fought in the Seven Years' war, in Germany, with great valor."—*History of the German Auxiliaries in America.*

General Burgoyne in his official report of this action, does only partial justice to German valor on this occasion. "Major General Riedesel," he says, "and the troops under his command wished to partake of the honor, and they came at the right time to get it." He fails, however, to mention the fact, that it was the Germans who turned the scales and assisted the British out of their strait.

gether at Skeensborough. On the 12th of July, General Riedesel was detached with six battalions, with orders to post himself in the vicinity of Castle Town,\* in order to create in the mind of the enemy a suspicion that his object was a demonstration upon the Connecticut river. In the meanwhile, General Burgoyne had the roads repaired,† and began to advance upon Fort Edward, by way of Fort Anne.‡ At the same time, and while he was marching upon Fort Edward, General Riedesel received orders to follow the English in that direction, which he did, and united himself again with the army on the 3d of August.

While at this place, General Burgoyne determined to detach a corps under Lieutenant Colonel Baum to Bennington, for the purpose of seizing a considerable magazine of stores in that town; an expedition that General Riedesel thought very unadvisable, and against which he emphatically contended. Notwithstanding this, however, it was undertaken, and as it was thought that Lieutenant Colonel Baum had too small a force to contend with the enemy, Lieutenant Colonel Breymann — also contrary to the judgment of General Riedesel — was sent to support him. This affair, on the 16th, at Bennington, turned out very unluckily. The enemy was four or five times stronger than the troops sent against him. The distance prevented Lieutenant Colonel Breymann from coming up early enough;

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\* Castle Town — the present Castleton, Vt. — is described as being, at this period, "a wretched place, consisting of only twenty miserable dwelling houses, the owners of which were for the most part patriots."

† General Burgoyne not only had to repair the roads, but to cut a road through a primeval forest — and the worst kind of a forest, full of swamps and wind-falls. During his march to Fort Edward alone, he had to build forty bridges, and lay corduroy roads of logs across the swamps, one of which was two miles in length.

‡ Fort St. Anne, at this time, existed only in name. It consisted of a square, formed by palisades, with loop-holes between them. Inside of the enclosure were a wretched barrack and a store-house built of wood. The Americans set it on fire when they evacuated the place; but a violent shower having set in and extinguished the flames, the work of destruction was only partially accomplished. The bricks of the foundations that were still standing were used by the Germans, on taking possession, to build ovens.

and, accordingly, both corps were beaten one after another. The men as well as their respective chiefs acted very bravely, but they were the victims of having been stationed too far from the army, without the slightest communication.

This unfortunate affair caused a sudden cessation of all our operations. Our boats, provisions—in fact, nothing was received from Fort George. The army, therefore, could not advance farther, and the despondent spirits of the enemy became suddenly so elated, that its army grew daily stronger.

On the 8th of August, General Riedesel was detached with three battalions to John's Farm,\* between Forts George and Edward, for the purpose, not only of covering the communication with Fort George, but to promote the conveyance of the convoy to the army. There, in that place, he was completely cut off from the army! So he entrenched himself in a strongly fortified camp, that he might be able to defend himself to the last man. The main army were stationed during the whole of this time at Edward's House and Fort Miller; one battalion being placed at Fort Edward for the purpose of keeping up the communication. It was natural to expect that when the army should advance toward Albany, intermediate forts would be established along the Hudson river, to keep up continually communication with Fort George; but General Burgoyne, fearing that by such measures his army would be very much weakened, determined upon an entirely different plan. He wished, in fine, with forty days' provisions, and a proportionate train of artillery, to advance against the enemy, and having beaten them, to put forth every effort to force a communication with the army that was believed to be advancing from New York to meet him; at the same time abandoning all communication with Fort George, Ticonderoga, and Crown Point. Of this design, however, nothing was allowed to transpire.

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\* This farm was immediately north of Half-way brook, two miles from the present pretty village of Glen's Falls. Half-way brook must not be confounded with Rocky brook, where Maginnis fell while on his way to the relief of General Johnson, on the 8th of September, 1755.

As soon as the provisions and all other necessary supplies for the army were collected, the camp broke up on the 11th of September; on the 13th, the army had entirely passed the Hudson river, and on the 14th, encamped on the heights of Saratoga. On the 15th, it marched to the heights of Dovogat, and on the 17th, was at Swords's house. All these marches were attended with exceeding hardship, as all the roads and bridges had to be repaired, and we were obliged to make very cautious reconnoissances. A still worse circumstance was, that the course of the Hudson is such, that the ridge of hills on either side is now close to it and now far off. The columns were thus forced to march on the flats and on the heights, and, were, therefore, very often half an hour's distance from each other, many times without an opportunity of uniting.

In the meantime, the unfortunate affair happened at Bennington; and this, together with the raising of the siege of Fort Stanwix by the American General Arnold — a siege that had been undertaken by the English Lieutenant Colonel St. Leger — raised the spirits of the enemy so amazingly, that the militia poured forth in crowds from the provinces of New Hampshire and New York. Three brigades, also, arrived from the army of Washington and Putnam; and General Gates was sent by General Washington to take command of the army. By this means the American army which, at the end of July and the beginning of August, was only about four or five thousand strong, now increased to between fourteen and twenty thousand men.

With this considerable force the enemy advanced first as far as Stillwater, and afterward encamped three miles this side upon the heights of Bimese's House,\* where his right wing was supported by the Hudson river. This wing was protected in front by a large, marshy ravine, and behind, its lines were sercened

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\* So spelled in the original. Probably no name has been given in as many different ways as this. Some writers spell it Bemis; others Belmus; while, again, W. C. Wilkinson (lieutenant in the 62d British regiment, and assistant engineer) in his map of the field of action, made on the spot, spells it Bræmus.

by an abatis. The left wing extended on to a height, upon the top of which stood a school house, and its left flank was likewise screened, on the side of the hill, by felled trees. The heights were as steep behind as in front; and it was upon these heights that the enemy were entrenched and awaited our arrival. About eleven o'clock, on the morning of the 19th, our army advanced from Swords's house in three columns. The left hand column, which went by land and water, consisted of four German regiments, and the 47th British, the latter covering the bateaux. These troops, together with all the artillery and baggage, were placed under the command of General Riedesel. At an interval of half an hour all the English regiments, which were led by Burgoyne, himself, as general-in-chief, marched upon the heights at our right hand; and the third column, which marched still more to the right, were composed of the Frazer corps, and the corps of Lieutenant Colonel Breymann, and were commanded by Brigadier General Frazer. The march was exceedingly tedious, as every moment new bridges had to be made, and trees cut down and removed out of the way. About one o'clock, the column of General Riedesel heard a discharge of small arms and cannon, and conjectured that it came from the troops with General Burgoyne. At half past two the firing commenced anew with more or less fury. As General Riedesel up to this time had not received the least intelligence from General Burgoyne, he dispatched Captain Willoe to him. The latter returned after three-quarters of an hour, bringing orders from Burgoyne to take the best measures to cover the artillery, baggage and bateaux, and then, with as many troops as he could spare, to come to his assistance, and endeavor to attack the enemy on the right flank.

General Riedesel immediately took his infantry regiment and two companies of the Rhetz regiment, and marched through a piece of woods over the heights in the direction of the firing. Upon emerging from the wood into the clearing at Freeman's farm, he saw both armies engaged, and found himself close

on to the enemy's right flank. The English left wing was just on the point of retreating. He, therefore, at once formed the seven companies, and attacked the enemy at the double-quick. As soon as the English perceived this movement, they rallied, and, in a short time, the enemy was completely beaten; and had not night come on, it would have been easily possible to have driven, at the same time, his broken ranks into his camp in the greatest disorder. Night rested upon the troops as they stood on the field of battle;\* and General Riedesel returned to the left wing by the river side. On the 20th, our army occupied the position of Freeman's farm as far as the end of the rising ground toward the Hudson river. The hill, which surrounded the valley, was fortified with redoubts, and a bridge was thrown over the river, and protected on the other side by a *tête de pont*. The entire army entrenched itself with lines and redoubts, which here and there were garnished with batteries at suitable places.

In this position both armies remained stationary until the end of September. Our pickets were from time to time attacked. We were constantly obliged to send out our foraging parties accompanied by a strong escort, and the forage became very scarce. We often sent out detachments to reconnoitre the right flank of the enemy, but we were never so fortunate as to obtain any accurate knowledge of his camp. The enemy, on his side, likewise, did not fail to send out from time to time detachments against our right flank, and upon the other side of the river in the direction of the Batten kill. While stationed at this place, we also learned that the enemy had made an attempt, by way of Skeensborough, upon Carillon, which was unsuccessful. He had, however, surprised four companies of the 53d regiment, stationed at the Saw-mill, who were all

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\* "The British and German troops bivouacked on the battle-field, the Brunswickers composing in part the right wing. It was a silent night. No other sounds were heard, except the groaning and sighing of the wounded, and the challenging of the sentries."—*The Auxiliary Troops in America*.

captured. Our provisions were cut off, reducing our daily rations to one pound of meat and one of bread; a trial, however, which our soldiers bore with the greatest fortitude. As our situation became from day to day more critical, and the position of the enemy being too strong, and his army too numerous to attack him, General Burgoyne, on the 4th of October, called Generals Phillips and Riedesel, and Brigadier General Frazer into his presence, for the purpose of consulting with them upon the best course to be pursued under the present state of affairs. For his part, he proposed to leave all the supplies and boats for a few days in one of the entrenchments, under the care of a force of about eight hundred men, and to attack the enemy upon his left flank, and turn his rear. But as we knew as little of the roads as of the position of the enemy's left wing, and as three or four days must certainly elapse before we could bring about an engagement, and as, moreover, it would be dangerous to leave our weakly guarded magazines for so long a time, it was determined, after mature deliberation upon these and still other circumstances, to hold a second conference upon the evening of the 5th. At this meeting, General Riedesel distinctly declared, that our situation was of such a nature that if we did not march against the enemy within one day, to attack him and bring affairs to a crisis, it would be expedient to move back again to the Batten kill; and after having passed the Hudson in rear of the Batten kill, where we could not again be cut off from Fort George, to await General Clinton's movements in opening communication. Brigadier General Frazer fell in with this opinion of General Riedesel. General Phillips would give no advice whatever, and General Burgoyne, with whom it went hard to make a thoroughly backward movement, declared that, on the 7th, he would make a reconnoissance as near as possible to the enemy's left wing, in order to ascertain whether or not it could be attacked. In the first case, he would on that very day, the 7th, immediately attack the enemy; but if, on the contrary, the enemy's position was too strong, he would,

on the 11th of October, at once retreat to the Batten kill. As he persisted in this determination, there remained nothing else to do but to submit to his wishes. On the 6th, we foraged, and distributed rations for four days among the men. On the 7th, at ten o'clock in the morning, fifteen hundred men, selected for the reconnoissance, marched forth with eight cannon, under the command of General Burgoyne himself, who was accompanied from the camp by Generals Riedesel, Phillips and Frazer. In three columns, we advanced to within about a quarter of an hour's march of the enemy's left wing, where we met a portion of the enemy occupying a house (Weiser's house); drove him out, and took possession of the rising ground, which, however, was surrounded on both sides with woods. While we were deliberating in this place, how we could push the reconnoissance still further, the enemy attacked the left wing of our command, and flung himself with the greatest force upon the English grenadiers standing in the wood. Lieutenant Colonel Specht, who commanded the centre, maintained his position for a long time, and would have sustained himself still longer, had not my Lord Balcarras, who was stationed on his right flank, been ordered back through some misunderstanding. As he was now attacked in front and on both flanks, he found himself, with his three hundred men, forced to retreat. Thereupon, the enemy pressed forward from all sides, and General Burgoyne at once ordered a retreat upon the great redoubt on the right wing of the Frazer corps. Scarcely had the troops reached there, when the enemy attacked the redoubt with the greatest fury, but without success; and we held it until the next morning. But the Breymann corps, hardly two hundred men strong, and attacked in front and on both flanks, gave way after Lieutenant Colonel Breymann was killed. Now, but unfortunately too late, General Burgoyne determined to make a retreat to the Batten kill. Before the break of day on the morning of the 8th, we left our position and drew off into the valley where our supplies were. We were obliged, however, to stop over a day, as our



hospital could not be sooner transported. In the evening we set out on our retreat, and General Riedesel was placed in command of the vanguard, with instructions to cross the Hudson and post himself behind the Batten kill. But scarcely had he arrived at Dovogat, when he received orders to halt. A day was thus uselessly wasted, to our greatest amazement. In the evening, we again marched, and passed Fishkill, near Saratoga.\* By this time, the enemy had occupied the opposite bank of the Hudson, at the Batten kill, for which reason General Burgoyne considered it dangerous to cross the Hudson. The army, therefore, on the 10th, took up a position at Saratoga which, indeed, was strong on the left wing toward the Fish kill, but in the centre and on the right wing, was so faulty, that it was impossible to maintain it. The same evening the entire army of the enemy came up. On this same day, we had despatched two regiments under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Southerland on this side of the Hudson river, to reconnoitre the road which led to Fort Edward, and had sent with him the engineer, Captain Twiss, to repair the bridges. Lieutenant Colonel Southerland actually got within an hour's march of Fort Edward, and was preparing to mend the chief bridge, when he received the unfortunate order to return. On the morning of the 11th, the enemy, with three brigades, passed Fish kill in full view of our army, with the intention of attacking our rear. He was so fortunate as to capture our boats, and also make prisoners of an officer with thirty men, and a great part of our boatmen. A

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\*The reader must bear in mind that this is not the Saratoga watering place of modern days, but the old town of Saratoga, lying upon the margin of the Hudson river. At this time, the Saratoga, here referred to in the text, was a village of some thirty isolated houses, located on the right bank of the Batten kill, which empties into the Hudson. Contiguous to this village was the old military work, Fort Hardy, called after Governor Hardy, and erected in the first French war. The lines of entrenchment embraced about fifteen acres of ground. The outer works which are bounded south on the north bank of Fish creek (Fish kill), and east on the west bank of the Hudson, yet (1867) retain the appearance of a strong fortification. Human bones, fragments of fire-arms, swords, balls, tools, broken crockery, etc., are frequently picked up on this ground.

brisk fire of canister that we opened upon him, forced the enemy, it is true, to recross the Fish kill; but the bateaux, together with a great part of our supplies, were, nevertheless, lost. During the entire day, our army was cannonaded from the front and in the rear, and the outposts fired incessantly upon each other. In the evening, General Burgoyne again called Generals Riedesel and Phillips to him, and held a consultation regarding the best course to be pursued in this emergency; and as he himself gave it as his opinion, that it was as impossible to attack the enemy, as to maintain our position either in the centre or upon the right wing, General Riedesel proposed to abandon the baggage and retire to this side of the Hudson during the night — not, indeed, at Fort Edward, but to ford the river four miles below, and strike across to Fort George — a feat that was still possible, since the enemy had not yet occupied the road on this side of the river. That evening, however, we could not agree upon any fixed plan. It was the same on the 12th. Meanwhile, the enemy occupied all the posts along the river as far up as Fort Edward, and also extended itself more along our front.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, a conference, to which Brigadiers Gall and Hamilton were admitted, was again held. General Riedesel insisted very vehemently and in the most emphatic language, upon the retreat as previously proposed — a retreat that was now still practicable, but which the slightest movement of the enemy would render utterly impossible. At last, this retreat was resolved upon; but scarcely had all its details been arranged, when it was discovered, that the provisions for six days, which should have been given out in the morning, had not yet been distributed. An order to this effect was, accordingly, at once given out; and it was resolved, that if by ten or eleven o'clock that evening the distribution of the provisions should be finished, the retreat should be begun. General Riedesel was to lead the van, and General Phillips to bring up the rear guard.

Precisely at ten o'clock, General Riedesel notified General Burgoyne that the provisions had been distributed, but received the unprecedented answer, that it was now too late, and that the army should remain in their present position.

On the morning of the 13th, the previous situation was completely changed. The enemy had entirely surrounded us, and with such skill, that in order to attack him we would be obliged to cross a marshy ravine and a steep hill; by doing which, we should be so far removed from the water, that he could cross over from the other side and attack us in the rear. By this time, also, the nick of time for retreating was lost; and the retreat itself entirely impossible. The army, moreover, had only five days' rations. Accordingly, on the very same day, General Burgoyne summoned the commanders of battalions to a general council of war, in which the condition of our army, and the strength and position of that of the enemy were laid before them. General Burgoyne then acknowledged that he considered it an impossibility to attack the enemy, and that even should we, against all probability, beat him, the lack of provisions would effectually prevent us from reaching Fort George. To retreat was equally impossible, unless each one for himself should make his way as well as he could, through the pathless forests. With provisions we could, it was true, still maintain ourselves in our present position for five days. At the expiration of that time, however, our situation would be the same, our position in the centre and on the right wing untenable, and the rout and dispersion of the army, an event not only probable, but certain. After all these arguments had been carefully weighed by each one of the council, General Burgoyne solemnly declared, that no one but himself should answer for the situation in which the army now found itself, since he had never asked any one for advice, but had only asked obedience to his orders. This frank declaration, General Riedesel received with thanks, since by it, every one would be convinced that he had had no share in the preceding movements; and he

there and then begged all the English officers to bear testimony to that effect, if at any time he should be called to account. Thereupon, General Burgoyne laid before the council of war the following questions :

1st. Whether military history furnished any examples of an army having capitulated under similar circumstances ?

2d. Whether the capitulation of an army placed in such a situation would be disgraceful ?

3d. Whether the army was actually in such a situation as to be obliged to capitulate ?

To the first question, all answered that the situation of the Saxon army, at Pirna, of General Fink, at Maxau, and of Prince Maurice, of Saxony, was not as bad and helpless as that in which our army found itself placed at this present moment ; that no one could have censured generals who, when placed in such a predicament, had capitulated in order to save their armies ; and besides that, the king of Prussia had cashiered General Fink chiefly through personal dislike.

To the second question every one again answered, that the capitulation could not be disgraceful for the reasons just cited.

In answer to the third question, all present declared that if General Burgoyne saw a possibility of attacking the enemy, they were ready and willing to offer up their blood and their lives ; but, if nothing could be gained by such a sacrifice, they considered it much better policy to save to the king his troops by a thoroughly honorable capitulation, than by remaining still longer in their present dangerous situation be obliged, after all their provisions were consumed, to surrender at discretion, or, still worse, by awaiting, in their insecure position, an attack from the enemy, to be scattered and separately destroyed.

After this unanimous declaration, General Burgoyne produced the draught of a capitulation, which appeared advantageous, and without a dissenting voice was approved of on the spot. Upon which General Burgoyne resolved to send a drummer into the enemy's camp, and propose that, on the next day, a staff-officer

should be sent over to confer with the American General Gates, who commanded the army of the enemy, upon affairs of great importance ; but in the meantime there was to be a cessation of hostilities. To all of this General Gates agreed.

On the 14th, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, Major Kingston <sup>1</sup> was sent over to the Americans, with the propositions of General Burgoyne, the principal one of which was that our army should surrender themselves prisoners of war only on condition that they should be conveyed to Boston and from there shipped to England, after they had pledged themselves not to serve against the Americans in this war, or until exchanged.

This condition, however, would not be entertained by General Gates, who sent over another plan of capitulation, consisting of six articles, the first of which was that the army should be surrendered as prisoners of war, and the last, that the troops should stack their arms in the entrenchments which they still occupied, and then march to such places as should afterwards be determined upon.

General Burgoyne again called together the council of war, and read to it these propositions of General Gates. All the officers unanimously declared that they would rather die of hunger than to agree to such disgraceful articles. The entire six were therefore rejected by General Burgoyne, with the assurance that no other propositions would be entertained than those which he himself had proposed. Upon this the armistice ceased. To every one's great amazement, however, General Gates sent, on the morning of the 15th, some new articles of capitulation, in which he agreed to nearly all the points previously insisted upon by General Burgoyne, except in a few trifling matters. One point, however, was insisted upon, viz : that the army should march out of their position that very same day at two o'clock in the afternoon.

This sudden change on the part of General Gates, and the

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<sup>1</sup> At this time deputy adjutant general.

last article so strenuously insisted upon, created in our minds some little hesitation. The council of war was again convened, and it was resolved that the proposals of General Gates, just received, should be accepted, but, as they were only preliminaries, and many subsequent articles were to be settled before General Burgoyne could sign the capitulation, the time given (two o'clock in the afternoon) was too short; and it was accordingly proposed to appoint two staff-officers from both sides, who should settle between them the secondary articles and arrange for both parties the ratification of the treaty. Upon our side Lieutenant Colonel Southerland and Captain Craig were appointed for this purpose. The commissioners remained together until eleven o'clock in the evening, by which time all that we had asked for was accorded by the enemy. There was, it is true, a sending backwards and forwards to General Burgoyne, upon various trifling points, but, as the commissioners of the enemy granted every thing that our's asked, the latter, who were fully authorized to conclude the treaty, promised upon the word of honor of themselves and General Burgoyne, that the capitulation should be sent back the following morning ratified by General Burgoyne; it being understood, in the meanwhile, that the cessation of hostilities should continue.

The commissioners came back at twelve o'clock at night. The same night a deserter from the enemy's camp came into our's, and told us that he had learned, through a third hand, that the English General Clinton had not only taken possession of the entrenchments of the Highlands, but that he had, eight days previously, moved up to Esopus with his troops and fleet, and must, in all probability, have arrived by this time at Albany. General Burgoyne and several officers were so much elated by this doubtful intelligence, that a great desire arose to break the whole capitulation. A council of war was, accordingly, once more convoked, and the following questions proposed for its consideration :

1st. Whether a treaty which had been definitely settled by fully empowered commissioners—even after the promise of the general to ratify all that the commissioners had agreed upon—could be broken with honor?

2d. Whether the intelligence just received was sufficiently reliable to authorize us to break so advantageous an agreement in our present situation?

3d. Whether the army had, indeed, a sufficiently reliant spirit to defend their present position to the last man?

On putting the first question, fourteen votes against eight declared that a treaty, which had been closed upon such terms, and in which the enemy had granted all our demands, could not be broken without a violation of honor.

Upon the second question, the votes were also divided. Those voting in the negative, based their opinion on the ground that the intelligence brought over by the deserter was all of it only hearsay. It would be a different matter if General Clinton himself had sent a courier, or if the man had really seen Clinton's army; and, even assuming that General Clinton was actually at Esopus, the distance from there was so great that he could not help us a particle in our melancholy situation.

To the third question, all the officers of the left wing answered in the affirmative. But the officers of those regiments composing the right wing, and stationed on the low ground, answered that all the soldiers would certainly display great courage if they should attack the enemy, but that, as all the defects of our position were well known, it might be questioned whether they would be able to resist an assault.

In order, however, to gain time, a middle course was attempted, namely: General Burgoyne, early on the morning of the 16th, wrote a letter to General Gates, in which he informed him that he had received, the previous night, from deserters and others, intelligence to the effect, that he had, while the negotiations were yet in progress, detached a considerable portion of his force to Albany. As this was against faith and honest dealing, he

could not ratify the capitulation until he was convinced that the opposing army was three or four times larger than his own; therefore, would General Gates be willing to show his army to a staff officer selected by him for that purpose? Should his report confirm the superior force of the American army, he would immediately sign the articles of capitulation. Major Kingston was the bearer of this letter, and returned with the answer of General Gates, to the effect, that he could assure him, upon his word of honor, that his army was of the same strength as it was at the time of his moving up to Saratoga; that since that time, he had received a large accession by having been reinforced by a brigade; that during the negotiation not a single post had been reduced; and, finally, that to show one of our staff officers the strength of his army, would be as impolitic as it would be detrimental to his honor; and that it could not, therefore, be allowed. Further, that General Burgoyne ought to think the matter well over before he broke his word of honor, and became answerable for the consequences. As soon, however, as the capitulation should be ratified, he would be prepared to show General Burgoyne his whole army; and he pledged him his honor, that he would find it was four times stronger than his own, not reckoning the troops posted opposite upon the other side of the Hudson. He could not, however, now grant him more than an hour's time for his answer; and after the expiration of that time, he would be forced to take the most stringent measures.

Upon this, the council of war was once more convoked to carefully consider the situation in all of its bearings; when it at once appeared, that those eight, who before were in favor of breaking the treaty, now were of just the contrary opinion. General Burgoyne drew Generals Riedesel and Phillips off on one side, and begged their friendly counsel. At first both were silent, until, finally, General Riedesel declared, that if General Burgoyne should be held answerable in England for his conduct, it could only be for those movements which had brought the



army into such a situation; for having made the first overtures for a capitulation, and for not having retreated earlier, a course which would have made him master of the communication with Fort George. But, that now, after all the steps which had been taken, to break the treaty on account of intelligence that was uncertain and not to be depended upon, he considered still more hazardous. Brigadier Hamilton, who had joined us, and had also been consulted, coincided in this opinion. General Phillips, however, said nothing, except that the situation of affairs was such, that he could neither give advice, nor discover any way out of our predicament. After much deliberation *pro* and *con*, General Burgoyne, finally, determined to ratify, and thereupon the ratified capitulation was sent over by Major Kingston.

On the 17th of October, the army marched off, and every thing was performed according to the articles of capitulation. General Gates had his entire army, which was this side of the Hudson, marched over on to the opposite bank of the Fish kill. Some officers who were ordered to review it for the purpose of counting, found that it was between twenty-three and twenty-four thousand men strong. General Riedesel ordered that none of the colors should be surrendered to the enemy with the arms; but that the staffs should be burned, and the cloths carefully packed up. These orders were strictly carried out, so that every one of the German regiments retained its colors.

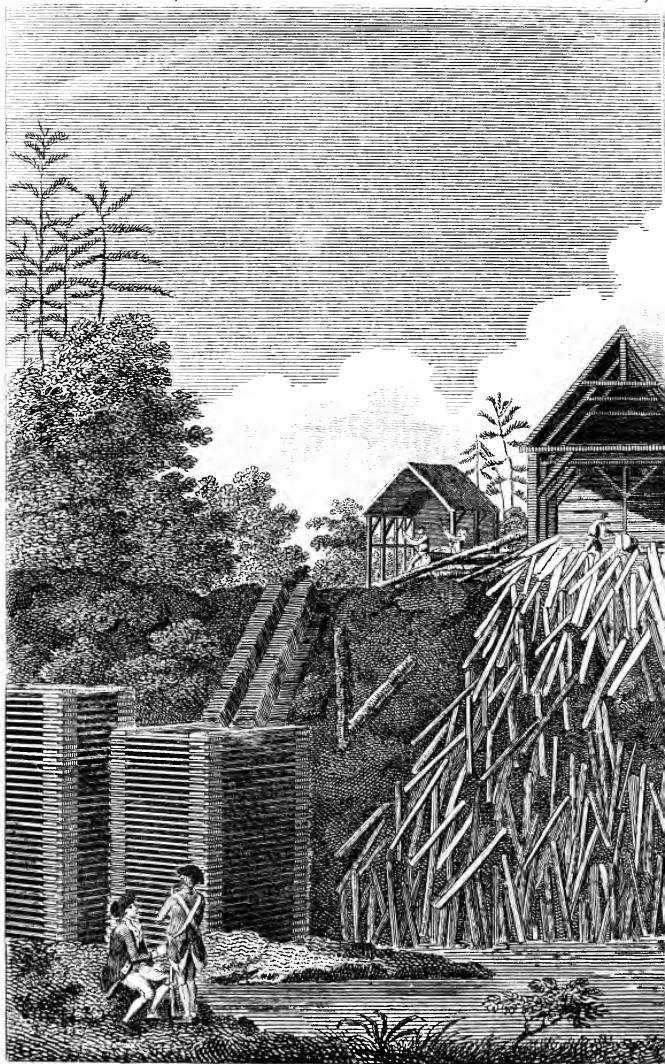
The memoir from which the preceding is an extract, is dated at Stillwater, on the day after the capitulation at Saratoga — the 18th of October — and signed and attested by all those officers who were, at that time, commanders of the German regiments and battalions. As a supplement, it may here be added, that after the captured army had arrived at Cambridge, near Boston, the American congress did not ratify the stipulated article in the capitulation, that the troops should be shipped from Boston to England, and they were, therefore, obliged, contrary to the treaty, to remain in America as prisoners of war.

This point occasioned a great debate in congress. Upon the question whether, in regard to this particular article, the capitulation should be strictly adhered to, the votes were divided; and it was only owing to the influence and insinuations of General Lafayette—at that time with the Americans—that the affair, as already mentioned, was decided to the detriment of the English and German troops; for he, easily foreseeing an impending rupture between England and France, wished to guard against the king of England having the use of this army elsewhere. To overcome all the scruples of congress, Lafayette cited the case of Kloster Seven, in the Seven Years' war, when the English allowed themselves to break the capitulation.

When General Burgoyne brought forward the first rough draft of the capitulation, General Riedesel advised him to propose rather to General Gates, that the troops should return to Canada without arms, and on the condition, that they should not serve during this war against the Americans unless exchanged. But General Burgoyne was of the opinion it would be useless to think of it, as such a proposition would not be entertained by the enemy for a moment; and, therefore, proposed that the troops should be transported to Boston, and from there shipped to England. Afterwards, however, when this thing was talked over during the march, the adjutant general of General Gates, gave it as his opinion, that this stipulation would probably have been agreed to, as, on account of the great scarcity of provisions, they had been at their wits' ends to know how they should support the troops on the march to Boston. If, therefore, General Burgoyne had followed the advice of General Riedesel, this army would have been saved to England; could have been employed elsewhere; and thus been spared the many hardships which it afterward experienced.



*This is a view of Mill & Booc's House of*



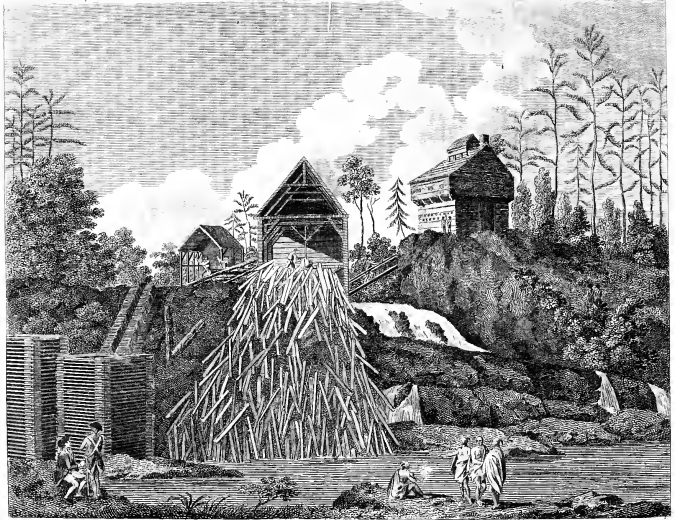
*Which on Gen' Burgoyne's Army at  
Published as the Act directs. 4 Jan 1776*

... built by the property of Gen. Thomas



... was set fire to, by the Americans. —  
by W. Lane, Leadenhall Street, London.

*The Garrison, and a View of the same, taken from the Garrison, in the year 1780.*



*Which on Gen. Burregh's Army advancing was set fire to by the Americans.  
Engraved in the Art directed, & built, 1780 by G. Gouss, Scudenhall Street, London.*

## CONTINUATION OF MRS. GENERAL RIEDESEL'S ADVENTURES.

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When the army again moved, on the 11th of September, 1777, it was at first intended to leave me behind ; but upon my urgent entreaties, and as other ladies were to follow the army, I received, finally, the same permission. We made only small day's marches, and were very often sick ; yet always contented at being allowed to follow. I had still the satisfaction of daily seeing my husband. A great part of my baggage I had sent back, and had kept only a small summer wardrobe. In the beginning all went well. We cherished the sweet hope of a sure victory, and of coming into the "promised land;" and when we passed the Hudson river, and General Burgoyne said, "The English never lose ground," our spirits were greatly exhilarated. But that which displeased me was, that the wives of all the officers belonging to the expedition, knew beforehand every thing that was to happen ; and this seemed the more singular to me, as I had observed, when in the armies of the Duke Ferdinand, during the Seven Years' war, with how much secrecy every thing was conducted.\* But here, on the contrary,

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\* Lieutenant Anburey made a similar remark, when the army was yet in Canada : "We have more dangerous enemies at home, than any we have to encounter abroad ; for all the transactions that are to take place, are publicly known, long before they are officially given out in orders ; and I make no doubt, but you will be as much surprised as the general [Burgoyne] was, when I tell you, that the whole operations of the ensuing campaign were canvassed for several days before he arrived, who no

the Americans were apprised beforehand of all our intentions; so that at every place where we came they already awaited us; a circumstance which hurt us exceedingly. On the 19th of September, there was an affair between the two armies, which, it is true, ended to our advantage; although we were, nevertheless, obliged to make a halt at a place called Freeman's farm. I was an eye witness of the whole affair; and as I knew that my husband was in the midst of it, I was full of care and anguish, and shivered at every shot, for I could hear every thing. I saw a great number of wounded, and what was still more harrowing, they even brought three of them into the house where I was. One of these was Major Harnage, the husband of a lady of our company; another, a lieutenant, whose wife, also, was of our acquaintance; and the third, a young English officer of the name of Young. Major Harnage, with his wife, lived in a room next to mine. He had received a shot through the lower part of the bowels, from which he suffered exceedingly. A few days after our arrival, I heard plaintive moans in another room near me, and learned that they came from Young, the young English officer just mentioned, who was lying very low.

I was the more interested in him, since a family of that name had shown me much courtesy during my sojourn in England. I tendered him my services, and sent him provisions and re-

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doubt supposed that in giving out his orders, he was communicating an entire secret. \* \* \* Great secrecy, on the contrary, was observed in the American army."—*Montreal*, May 30, 1777. vol. I, p. 203. The work from which this extract is taken, is in the State Library, at Albany, N. Y.

A passage, also, from the *History of the German Auxiliaries in America*—an invaluable work, by the way, as it is made up of the manuscript journals of those officers and privates who served in the war—explains the reason of this want of secrecy more fully. "The country people, whom Burgoyne met on his march, pretended to be good royalists, which he implicitly believed; so that he allowed them not only to bear their arms as hitherto, but to walk about the whole camp at their option, and without any restraint. These men, however, were anything but royalists. They, consequently, improved the opportunity, gaining intelligence of all the occurrences in the army by appearances, and forthwith communicated to the commanders of the enemy's forces, that which they had seen and heard."



freshments. He expressed a great desire to see his benefactress, as he called me. I went to him, and found him lying on a little straw, for he had lost his camp equipage. He was a young man, probably eighteen or nineteen years old; and, actually, the own nephew of the Mr. Young, whom I had known, and the only son of his parents. It was only for this reason that he grieved; on account of his own sufferings he uttered no complaint. He had bled considerably, and they wished to take off his leg, but he could not bring his mind to it, and now mortification had set in. I sent him pillows and coverings, and my women servants a mattress. I redoubled my care of him, and visited him every day, for which I received from the sufferer a thousand blessings. Finally, they attempted the amputation of the limb, but it was too late, and he died a few days afterward. As he occupied an apartment close to mine, and the walls were very thin, I could hear his last groans through the partition of my room.

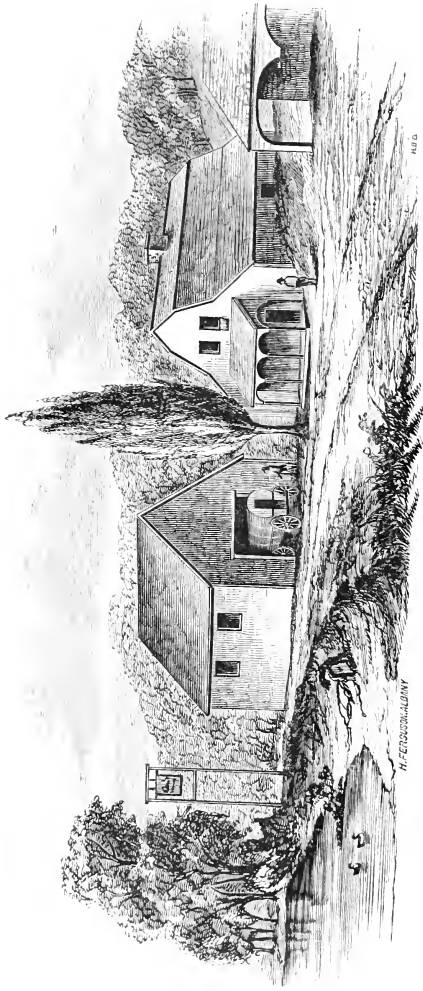
I lived in a pretty well built house, in which I had a large room. The doors and the wainscot were of solid cedar, a wood that is very common in this vicinity. They burn it frequently, especially when there are many midges around, as these insects cannot stand the odor of it. It is said, however, that its smoke is very injurious to the nerves, so much so, indeed, as to cause women with child to bring forth prematurely. As we were to march farther, I had a large calash made for me, in which I, my children, and both my women servants had seats; and in this manner I followed the army, in the midst of the soldiers, who were merry, singing songs, and burning with a desire for victory. We passed through boundless forests and magnificent tracts of country, which, however, were abandoned by all the inhabitants, who fled before us, and reinforced the army of the American general, Gates. In the sequel this cost us dearly, for every one of them was a soldier by nature, and could shoot very well; besides, the thought of fighting for their fatherland and their freedom, inspired them with still greater courage.

During this time, my husband was obliged to encamp with the main body of the army. I remained about an hour's march behind the army, and visited my husband every morning in the camp. Very often I took my noon meal with him, but most of the time he came over to my quarters and eat with me. The army were engaged daily in small skirmishes, but all of them of little consequence. My poor husband, however, during the whole time, could not get a chance either to go to bed or undress. As the season had now become more inclement, a Colonel Williams of the artillery, observing that our mutual visits were very fatiguing, offered to have a house built for me, with a chimney, that should not cost more than five or six guineas, and which I could steadily occupy. I took him up,\* and the house, which was twenty feet square, and had a good fireplace, was begun. They called it the block-house. For such a structure, large trees of equal thickness are selected, which are joined together, making it very durable and warm, especially if covered with clay. I was to remove into it the following day, and was the more rejoiced at it, as the nights were already damp and cold, and my husband could live in it with me, as he would then be very near his camp. Suddenly, however, on the 7th of October, my husband, with the whole general staff, decamped. Our misfortunes may be said to date from this moment. I had just sat down with my husband at his quarters to breakfast. General Frazer, and, I believe, Generals Burgoyne and Phillips, also, were to have dined with me on that same day. I observed considerable movement among the troops. My husband thereupon informed me, that there was to be a reconnoissance, which, however, did not surprise me, as this often happened. On my way homeward, I met many savages in their war-dress, armed with guns. To my question where they were going, they cried out to me, "War! war!" which meant that they were going to fight. This completely over-

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\* A genuine Yankee expression, but, nevertheless, literally so in the original.





SMITH HOUSE.

whelmed me, and I had scarcely got back to my quarters,\* when I heard skirmishing, and firing, which by degrees, became constantly heavier, until, finally, the noises became frightful. It was a terrible cannonade, and I was more dead than alive. About three o'clock in the afternoon, in place of the guests who were to have dined with me, they brought in to me, upon a litter, poor General Frazer (one of my expected guests), mortally wounded. Our dining table, which was already spread, was taken away, and in its place they fixed up a bed for the general. I sat in a corner of the room trembling and quaking. The noises grew continually louder. The thought that they might bring in my husband in the same manner was to me dreadful, and tormented me incessantly. The general said to the surgeon, "Do not conceal any thing from me. Must I die?" The ball had gone through his bowels, precisely as in the case of Major Harnage. Unfortunately, however, the general had eaten a hearty breakfast, by reason of which the intestines were distended, and the ball, so the surgeon said, had not gone, as in the case of Major Harnage, between the intestines, but through them. I heard him often, amidst his groans, exclaim, "Oh, fatal ambition! Poor General Burgoyne! My poor wife!" Prayers were read to him. He then sent a message to General Burgoyne, begging that he would have him buried the following day at six o'clock in the evening, on the

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\* The quarters which Mrs. Riedesel then occupied, and in which General Frazer died, has since been known as the Smith House, and must not be confounded (as has sometimes been done) with the head-quarters of Burgoyne, in which the baroness had that morning taken breakfast with her husband. It was situated three miles and a half south of Fish creek, and, at the time of the battle, stood by the roadside, on the west margin of the intervalles, at the foot of the rising ground. When, some years afterward, the present turnpike road was constructed, running twenty or thirty rods east of the old road, the latter was discontinued, and Mr. Smith drew the house to the west side of the turnpike, and turned it into a tavern. The late Theodore Dwight (who was killed on the New Jersey rail road, in October of last year, 1866), visited the spot in 1820, and made a drawing of the house, which was then still standing. Through his kindness, I received from him, but three days before his death, his original draft, from which the engraving, on the opposite page, has been taken.

top of a hill, which was a sort of a redoubt.\* I knew no longer which way to turn. The whole entry and the other rooms were filled with the sick, who were suffering with the camp-sickness, a kind of dysentery. Finally, toward evening, I saw my husband coming, upon which I forgot all my sufferings, and thanked God that he had spared him to me. He ate in great haste with me and his adjutant, behind the house. We had been told that we had gained an advantage over the enemy, but the sorrowful and down-cast faces which I beheld, bore witness to the contrary, and before my husband again went away, he drew me one side and told me that every thing might go † very badly, and that I must keep myself in constant readiness for departure, but by no means to give any one the least inkling of what I was doing. I therefore pretended that I wished to move into my new house the next morning, and had every thing packed up. My lady Ackland occupied a tent not far from our house. In this she slept, but during the day was in the camp. Suddenly one came to tell her that her husband was mortally wounded, and had been taken prisoner. At this she became very wretched. We comforted her by saying that it was only a slight wound, but as no one could nurse him as well as herself, we counseled her to go at once to him, to do which she could certainly obtain permission. She loved him very much, although he was a plain, rough man, and was almost daily intoxicated; with this exception, however, he was an excellent officer. She was the loveliest of women. I spent the night in this manner — at one time comforting her, and at another looking after my children, whom I had put to bed. As for myself, I could not go to sleep, as I had General Frazer and all the other gentlemen in my room, and was constantly afraid that my

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\* In his *State of the Expedition*, Burgoyne speaks of it as the Great Redoubt.

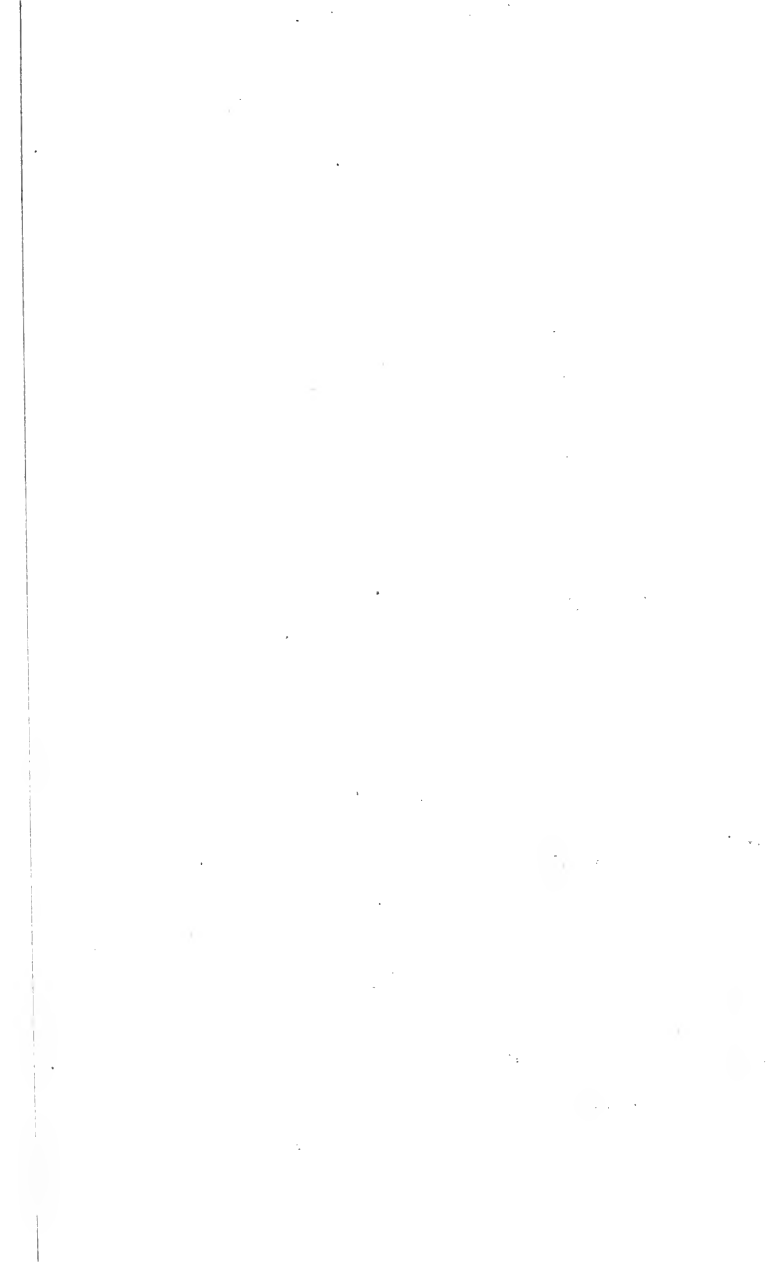
† The tense used in the original answers to our imperfect potential (as in the text), and not the imperfect indicative ( " went " ) as in the previous English translation. This is not so unimportant as might at first appear; since it shows how extremely cautious General Riedesel was — even when speaking to his wife — of saying any thing, that by any possibility might injure the cause, before the action was ended.

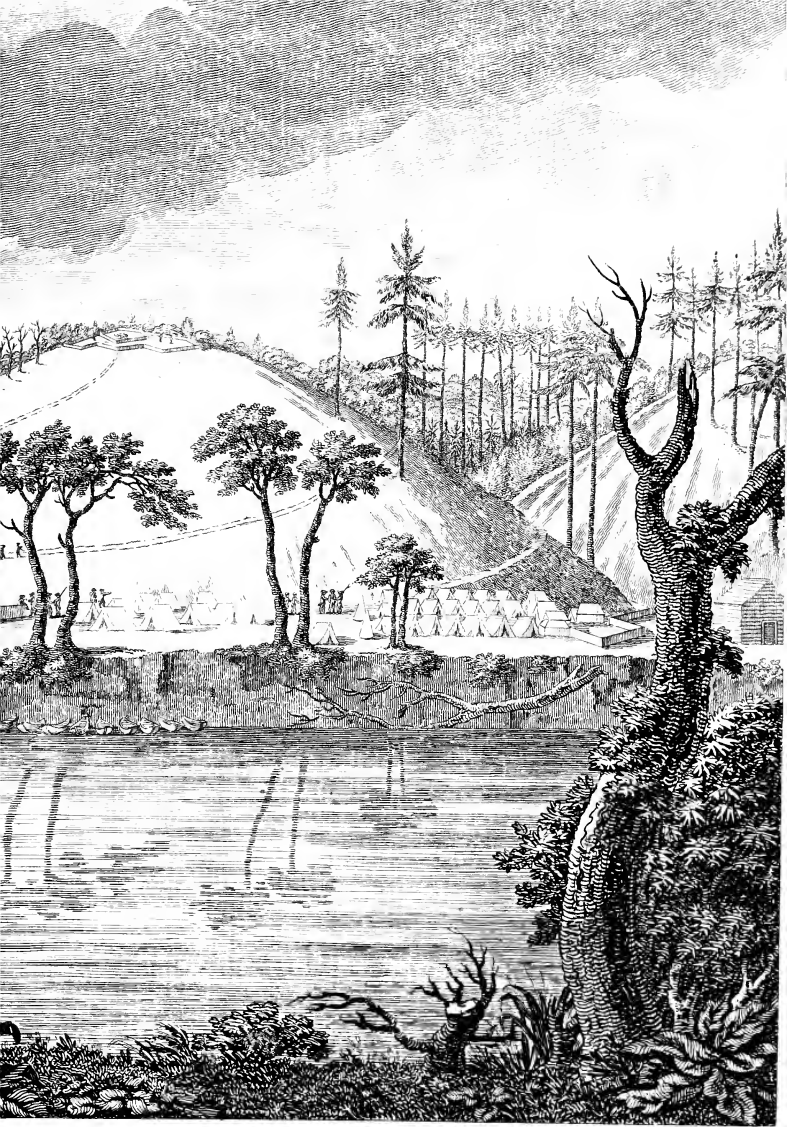




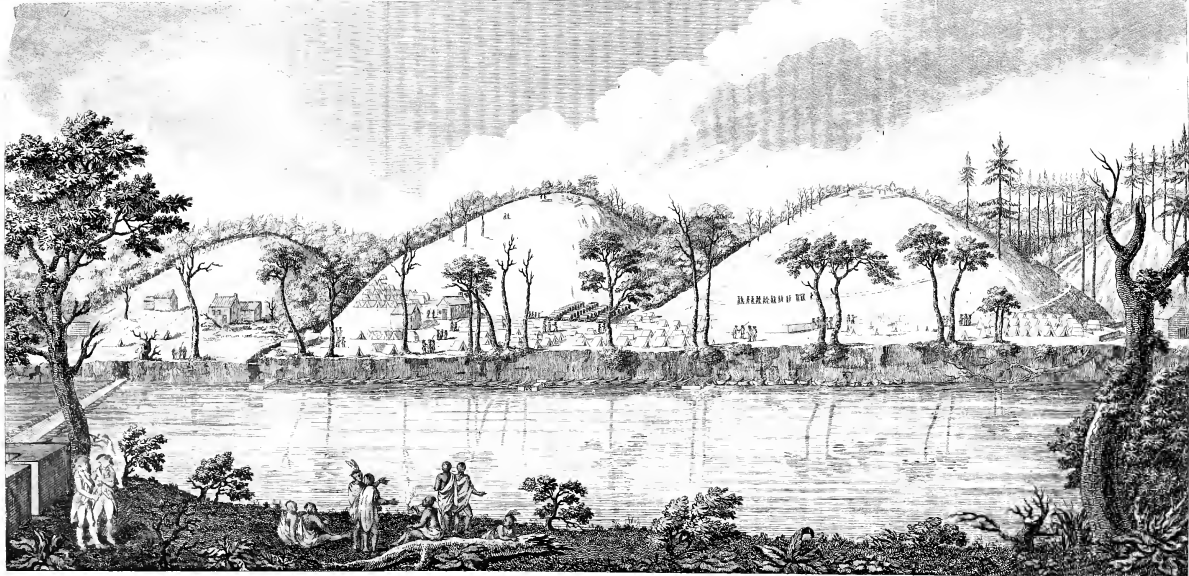








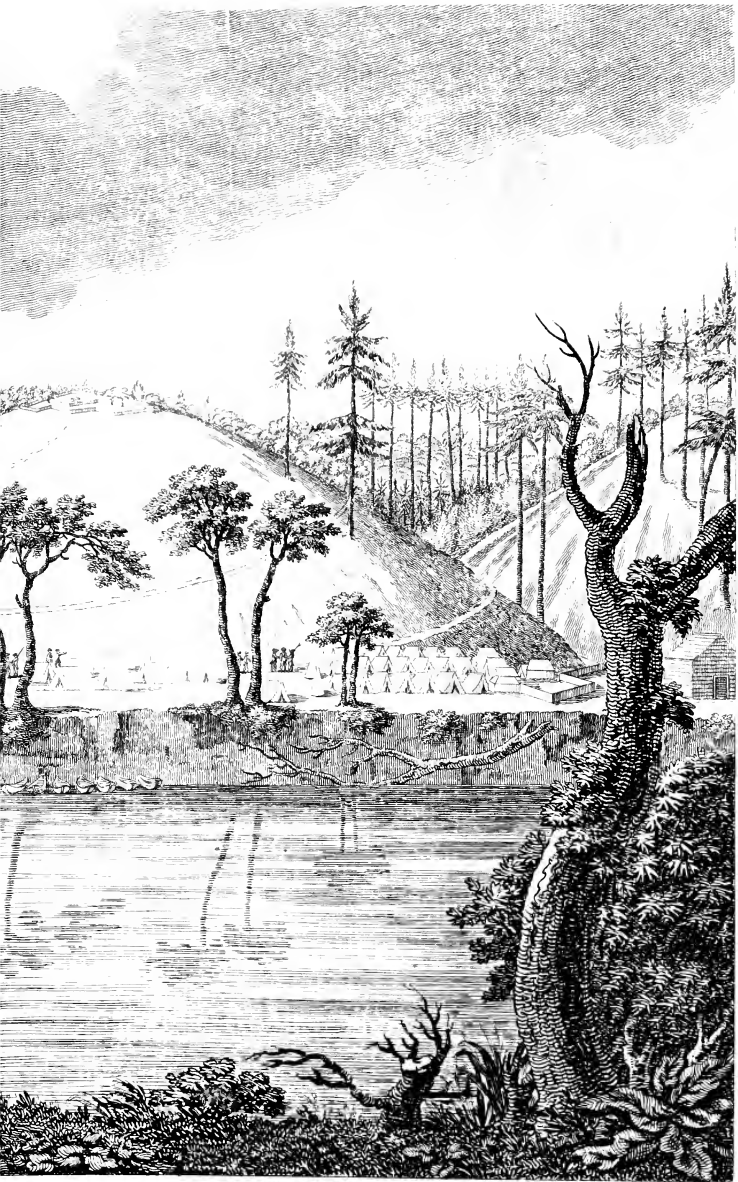
*General Burgoyne, took post on the 20<sup>th</sup> Sep. 1777.*



*View of the West Bank of the Hudson's River 3 Miles above Still Water, upon which the Army under the command of M<sup>r</sup> General Burgoyne, took post on the 20<sup>th</sup> Sep 1777.*

*(Shewing General Frazer's Encampment)*

*Published as the Act directs, in 1789, by William Law, Stationer, in Great Street, London.*



General Burgoyne, took post on the 20<sup>th</sup> Sep. 1777.



children would wake up and cry, and thus disturb the poor dying man, who often sent to beg my pardon for making me so much trouble. About three o'clock in the morning, they told me that he could not last much longer. I had desired to be apprised of the approach of this moment. I, accordingly, wrapped up the children in the bed coverings, and went with them into the entry. Early in the morning, at eight o'clock, he expired.\* After they had washed the corpse, they wrapped it in a sheet, and laid it on a bedstead. We then again came into the room, and had this sad sight before us the whole day. At every instant, also, wounded officers of my acquaintance arrived, and the cannonade again began. A retreat was spoken of, but there was not the least movement made toward it. About four o'clock in the afternoon, I saw the new house which had been built for me, in flames: the enemy, therefore, were not far from us. We learned that General Burgoyne intended to fulfill the last wish of General Frazer, and to have him buried at six o'clock, in the place designated by him. This occasioned an unnecessary delay, to which a part of the misfortunes of the army was owing. Precisely at six o'clock the corpse was brought out, and we saw the entire body of generals with their retinues on the hill assisting at the obsequies. The English chaplain, Mr. Brudenel, performed the funeral services. The cannon balls flew continually around and over the party. The American general, Gates, afterward said, that if he had known that it was a burial he would not have allowed any firing in that direction. Many cannon balls also flew not far from me, but I had my eyes fixed upon the hill,† where I distinctly saw

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\* "Never more shall he chase the red deer through the heather of Strath Evrick, or guide the skiff across the fathomless lake of central Scotland, or muse over the ruin of the Stuarts on the moor of Drum-mossie, or dream of glory beside the crystal waters of the Ness. Death in itself is not terrible; but he came to America for selfish advancement, and though bravely true as a soldier, he died unconsolated."—*Bancroft's Relation of the Death of Frazer*, Vol. IX, p. 419.

† The height occupied by Burgoyne on the 18th, which ran parallel with the river until it approached General Gates's camp.

my husband in the midst of the enemy's fire, and therefore I could not think of my own danger.\*

The order had gone forth that the army should break up after the burial, and the horses were already harnessed to our calashes. I did not wish to set out before the troops. The wounded Major Harnage, although he was so ill, dragged himself out of bed, that he might not remain in the hospital, which was left behind protected by a flag of truce. As soon as he observed me in the midst of the danger, he had my children and maid servants put into the calashes, and intimated to me that I must immediately depart. As I still begged to be allowed to remain, he said to me, "well, then your children at least must go, that I may save them from the slightest danger." He understood how to take advantage of my weak side. I gave it up, seated myself inside with them, and we drove off at eight o'clock in the evening.

The greatest silence had been enjoined; fires had been kindled in every direction; and many tents left standing, to make the enemy believe that the camp was still there. We traveled continually the whole night. Little Frederica was afraid, and would often begin to cry. I was, therefore, obliged to hold a pocket handkerchief over her mouth, lest our whereabouts should be discovered.

At six o'clock in the morning a halt was made, at which every one wondered. General Burgoyne had all the cannon

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\* General Burgoyne, in his *State of the Expedition*, p. 169, describes this scene, in his usually felicitous style, as follows:

"The incessant cannonade during the solemnity; the steady attitude and unaltered voice with which the chaplain officiated, though frequently covered with dust, which the shot threw upon all sides of him; the mute but expressive mixture of sensibility and indignation upon every countenance; these objects will remain to the last of life upon the mind of every man who was present. The growing duskiness added to the scenery, and the whole marked a character of that juncture that would make one of the finest subjects for the pencil of a master that the field ever exhibited. To the canvas, and to the faithful page of a more important historian, gallant friend! I consign thy memory. There may thy talents, thy manly virtues, their progress, and their period, find due distinction; and long may they survive, long after the frail record of my pen shall be forgotten!"







Portrait of General de Saxe

by William Verelstede

### THE FRENCH ARMY

1757

General de Saxe's Campaign in 1757

ranged and counted, which worried all of us, as a few more good marches would have placed us in security.\* My husband was completely exhausted, and seated himself during this delay, in my calash, where my maid servants were obliged to make room for him; and where he slept nearly three hours with his head upon my shoulder. In the mean time, Captain Willoe brought me his pocket-book containing bank bills, and Captain Geismar, his beautiful watch, a ring, and a well filled purse, and begged me to keep all these for them. I promised them to do my utmost. At last, the army again began its march, but scarcely had we proceeded an hour on the way, when a fresh halt was made, in consequence of the enemy being in sight. They were about two hundred men who came to reconnoitre, and who might easily have been taken prisoners by our troops, had not General Burgoyne lost his head.† It rained in torrents. My lady Ackland had her tent set up. I advised her once more to betake herself to her husband, as she could be so useful to him in his present situation. Finally, she yielded to my solicitations, and sent a message to General Burgoyne, through his adjutant, my Lord Patterson,‡ begging permission to leave the camp. I told her that she should insist on it; which she did, and finally obtained his consent. The English chaplain, Mr. Brudenel, accompanied her; and, bearing a flag of truce, they went together in a boat over to the enemy.§ There is a

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\* General Burgoyne explains his reason for this halt differently. "A halt was necessary to refresh the troops, and to give time to the bateaux, loaded with provisions, which had not been able to keep pace with the troops, to come abreast."—*State of the Expedition*, p. 170.

† I. e., lost his presence of mind.

‡ General Burgoyne's three aid-de-camps were Captain Lord Petersham, Lieutenant Wilford, and Charles Green. The parole of Burgoyne's officers—the original of which is in the possession of J. Wingate Thornton, Esq., of Boston, Mass.—makes no mention of any officer by the name of Patterson. Mrs. Riedesel, whose spelling of English names is naturally not always accurate, probably means Lord Petersham, who was afterward Earl of Harrington, Viscount Petersham, and in 1798, lieutenant general in the British army.

§ The gallant bearing of the answer, which General Gates returned, by Chaplain Brudenel, to the letter which Burgoyne sent him by Lady Ackland, recommending

familiar and beautiful engraving of this event in existence I saw her again afterward in Albany, at which time her husband was almost entirely recovered, and both thanked me heartily for my advice.

On the 9th, we spent the whole day in a pouring rain, ready to march at a moment's warning. The savages had lost their courage, and they were seen in all directions going home. The slightest reverse of fortune discouraged them, especially if there was nothing to plunder. My chambermaid did nothing, cursed her situation, and tore out her hair. I entreated her to compose herself, or else she would be taken for a savage. Upon this she became still more frantic, and asked, "whether that would trouble me?" And when I answered "yes," she tore her bonnet off her head, letting her hair hang down over her face, and said, "You talk well! You have your husband! But we have nothing to look forward to, except dying miserably on the one hand, or losing all we possess on the other!" Respecting this last complaint, I promised, in order to quiet her, that I

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her to the protection of the American commander, redounds so much to the honor, spirit, and highmindedness of the writer, that it is here given entire. The letter, itself, is not, we believe, generally known.

SARATOGA, Oct. 11th, 1777.

Sir: I have the honor to receive your excellency's letter by Lady Ackland. The respect due to her ladyship's rank, and the tenderness due to her person and sex, were alone sufficient securities to entitle her to my protection, if you consider my preceding conduct with respect to those of your army whom the fortune of war has placed in my hands. I am surprised that your excellency should think that I could consider the greatest attention to Lady Ackland in the light of an obligation. The cruelties which mark the retreat of your army, in burning gentlemen's and farmers' houses as they pass along, is almost, among civilized nations, without a precedent. They should not endeavor to ruin those they could not conquer. This conduct betrays more of the vindictive malice of a bigot, than the generosity of a soldier. Your friend, Sir Francis Clark, by the information of the director-general of my hospital, languishes under a dangerous wound. Every sort of tenderness and attention is paid to him as well as to all the wounded who have fallen into my hands, and the hospital, which you were obliged to leave to my mercy,

\* \* \* \* \*

I am, Sir,

Yours,

HORATIO GATES.

To General Burgoyne.

would make good all the losses of herself and the other maid. The latter, my good Lena, although also very much frightened, said nothing.

Toward evening, we at last came to Saratoga, which was only half an hour's march from the place where we had spent the whole day. I was wet through and through by the frequent rains, and was obliged to remain in this condition the entire night, as I had no place whatever where I could change my linen. I, therefore, seated myself before a good fire, and undressed my children; after which, we laid ourselves down together upon some straw. I asked General Phillips,\* who came up to where we were, why we did not continue our retreat while there was yet time, as my husband had pledged himself to cover it, and bring the army through? "Poor woman," answered he, "I am amazed at you! completely wet through, have you still the courage to wish to go further in this weather! Would that you were only our commanding general! He halts because he is tired, and intends to spend the night here and give us a supper." In this latter achievement, especially, General Burgoyne was very fond of indulging. He spent half the nights in singing and drinking, and amusing himself with the wife of a commissary, who was his mistress, and who, as well as he, loved champagne.†

On the 10th, at seven o'clock in the morning, I drank some

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\* General Phillips, who is described by his contemporaries as an "honorable, just, and upright man," was an old and intimate friend of General Riedesel, with whom he had fought on the side of the allies in the Seven Years' war.

† "While the army were suffering from cold and hunger, and every one was looking forward to the immediate future with apprehension, Schuyler's house was illuminated, and rung with singing, laughter, and the jingling of glasses. There Burgoyne was sitting, with some merry companions, at a dainty supper, while the champagne was flowing. Near him sat the beautiful wife of an English commissary, his mistress. Great as the calamity was, the frivolous general still kept up his orgies. Some were of opinion that he had made that inexcusable stand, merely for the sake of passing a merry night. Riedesel thought it incumbent on him to remind Burgoyne of the danger of the halt, but the latter returned all sorts of evasive answers."— *The German Auxiliaries in America*.

tea by way of refreshment; and we now hoped from one moment to another, that at last we would again get under way. General Burgoyne, in order to cover our retreat, caused the beautiful houses and mills at Saratoga, belonging to General Schuyler, to be burned. An English officer brought some excellent broth, which he shared with me, as I was not able to refuse his urgent entreaties. Thereupon we set out upon our march, but only as far as another place not far from where we had started. The greatest misery and the utmost disorder prevailed in the army.\* The commissaries had forgotten to distribute provisions among the troops. There were cattle enough, but not one had been killed. More than thirty officers came to me, who could endure hunger no longer. I had coffee and tea made for them, and divided among them all the provisions with which my carriage was constantly filled; for we had a cook who, although an arrant knave, was fruitful in all expedients, and often in the night crossed small rivers, in order to steal from the country people, sheep, poultry and pigs. He would then charge us a high price for them — a circumstance, however, that we only learned a long time afterward. At last my provisions were exhausted, and in despair at not being able to be of any further help, I called to me Adjutant General Patterson,† who happened at that moment to be passing by, and said to him passionately: “Come and see for yourself these officers, who have been wounded in the common cause, and who now are in want of every thing, because they do not receive that which is due them. It is, therefore, your duty to make a representation of this to the general.” At this he was deeply moved, and the result was, that, a quarter of an hour afterward, General Burgoyne came to me himself and thanked me very pathetically for hav-

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\* General Wilkinson, who had the privilege of knowing Madame Riedesel personally, calls her the “amiable, the accomplished, and dignified baroness.” “I have more than once,” says he, “seen her charming blue eyes bedewed with tears at the recital of her sufferings.”

† See note on page 123.





*Chapman sculp.*

GENERAL HOWE

*Published as the Act directs April 1<sup>st</sup> 1800.*



ing reminded him of his duty. He added, moreover, that a general was much to be pitied when he was not properly served nor his commands obeyed. I replied, that I begged his pardon for having meddled with things which, I well knew, a woman had no business with, but that it was impossible to keep silent, when I saw so many brave men in want of every thing, and had nothing more to give them. Thereupon he thanked me once more (although I believe that in his heart he has never forgiven me this lashing), and went from me to the officers, and said to them, that he was very sorry for what had happened, but he had now through an order remedied every thing, but why had they not come to him as his cook stood always at their service. They answered that English officers were not accustomed to visit the kitchen of their general, and that they had received any morsel from me with pleasure, as they were convinced I had given it to them directly from my heart. He then gave the most express orders that the provisions should be properly distributed. This only hindered us anew, besides not in the least bettering our situation. The general seated himself at table, and the horses were harnessed to our calashes ready for departure. The whole army clamored for a retreat, and my husband promised to make it possible, provided only that no time was lost. But General Burgoyne, to whom an order had been promised if he brought about a junction with the army of General Howe, could not determine upon this course, and lost every thing by his loitering. About two o'clock in the afternoon, the firing of caannon and small arms was again heard, and all was alarm and confusion. My husband sent me a message telling me to betake myself forthwith into a house which was not far from there. I seated myself in the calash with my children, and had scarcely driven up to the house, when I saw on the opposite side of the Hudson river, five or six men with guns, which were aimed at us. Almost involuntarily I threw the children on the bottom of the calash and myself over them. At the same instant the churls fired, and shattered the arm of

a poor English soldier behind us, who was already wounded, and was also on the point of retreating into the house. Immediately after our arrival a frightful cannonade began, principally directed against the house in which we had sought shelter, probably because the enemy believed, from seeing so many people flocking around it, that all the generals made it their head-quarters. Alas! it harbored none but wounded soldiers, or women! We were finally obliged to take refuge in a cellar, in which I laid myself down in a corner not far from the door. My children laid down on the earth with their heads upon my lap, and in this manner we passed the entire night. A horrible stench, the cries of the children, and yet more than all this, my own anguish, prevented me from closing my eyes. On the following morning the cannonade again began, but from a different side. I advised all to go out of the cellar for a little while, during which time I would have it cleaned, as otherwise we would all be sick. They followed my suggestion, and I at once set many hands to work, which was in the highest degree necessary; for the women and children being afraid to venture forth, had soiled the whole cellar.\* After they had all gone out and left me alone, I for the first time surveyed our place of

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\* "In one of these dens of wretchedness, in a cellar, there was, also, Lady Riedesel with her tender infants and waiting-women, amidst the suffering and despairing. The dismal space was thronged, and the air, in consequence of the evaporations and the smell of carious wounds, quite infected. To the appalling objects around her was added her anxiety for her husband and the care for her little ones. In this dreadful situation—in this terrible den of affliction—the extraordinary German woman preserved her courage and her compassion. She acted then the part of an angel of comfort and help among the sufferers. She refreshed them with what she had left of provisions, and almost forgot to take care of those who were nearest to her. She was ready to perform every friendly service, even such from which the tender mind of a woman will recoil. By her energy she restored order in that chaos, and superintended the cleaning of the cellar as far as circumstances would allow. They obeyed her more readily than their superior officers."—*The German Auxiliaries in America.*

On the opposite page will be found an engraving of the house and cellar, furnished me by the kindness and courtesy of Mr. Lossing, and Mr. Yorsten, the publisher of the former's beautiful book of *The Hudson*. The house and cellar were sketched by Mr. Lossing on the spot, before they were allowed by the farmers in the vicinity to go to ruin.



Present (1867) appearance of the house, in the cellar of which,  
Mrs. Riedesel stayed during the cannonade.



The Cellar.



refuge. It consisted of three beautiful cellars, splendidly arched. I proposed that the most dangerously wounded of the officers should be brought into one of them; that the women should remain in another; and that all the rest should stay in the third, which was nearest the entrance. I had just given the cellars a good sweeping, and had fumigated them by sprinkling vinegar on burning coals, and each one had found his place prepared for him — when a fresh and terrible cannonade threw us all once more into alarm. Many persons, who had no right to come in, threw themselves against the door. My children were already under the cellar steps, and we would all have been crushed, if God had not given me strength to place myself before the door, and with extended arms prevent all from coming in; otherwise every one of us would have been severely injured. Eleven cannon balls went through the house, and we could plainly hear them rolling over our heads. One poor soldier, whose leg they were about to amputate, having been laid upon a table for this purpose, had the other leg taken off by another cannon ball, in the very middle of the operation.\* His comrades all ran off, and when they again came back they found him in one corner of the room, where he had rolled in his anguish, scarcely breathing. I was more dead than alive, though not so much on account of our own danger, as for that which enveloped my husband, who, however, frequently sent to see how I was getting along, and to tell me that he was still safe.

The wife of Major Harnage, a Madame Reynels, the wife of the good lieutenant who the day previous had so kindly shared his broth with me, the wife of the commissary, and myself, were the only ladies who were with the army.† We sat together

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\* This unfortunate man was a British surgeon by the name of Jones. The cannon ball entered the northeast corner of the wall, and the hole was still visible until the house was allowed to fall to decay, a few years since.

† Lady Harriet Ackland, it will be recollected, had gone to the American camp to nurse her husband.

bewailing our fate, when one came in, upon which they all began whispering, looking at the same time exceedingly sad. I noticed this, and also that they cast silent glances toward me. This awakened in my mind the dreadful thought that my husband had been killed. I shrieked aloud, but they assured me that this was not so, at the same time intimating to me by signs, that it was the lieutenant—the husband of our companion—who had met with misfortune. A moment after she was called out. Her husband was not yet dead, but a cannon ball had taken off his arm close to the shoulder. During the whole night we heard his moans, which resounded fearfully through the vaulted cellars. The poor man died toward morning. We spent the remainder of this night in the same way as the former ones. In the mean time my husband came to visit me, which lightened my anxiety and gave me fresh courage. On the following morning, however, we got things better regulated. Major Harnage, his wife, and Mrs. Reynels, made a little room in a corner, by hanging curtains from the ceiling. They wished to fix up for me another corner in the same manner, but I preferred to remain near the door, so that in case of fire I could rush out from the room. I had some straw brought in and laid my bed upon it, where I slept with my children—my maids sleeping not far from us. Directly opposite us three English officers were quartered—wounded, it is true, but, nevertheless, resolved not to be left behind in case of a retreat. One of these was a Captain Green, aid-de-camp of General Phillips, a very valuable and agreeable man. All three assured me, upon their oaths, that in case of a hasty retreat, they would not leave me, but would each take one of my children upon his horse. For myself, one of my husband's horses constantly stood saddled and in readiness. Often my husband wished to withdraw me from danger by sending me to the Americans; but I remonstrated with him on the ground, that to be with people whom I would be obliged to treat with courtesy, while, perhaps, my husband was being killed by them, would be even yet more

painful than all I was now forced to suffer. He promised me, therefore, that I should henceforward follow the army. Nevertheless, I was often in the night filled with anxiety lest he should march away. At such times, I have crept out of my cellar to reassure myself, and if I saw the troops lying around the fires (for the nights were already cold), I would return and sleep quietly. The articles which had been intrusted to me caused me much uneasiness. I had fastened them inside of my corsets, as I was in constant terror lest I should lose some of them, and I resolved in future never to undertake such a commission again. On the third day, I found an opportunity for the first time to change my linen, as my companions had the courtesy to give up to me a little corner—the three wounded officers, meanwhile, standing guard not far off. One of these gentlemen could imitate very naturally the bellowing of a cow, and the bleating of a calf; and if my little daughter Frederica, cried during the night, he would mimic these animals, and she would at once become still, at which we all laughed heartily.

Our cook saw to our meals, but we were in want of water; and in order to quench thirst, I was often obliged to drink wine, and give it, also, to the children. It was, moreover, the only thing that my husband could take, which fact so worked upon our faithful Rockel, that he said to me one day, “I fear that the general drinks so much wine, because he dreads falling into captivity, and is therefore weary of life.” The continual danger in which my husband was encompassed, was a constant source of anxiety to me. I was the only one of all the women, whose husband had not been killed or wounded, and I often said to myself—especially since my husband was placed in such great danger day and night—“Shall I be the only fortunate one?” He never came into the tent at night; but lay outside by the watch-fires. This alone was sufficient to have caused his death, as the nights were damp and cold.

As the great scarcity of water continued, we at last found a soldier's wife who had the courage to bring water from the

river, for no one else would undertake it, as the enemy shot at the head of every man who approached the river. This woman, however, they never molested; and they told us afterward, that they spared her on account of her sex.

I endeavored to divert my mind from my troubles, by constantly busying myself with the wounded. I made them tea and coffee, and received in return a thousand benedictions. Often, also, I shared my noonday meal with them. One day a Canadian officer came into our cellar, who could scarcely stand up. We at last got it out of him, that he was almost dead with hunger. I considered myself very fortunate to have it in my power to offer him my mess. This gave him renewed strength, and gained for me his friendship. Afterward, upon our return to Canada, I learned to know his family. One of our greatest annoyances was the stench of the wounds when they began to suppurate.

One day I undertook the care of Major Plumpfield,\* adjutant of General Phillips, through both of whose cheeks a small musket ball had passed, shattering his teeth and grazing his tongue. He could hold nothing whatever in his mouth. The matter from the wound almost choked him, and he was unable to take any other nourishment, except a little broth, or something liquid. We had Rhine wine. I gave him a bottle of it, in hopes that the acidity of the wine would cleanse his wound. He kept some continually in his mouth; and that alone acted so beneficially that he became cured, and I again acquired one more friend. Thus, in the midst of my hours of care and suffering, I derived a joyful satisfaction, which made me very happy.

On one of these sorrowful days, General Phillips, having expressed a desire to visit me, accompanied my husband, who, at the risk of his own life, came once or twice daily to see me.

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\* Probably Captain Thomas Blomefield. This officer, according to General Wilkinson, was, in 1816, member of parliament for Plymouth, major general in the army, lieutenant colonel of the royal artillery, chief equerry, and marshal to the king.



He saw our situation, and heard me earnestly beg my husband not to leave me behind in case of a hasty retreat. Then, as he marked my great reluctance to fall into the hands of the Americans, he spoke in my behalf; and as he was going away he said to my husband, "No! not for ten thousand guineas would I come here again, for my heart is entirely, entirely broken!"

Not all of those, however, who were with us deserved our compassion. There were, also, poltroons in our little company, who ought not to have remained in the cellar, and who afterwards, when we became prisoners, took their places in the ranks and could parade perfectly well. In this horrible situation we remained six days. Finally, they spoke of capitulating, as by temporizing for so long a time, our retreat had been cut off. A cessation of hostilities took place, and my husband, who was thoroughly worn out, was able, for the first time in a long while, to lie down upon a bed. In order that his rest might not be in the least disturbed, I had a good bed made up for him in a little room; while I, with my children and both my maids, laid down in a little parlor close by. But about one o'clock in the night, some one came and asked to speak to him. It was with the greatest reluctance that I found myself obliged to awaken him. I observed that the message did not please him, as he immediately sent the man back to head-quarters, and laid himself down again considerably out of humor. Soon after this, General Burgoyne requested the presence of all the generals and staff officers at a council-of-war, which was to be held early the next morning; in which he proposed to break the capitulation, already made with the enemy, in consequence of some false information just received. It was, however, finally decided, that this was neither practicable nor advisable; and this was fortunate for us, as the Americans said to us afterwards, that had the capitulation been broken we all would have been massacred; which they could have done the more easily, as we were not over four or five thousand men strong, and had given them time to bring together more than twenty thousand.

On the morning of the 16th of October, my husband was again obliged to go to his post, and I once more into my cellar.

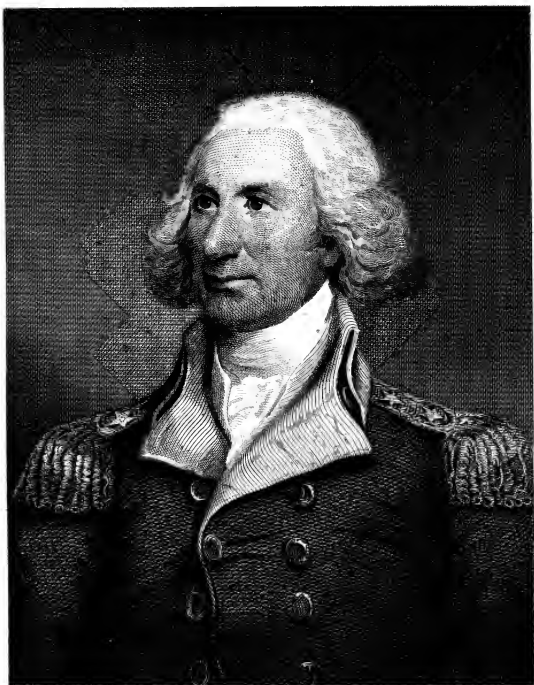
On this day, a large amount of fresh meat was distributed among the officers, who, up to this time, had received only salted provisions, which had exceedingly aggravated the wounds of the men. The good woman who constantly supplied us with water, made us capital soup from the fresh meat. I had lost all appetite, and had the whole time taken nothing but crusts of bread dipped in wine. The wounded officers, my companions in misfortune, cut off the best piece of the beef and presented it to me, with a plate of soup. I said to them that I was not able to eat any thing, but as they saw that it was absolutely necessary I should take some nourishment, they declared that they themselves would not touch a morsel until I had given them the satisfaction of taking some. I could not longer withstand their friendly entreaties, upon which they assured me that it made them very happy to be able to offer me the first good thing which they themselves enjoyed.

On the 17th of October the capitulation was consummated. The generals waited upon the American general-in-chief, Gates, and the troops laid down their arms, and surrendered themselves prisoners of war. Now the good woman, who had brought us water at the risk of her life, received the reward of her services. Every one threw a whole handful of money into her apron, and she received altogether over twenty guineas. At such a moment, the heart seems to be specially susceptible to feelings of gratitude.

At last, my husband sent to me a groom with a message that I should come to him with our children. I, therefore, again seated myself in my dear calash; and, in the passage through the American camp, I observed, with great satisfaction, that no one cast at us scornful glances. On the contrary, they all greeted me, even showing compassion on their countenances at seeing a mother with her little children in such a situation. I confess that I feared to come into the enemy's camp, as the

thing was so entirely new to me. When I approached the tents, a noble looking man came toward me, took the children out of the wagon, embraced and kissed them, and then with tears in his eyes helped me also to alight. "You tremble," said he to me, "fear nothing." "No," replied I, "for you are so kind, and have been so tender toward my children, that it has inspired me with courage." He then led me to the tent of General Gates, with whom I found Generals Burgoyne and Phillips, who were upon an extremely friendly footing with him. Burgoyne said to me, "You may now dismiss all your apprehensions, for your sufferings are at an end." I answered him, that I should certainly be acting very wrongly to have any more anxiety, when our chief had none, and especially when I saw him on such a friendly footing with General Gates. All the generals remained to dine with General Gates. The man, who had received me so kindly, came up and said to me, "It may be embarrassing to you to dine with all these gentlemen; come now with your children into my tent, where I will give you, it is true, a frugal meal, but one that will be accompanied by the best of wishes." "You are certainly," answered I, "a husband and a father, since you show me so much kindness." I then learned that he was the American General SCHUYLER. He entertained me with excellent smoked tongue, beef-steaks, potatoes, good butter and bread. Never have I eaten a better meal. I was content. I saw that all around me were so likewise; but that which rejoiced me more than every thing else was, that my husband was out of all danger. As soon as we had finished dinner, he invited me to take up my residence at his house, which was situated in Albany, and told me that General Burgoyne would, also, be there. I sent and asked my husband what I should do. He sent me word to accept the invitation; and as it was two days' journey from where we were, and already five o'clock in the afternoon, he advised me to set out in advance, and to stay over night at a place distant about three hours' ride. General Schuyler was so obliging as

to send with me a French officer, who was a very agreeable man, and commanded those troops who composed the reconnoitering party of which I have before made mention. As soon as he had escorted me to the house where we were to remain, he went back. I found in this house a French physician, and a mortally wounded Brunswick officer, who was under his care, and who died a few days afterward. The wounded man extolled highly the good nursing of the doctor, who may have been a very skillful surgeon, but was a young coxcomb. He rejoiced greatly when he heard that I could speak his language, and began to entertain me with all kinds of sweet speeches and impertinences; among other things, that he could not believe it possible that I was a general's wife, because a woman of such rank would not certainly follow her husband into the camp. I ought, therefore, to stay with him, for it was better to be with the conquerors than the conquered. I was beside myself with his insolence, but dared not let him see the contempt with which he inspired me, because I had no protector. When night came on he offered to share his room with me; but I answered, that I should remain in the apartment of the wounded officers, whereupon he distressed me still more with all kinds of foolish flatteries, until, suddenly, the door opened and my husband and his adjutant entered. "Here, sir, is my husband," said I to him, with a glance meant to annihilate him. Upon this he withdrew looking very sheepish. Yet, afterward, he was so polite as to give up his room to us. The day after this, we arrived at Albany, where we had so often longed to be. But we came not, as we supposed we should, as victors! We were, nevertheless, received in the most friendly manner by the good General Schuyler, and by his wife and daughters, who showed us the most marked courtesy, as, also, General Burgoyne, although he had — without any necessity it was said — caused their magnificently built houses to be burned. But they treated us as people who knew how to forget their own losses in the misfortunes of others. Even General Burgoyne was deeply



MAJOR GENERAL PHILIP SCHUYLER

*Ph. Schuyler*

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moved at their magnanimity, and said to General Schuyler, "Is it to *me*, who have done you so much injury, that you show so much kindness!" "That is the fate of war," replied the brave man, "let us say no more about it." We remained three days with them, and they acted as if they were very reluctant to let us go. Our cook had remained in the city with the camp equipage of my husband, but the second night after our arrival, the whole of it was stolen from us, notwithstanding an American guard of ten or twenty men had been deputed for its protection. Nothing remained to us except the beds of myself and children, and a few trifles that I had kept by me for my own use — and this too, in a land where one could get nothing for money, and at a time when we were in want of many things; consequently, my husband was obliged to board his adjutant, quartermaster, etc., and find them in everything. The English officers — our friends, as I am justified in calling them, for during the whole of my sojourn in America they always acted as such — each one gave us something. One gave a pair of spoons, another some plates, all of which we were obliged to use for a long time, as it was not until three years afterward, in New York, that we found an opportunity, although at great cost, to replace a few of the things we had lost. Fortunately, I had kept by me my little carriage, which carried my baggage. As it was already very late in the season, and the weather raw, I had my calash covered with coarse linen, which in turn was varnished over with oil; and in this manner we set out on our journey to Boston, which was very tedious, besides being attended with considerable hardship.

I know not whether it was my carriage that attracted the curiosity of the people to it — for it certainly had the appearance of a wagon in which they carry around rare animals — but often I was obliged to halt, because the people insisted upon seeing the wife of the German general with her children. For fear that they would tear off the linen covering from the wagon in their eagerness to see me, I very often alighted, and by this means got away more quickly. However, I must say that the

people were very friendly, and were particularly delighted at my being able to speak English, which was the language of their country.

In the midst of all my trials, however, God so supported me, that I lost neither my frolicsomeness, nor my spirits; but my poor husband, who was gnawed by grief on account of all that had happened, and on account, also, of his captivity, became by these constant stoppages, peevish in the highest degree, and could scarcely endure them. His health had suffered very greatly, especially by the many damp nights that he had spent in the open air; and he was, therefore, often obliged to take medicine. One day, when he was very sick from the effects of an emetic, he could not sleep on account of the noise that our American guard made, who never left us, but were continually drinking and carousing before our very door; and when he sent them a message begging them to keep quiet, they redoubled their noise. I resolved to go out myself; and I said to them that my husband was sick, and begged that they would be less noisy. They at once desisted from their merriment and all became still. A proof that this nation, also, have respect for our sex.

Some of their generals who accompanied us were shoemakers; and upon our halting-days they made boots for our officers, and, also, mended nicely the shoes of our soldiers. They set a great value upon our money coinage; which, with them was scarce. One of our officers had worn his boots entirely into shreds. He saw that an American general had on a good pair, and said to him jestingly, "I will gladly give you a guinea for them." Immediately the general alighted from his horse, took the guinea, gave up his boots, and put on the badly worn ones of the officer, and again mounted his horse.

At last we arrived at Boston; and our troops were quartered in barracks not far from Winter hill.\* We were billeted at

\* Winter hill, where most of the German prisoners were quartered, was, at that time, covered with wretched barracks, made of boards, that had been erected there in



the house of a countryman, where we had only one room under the roof. My women servants slept on the floor, and our men servants in the entry. Some straw, which I placed under our beds, served us for a long time, as I had with me nothing more than my own field bed. Our host allowed us to eat in his room, where the whole family together eat and slept. The man was kind, but the woman, in order to revenge herself for the trouble we brought upon her, cut up the prank, every time we sat down to table, of taking that time to comb out her children's heads, which were full of vermin — which very often entirely took away our appetites. And if we begged her to do this outside, or select another time for this operation, she would answer us, “It is my room, and I like to comb my children's hair at this time!” We were obliged, therefore, to be silent lest she should thrust us out of the house.

One day the gentlemen of our party celebrated, in this filthy place, the birthday, I believe, of the queen of England, and drank on this occasion a great deal of wine. My oldest little daughters, Gustava and Frederica, who had noticed that the wine that was left over had been placed under the stairs, thought it would be a fine thing for them in their turn to drink the queen's health. They, accordingly, seated themselves before the door, and toasted so much — that is, drank healths — that their little heads could not bear more. Frederica became sick of a fever, which gave me the more anxiety as she had spasms with it, and I was entirely at a loss to know the cause. When, finally, nature helped herself by vomiting, then I saw that it was the wine, and blamed the little maidens greatly, who, however, replied that they, also, loved the king and queen, and could not, therefore, resist wishing them happiness.

We remained three weeks at this place, until they transferred us to Cambridge, where they lodged us in one of the most

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1775, for the purpose of affording a shelter (though a scanty one) to the Americans while besieging General Gage in Boston.

beautiful houses of the place, which had formerly been built by the wealth of the royalists. Never had I chanced upon such an agreeable situation. Seven families, who were connected with each other, partly by the ties of relationship and partly by affection, had here farms, gardens and magnificent houses, and not far off plantations of fruit. The owners of these were in the habit of daily meeting each other in the afternoons, now at the house of one, and now at another, and making themselves merry with music and the dance—living in prosperity, united and happy, until, alas! this ruinous war severed them, and left all their houses desolate except two, the proprietors of which were also soon obliged to flee.

None of our gentlemen were allowed to go into Boston. Curiosity and desire urged me to pay a visit to Madame Carter, the daughter of General Schuyler, and I dined at her house several times. The city, throughout, is pretty, but inhabited by violent patriots, and full of wicked people. The women, especially, were so shameless, that they regarded me with repugnance and even spit at me when I passed by them. Madame Carter was as gentle and good as her parents, but her husband was wicked and treacherous. She came often to visit us, and also dined at our house with the other generals. We sought to show them by every means our gratitude. They seemed, also, to have much friendship for us; and yet, at the same time, this miserable Carter, when the English General Howe had burned many hamlets and small towns, made the horrible proposition to the Americans to chop off the heads of our generals, salt them down in small barrels, and send over to the English one of these barrels for every hamlet or little town burned down; but this barbarous suggestion fortunately was not adopted.

During my sojourn at Bristol, in England, I had made the acquaintance of a Captain Fenton, from Boston, to whom the Americans, upon the breaking out of the war, had sent a summons, but which, true to his king, he would not obey. Upon this, the women of the exasperated rabble seized his wife—a

woman deserving of all esteem—and his very beautiful daughter of fifteen years, and without regard to their goodness, beauty or modesty, stripped them naked, besmeared them with tar, rolled them in feathers, and, in this condition, led them through the city as a show. What might not be expected from such people, inspired with the most bitter hatred!

In the same manner, there were two brothers who had loved each other very much, one of whom had espoused the side of the king, and the other that of the republicans. The former, desiring again to see his brother, obtained permission and paid him a visit. His brother received him with great joy, and said to him, “How rejoiced am I to see you return to the good cause!” “No, my brother,” answered the royalist, “I remain true to my king, but this shall not hinder me from loving you.” At this, the American sprang up in a fury, seized a pistol, and threatened to shoot him if he did not instantly go away. All the representations of the good brother, that their differences of opinion should not alter his love, availed nothing. The other exclaimed, “Only my old love for you hinders me from shooting you this very moment, for every royalist is my enemy.” And he would certainly have carried out his threat if his brother had not finally made his escape. Almost every family was disunited; and I saw here that nothing is more terrible than a civil war. With such people we were obliged to live, or see no one whatever! I naturally preferred the latter.

General Phillips was, and remained, ever our kind and sincere friend, and we saw much of him. Our house, also, was constantly full of Englishmen, after we learned that it was considered by them polite usage to invite them to call again. Before we knew this, we observed, to our astonishment, that some courteous people, whom we had received kindly, came not again. After this we adopted the same custom, and found it very convenient, since one could make a selection of those whose company was most agreeable. Still, a few persons fa-

vored us with their presence unasked, who were, as the English term it, "barefaced."

While in Cambridge, I saw an entire house carried off upon long logs, to the ends of which they had attached wheels. The house is raised by a screw, the logs shoved underneath it, and the building is then moved readily.\*

On the 3d of June, 1778, I gave a ball and supper in celebration of the birthday of my husband. I had invited to it all the generals and officers. The Carters, also, were there. General Burgoyne sent an excuse after he had made us wait till eight o'clock in the evening. He invariably excused himself, on various pretenses, from coming to see us, until his departure for England, when he came and made me a great many apologies, but to which I made no other answer than that I should be extremely sorry if he had gone out of his way on our account. We danced considerably, and our cook prepared us a magnificent supper of more than eighty covers. Moreover, our court-yard and garden were illuminated. As the birthday of the king of England came upon the following day, which was the fourth, it was resolved that we would not separate until his health had been drank; which was done with the most hearty attachment to his person and his interests.

Never, I believe, has "God save the King" been sung with more enthusiasm or more genuine good will. Even both my oldest little daughters were there, having staid up to see the illumination. All eyes were full of tears; and it seemed as if every one present was proud to have the spirit to venture to do this in the midst of our enemies. Even the Carters could not shut their hearts against us. As soon as the company separated, we perceived that the whole house was surrounded

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\* This American manner of moving houses is as unknown to the English at the present day as it was to Mrs. Riedesel almost a century since. A gentleman last year (1866), chancing to be in a company of intelligent and educated English people, in England, alluded, in the course of conversation, to this custom, upon which his hearers thought he designed to hoax them; nor was it until he had convinced them of having no such intention that they could be induced to credit it!

by Americans, who, having seen so many people go into the house, and having noticed, also, the illumination, suspected that we were planning a mutiny, and if the slightest disturbance had arisen, it would have cost us dear. The Americans, when they desire to collect their troops together, place burning torches of pitch upon the hill tops, at which signal every one hastens to the rendezvous. We were once witnesses of this, when General Howe attempted a landing at Boston in order to rescue the captive troops. They learned of this plan, as usual, long beforehand, and opened barrels of pitch, whereupon, for three or four successive days, a large number of people, without shoes and stockings, and with guns on their backs, were seen hastily coming from all directions, by which means so many people came together so soon that it would have been a very difficult thing to effect a landing.

We lived very happily and contented in Cambridge, and were, therefore, well pleased at the idea of remaining there during the captivity of our troops. As winter approached, however, we were ordered to Virginia.\* Now I was forced to consider how I should safely carry the colors of our German regiments still further, as we had made the Americans at Saratoga believe that they were burnt up—a circumstance which they at first took in bad part, though, afterwards, they tacitly overlooked it. But it was only the staves that had been burned, the colors having been thus far concealed. Now, my husband confided to me this secret, and entrusted me with their still further concealment. I, therefore, shut myself in with a right honorable tailor, who helped me make a mattress in which

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\*The cause of this order was Clinton's declaration that since the Convention troops (i. e. those who surrendered at Saratoga), were not acknowledged as such, but looked upon in the same light as ordinary prisoners of war, he was no longer disposed to forward provisions to them, or pay the "exorbitant bills of the Americans," consequently congress must maintain the prisoners itself. As the country in the vicinity of Boston was very deficient in provisions, the Convention troops were accordingly sent to Virginia, which, it was thought, would be better able to furnish the needful supplies.

we sewed every one of them. Captain O'Connell, under pretense of some errand, was sent to New York, and passed the mattress off as his bed. He sent it to Halifax, where we again found it on our passage from New York to Canada, and where — in order to ward off all suspicion in case our ship should be taken — I transferred it into my cabin, and slept, during the whole of the remaining voyage to Canada, upon these honorable badges.

While we were on the point of taking our departure, I discovered that our cook, whose receipts I had luckily received daily, had paid nothing whatever; and they brought to me unpaid bills which amounted to the sum of one thousand rix thalers. My husband had him arrested. But he slipped off and went into the service of General Gates, who found him too expensive; whereupon he went to General La Fayette, who afterwards told us that "he would answer only for a king!" My husband wished him well on account of his skillfulness in cooking, which was very great. But the scoundrel had conceived a hatred against me, because I watched him. I have always believed, also, that he had a share in the robbery of my husband's equipage at Albany. We afterwards found him in New York in the greatest poverty. He had seduced and ran away with the wife of an American, and afterwards deserted her, because he was in such an indigent situation that he was not able to support her.

My husband had often a kind of nervous and anxious feeling, by reason of which he was never easy unless he was walking or working in the garden. I, therefore, always took care, whenever we changed our quarters, to have a garden made in a suitable place. This was not difficult, neither did it cost much, as almost all our soldiers understood garden work, and were, besides, glad of an opportunity to earn something. I thanked God now more than ever that he had given me courage to follow my husband. The grief of being in captivity, the unpleasant situation of our troops, and the want of news from his father-

land — all these things threw him into deep despondency. Yet how much more had he suffered when he had no one to divert him, and when he had often been a whole half year and even longer without receiving intelligence from us ! How joyful am I, even now, when I think back upon those times, that I resisted all those who would have prevented me from performing my duty and following the inclination with which my tender love had inspired me ; and that I faithfully shared all his sorrows and his cares !

It was in the month of November, 1778, that we received the order to go to Virginia. My husband, fortunately, found a pretty English wagon, and bought it for me, so that, as before, I was enabled to travel easily. My little Gustava had entreated one of my husband's adjutants, Captain Edmonston, not to leave us on the way. The confiding manner of the child touched him, and he gave his promise and faithfully kept it. I traveled always with the army, and often over almost impassable roads.\* The captain, who was very strong and always at hand, sprang from his horse at every dangerous place, and held our wagon. Our old jäger, Rockel, who was with me and was much delighted at this assistance, as he was very much fatigued, often sat quietly on his box and contented himself with crying, " Captain ! " Instantly he was down from his horse. I did not like him to use such

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\* A glimpse of that which Mrs. Riedesel endured on this journey is afforded us by the following graphic description of one scene on the march, from the diary of one of the German officers who was with Mrs. Riedesel and the troops at the time :

" The roads were covered by a glazed frost ; and a cold and piercing wind drove the snow and rain into the faces of the marching troops. Being very much weakened by their previous privations, they were unable to reach their designated quarters for the night, and therefore halted at midnight in a wood, where they bivouacked in their drenched clothes, without even straw upon which to lie down. It was an awful night of storm and tempest. Naked rocks, like so many phantoms, pointed towards the heavens ; mountain streams dashed unceasingly over mighty pieces of rock ; and in the ploughed up ravines stood lofty, dark firs, in whose tops the wind whistled dismally. The prisoners endeavored to shelter themselves as well as they could, from the blowing gale and the falling snow and rain, by taking refuge in the deep crevices of the rocks and the dense thickets."

freedom ; but it amused the good captain so much that he begged me not to notice it.

I had always provisions with me, but carried them in a second, small wagon. As this could not go as fast as we, I was often in want of every thing. Once, when we were passing a town called Hertford,\* where we made a halt, which, by the way, happened every fourth day, we met General La Fayette, whom my husband invited to dinner, as otherwise he would have been unable to find any thing to eat. This placed me in rather an awkward dilemma, as I knew that he loved a good dinner. Finally, however, I managed to glean from what provisions I had on hand enough to make him a very respectable dinner. He was so polite and agreeable that he pleased us all very much. He had many Americans in his train, who were ready to leap out of their skin for vexation, at hearing us speak constantly in French. Perhaps they feared, on seeing us on such a friendly footing with him, that we would be able to alienate him from their cause, or that he would confide things to us that we ought not to know. He spoke much of England, and of the kindness which the king had shown him in having had all objects of interest shown to him. I could not keep myself from asking him how he could find it in his heart to accept so many marks of kindness from the king, when he was on the point of departing in order to fight against him. Upon this observation of mine he appeared somewhat ashamed, and answered me, "It is true that such a thought passed through my mind one day, when the king offered to show me his fleet. I answered that I hoped to see it some day; and then quietly retired, in order to escape from the embarrassment of being obliged to decline, point blank, the offer, should it be repeated." Some, however, charged him with being a spy in England, upon which he immediately went to America.

One day we came to a pretty little place, but our supply

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\* Hartford, Conn.



wagon not having been able to follow us, we could not endure our hunger longer. Observing a quantity of butcher's meat in the house in which we put up, I begged the hostess to let me have some. "I have," answered she, "several different kinds. There is beef, veal, and mutton." My mouth already watered at the prospect. "Let me have some," I said, "I will pay you well for it." Snapping her fingers almost under my very nose, she replied, "You shall not have a morsel of it. Why have you come out of your land to kill us, and waste our goods and possessions? Now you are our prisoners; it is, therefore, our turn to torment you." "See," rejoined I, "these poor children, they are almost dead with hunger." She remained inflexible. But when, finally, my three and a half year old little daughter, Caroline, came up to her, seized her by the hand, and said to her in English, "Good woman, I am very hungry!" She could not longer withstand her: she took her in a room and gave her an egg. "No," said the good little child, "I have still two sisters." At this the woman was touched, and gave her three eggs, saying, "I am just as angry as ever, but I cannot withstand the child." She then became more gentle, and offered me bread and milk. I made tea for ourselves. The woman eyed us longingly, for the Americans love it very much; but they had resolved to drink it no longer, as the famous duty on the tea had occasioned the war. I offered her a cup, and poured out for her a saucer of tea. This mollified her completely, and she begged me to follow her into the kitchen, where I found the husband gnawing at a pig's tail, while his wife, to my great satisfaction, brought out of the cellar a basket of potatoes. When she came back he reached out to her his tit-bit. She ate some of it, and gave it back to him in a little while, when he again began to feast upon it. I saw this singular mutual entertainment with amazement and disgust; but he believed that hunger made me begrudge it him, and he reached out to me the already thoroughly gnawed tail. What should I do? Throw it away, and not only injure his

feelings, but lose my loved basket of potatoes! I accordingly took it, pretended to eat it, and quietly threw it into the fire. We had now made our entire peace with them. They gave me my potatoes, and I made a good supper off them, with excellent butter. But besides this, they moved us into three pretty rooms with good beds.

The next morning we again set out on our journey, and still, on every hand, drew upon us the curiosity of the inhabitants. Upon reaching the bank of the Hudson river,\* we were quartered at the house of a boatman, where we were given, as a special mark of favor, a half-finished room without windows. We hung our bed clothes before them, and slept upon some straw, as our baggage wagon was broken, and we had, therefore, no beds. In consequence of this accident, also, we had, unfortunately, neither coffee, nor tea, nor sugar, which had often, upon this journey constituted our only refreshment. Our landlady, a perfect fury, finally allowed us, on the following morning, when our things had arrived, to breakfast in her room, as it was in the month of December, and we could not make a fire in our room. But we were unable to induce her to let us have a table to ourselves; and we were not once permitted to sit down to hers, until she, with her children and servants, had finished breakfast, which consisted of what had been left

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\* Mrs. Riedesel and the troops struck the Hudson at Fishkill. When they arrived at that place, Washington, on horseback, attended by his staff, saw them march by. A journal of a Brunswick officer, speaking of the American commander-in-chief on this occasion, naively says: — "He reviewed all our divisions, and was very polite to our officers. All that, in general, can be said on the subject of the said general amounts to this; that it is a pity, a man of his character and talents is a rebel to his king."

Mrs. Riedesel and the first division of the troops reached Lancaster in the latter part of December. The credulous inhabitants of that town had been hoaxed with the story, that the king of England had made a present of the worthy town of Lancaster to General Riedesel, to reward him for his services, and that the latter had now come to take possession of the place with his troops. The irritation of the people, accordingly, was so roused against the German general, that serious consequences were at first feared; and it was a long time before they could be convinced of the falsity of the report.

over from the evening meal, viz: cabbage, ham, and the like, with coffee and coarse sugar. They left us a filthy table, which we were first obliged to clean before we could use it. And yet they insisted that we should put every thing in order, and replace the cups and saucers in a perfectly clean condition! At the least remonstrance they pointed us to the door. She did all this to torment us, for she was an anti-royalist. Unfortunately, a storm, with adverse winds, came up, so that we, as the boatman assured us, could not cross the river without danger. The wicked woman insisted, notwithstanding, that we should go; and it was only after many entreaties, that we obtained permission to remain two days longer. On the third day, the husband, with a perplexed air, came and announced to us that we must go. I entreated him to think of our danger, and at least to accompany us, as I should then have more courage to attempt the passage over. He promised to take us over himself; and we embarked upon a little boat with one sail; but as he shoved it from the land, our man sprang up and out of the boat, and left us only one sailor, who did not understand very well how to guide the tiller. We were, therefore, on account of his unskillfulness, and the contrary winds, driven hither and thither in the river for more than five hours, until, at last after a thousand anxieties, we landed upon the opposite shore. Even then we were still obliged to wade up to the knees through a morass, till we came to the house of Colonel Horborn\*—a very rich man, where we were to lodge.†

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\* Probably Osborn.

† Mrs. Riedesel does not exaggerate the peril of her passage across the Hudson in this storm; and knowing men at the time were surprised that she escaped without accident. Indeed, the treatment she received from the inhabitants of the towns through which she passed on this journey, was such as to excite the indignation of Colonel Troup, who had been detailed to accompany the party to its destination. In a letter to General Gates, dated at Sussex Court House, January 3d, 1779, Colonel Troup writes: "You cannot imagine what difficulties we had to overcome on our march hither. The people of almost every house where we stopped, seemed to delight in rendering our stay with them as unpleasant as they possibly could. I am sorry to add, that they behaved very improperly to Lady

In that place, I had a small room, it is true, but a good one, for myself, husband, children, and both my maids; in which, however, the adjutants had to take breakfast, dinner and tea. As I wished to change my stockings on account of my feet being completely soaked, I begged our officers to go out long enough for me to do this. In the meantime they went into the kitchen to warm themselves, and while there, suddenly the host came in, took them by the arms, exclaiming at the same time, "Here, you nasty royalists! is it not enough that I harbor you; can you not sometimes leave me in peace?" He had just come in from the field; and in his coarse cloth garments, his long beard, and his dirty linen, looked so like a bear, that we trembled before him. His wife, however, was kind. On the following day, which was Sunday, she begged me to drink coffee with her after dinner. Scarcely had I seated myself, when the husband entered looking much more respectable, as he had shaved himself, and put on his Sunday linen. As I could not yet forget the scene of the day before, I got up and wished to leave the room. But he shut the door and asked me, "Are you afraid of me?" "No," answered I, "I am afraid of no one, not even the devil, whom you so resembled yesterday." "But to-day," replied he, "I look much

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Riedesel. They could not dismiss from their minds the cruelty with which our prisoners have been treated. Part of them were afraid of being plundered, others of being murdered by us. A young woman, who had been married only shortly before, wept continually, crying and gnashing her teeth for almost two hours running, merely because I asked her to let Lady Riedesel sleep in her chamber, where she kept some gowns, petticoats, pots, and the like. The rudeness with which they treated us, of every degree and kind, was carried to such a point, that since my departure from Cambridge, I have always stood in the greatest fear. Lady Riedesel, the general and his family, have testified to me, in every way, their esteem and kindness. A few minutes ago, they and the children, before setting out for Easton, were in the best state of health." And in another letter to Gates, shortly after, he writes: "The army has made a stand at Middlebrook; and the officer, who was dispatched by Lord Sterling to attend Lady Riedesel to Virginia, assures me that they are well satisfied with their lodgings. In spite of his assurances, however, I cannot disengage myself from my private opinion, which, I am persuaded, does not much differ from yours."

better." "Yes," said I, "nevertheless, I desire to get out of the way of further discourtesies." My demeanor, instead of vexing, pleased him. He took me by the hand, and urged me to sit down again in my chair. "I am not so bad as you think," said he, "you please me, and if I had no wife I would marry you." "But," rejoined I, "how do you know that I would have you?" "That," said he, "we should soon see. I am very rich; the whole landscape, as far as you can see, is mine, my wife is already old; I think, therefore, you had better remain here." From this moment, I could have had every thing that the house afforded; for the good wife was delighted to share with me all that she herself was accustomed to have.

We were obliged to remain here eight days in order to give our troops time to cross the river, which, on account of the scarcity of suitable boats, was very tedious. Our third stopping place for the night from this place, was at the house of a German, where we were well lodged and well fed. The old man, it seemed, was the son of a coachman who had been in the service of Count Görtz in Germany. In his twelfth year, his father on one occasion chastised him on account of some roguish prank. Thereupon he resolved to run away; and chance led him to London. Servants were at that time often sent thence to the American colonies, and he was also sent over with one of these companies. As his lucky star would have it he fell into the hands of a kind master, who, taking a fancy to him, had him well educated, and, after some years of service, gave him some land to cultivate, as was customary in this country, after one had served out his apprenticeship. He was very active and industrious, and soon found himself in a position to take a lease of it from his master, who, finally, when he observed how every thing prospered under his hands, gave him his daughter for a wife. The man had nine sons who were also farmers; and the only thing that disturbed his happiness was, the thought of having left his father, to whom, however, he often sent money. As he knew that the Riedesel family were neighbors

and friends of Görtz, he took good care of us, and was exceedingly grieved when we again set out on our journey.

At another time we had our quarters for the night at the house of a Colonel Howe, to whom I thought I was paying a compliment by asking him if he was a relation of the English General? "God forbid," answered he, very much affronted, "he is not worthy of it." They said that this colonel was a brave man. When he was not in the field but at home, he plowed his acres himself, and busied himself with his household affairs. He had a daughter fourteen years old, pretty, but of a wicked disposition. As I was once sitting with her before a good chimney fire, she gazed at the glowing coals, and cried out "Oh, if I only had the king of England here, with what satisfaction I could cut his body in pieces, tear out his heart, dissect it, put it upon these coals, and consume it!" I looked at her with horror, and said, "I am almost ashamed to belong to a sex that is capable of taking such pleasure." I have never been able to forget this detestable girl; and I was glad to get away from this house, although, in other respects, we were very well treated.

Before we passed the so-called Blue mountains, we were forced to make a still further halt of eight days, that our troops might have time to collect together again. In the mean time such a great quantity of snow fell, that four of our servants were obliged to go before my wagon on horseback, in order to make a path for it. We passed through a picturesque portion of the country, which, however, by reason of its wildness, inspired us with terror. Often we were in danger of our lives while going along these break-neck roads; and more than all this we suffered from cold, and what was still worse, from a lack of provisions. When we arrived in Virginia, and were only a day's journey from the place of our destination, we had actually nothing more remaining but our tea, and none of us could obtain any thing but bread and butter. A countryman, whom we met on the way, gave me only a hand full of acrid fruits. At noon we came to a dwelling where I begged for something to eat. They refused me with

hard words, saying that there was nothing for dogs of Royalists. Seeing some Turkish meal \* lying around, I begged for a couple of hands full, that I might mix it with water and make bread. The woman answered me "No, that is for our negroes, who work for us, but you have wished to kill us." Captain Edmonston offered her from me, two guineas for it, as my children were so hungry. But she said, "Not for a hundred would I give you any; and should you all die of hunger, it will be so much the better." At this reply, the captain became so provoked, that he wished to take it by force. I, however, entreated him, in order to prevent disturbance, to keep quiet, as we, perhaps, would soon come across better disposed people. But alas that did not happen! We did not once meet with even a hut. The roads were horrible, the horses completely tired out, my three children exhausted by hunger, very wan, and I for the first time was thoroughly disheartened. Captain Edmonston, exceedingly touched at this sight, went from man to man to see if he could not obtain something to eat. At last he received from one of the drivers of our baggage-wagons, a piece of old bread, a quarter of a pound's weight, which had been considerably gnawed at, since, on account of its hardness, no one could bite off the smallest piece. The instant he brought it to us, joy sparkled in the eyes of the children. I was about to give the first piece to Caroline as the youngest. "No," said the kind child, "my sisters are more hungry than I." Gustava and Frederica also refused to take it, wishing to leave it for their little sister. I therefore divided it and gave it to all three to eat. Tears ran down both my cheeks; and the good Edmonston was so affected, that he was unable longer to endure the sight. If I had at any time refused a piece of bread to the poor, I should have thought that God wished now to punish me for it. The kind driver, who had so willingly given us his last piece of bread, received a guinea from Captain

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\* Indian meal.

Edmonston, and, on our arrival at the place of our destination, a large stock of bread for his return journey.

The place of our destination was Colle in Virginia, where my husband, who had gone ahead with our troops, awaited us with impatient longing. We arrived here about the middle of February, 1779, having, on our journey, passed through the provinces of Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland, and having traveled in twelve weeks, six hundred and seventy-eight English miles. The house in which we lived, and the entire estate, belonged to an Italian,\* who, as he was to be absent for some time, gave it up to us. We looked forward longingly to the departure of himself, wife and daughter, for not only was the house small, but more than all, the scarcity of provisions seemed to trouble them—a circumstance which caused the husband to exercise a kind of guardianship over us. Thus, when he had a ram killed, he gave us on the first day, nothing more than the head, the neck, and the giblets, although I represented to him that more than twenty persons were to make a meal off them. He assured me that a right good soup might be made of these articles, and gave us besides, two heads of cabbage, with which, and half of a putrid ham, we were obliged to be satisfied.

The troops had been expected earlier, and accordingly many oxen and swine had been killed for food; and, as salt was very scarce, they cut the meat into quarters, placed it in a vault in the earth, and scattered between the pieces ashes instead of salt which answered equally as well. But as in this part of the country, the sun, even in January, often shines out very warm, all the top layers were spoiled. The meat was brought to us on a wheel-barrow; but we were often obliged to throw the whole of it away, although sometimes we could wash it, in which case we salted and hung it up in smoke. The day of our arrival, when I had scarcely enough for dinner to satisfy us alone, I saw with tears, eight of our officers ride up just before dinner. What

\* The name of this Italian is supposed to have been Mazzei.



could we do but share with them the little we had? The troops were stationed at Charlottesville, two hours ride from us. To reach them we were obliged to go through a very beautiful piece of woods. At first they endured many privations. They occupied block-houses, which, however, were without plaster, and destitute of doors and windows, so that they were very cold inside. They worked, however, with great industry to build themselves better dwellings; and, in a short time, I saw a pretty little town spring up. Behind each barrack, they laid out gardens and constructed pretty little inclosures for poultry. Afterwards, when the old provisions were consumed, they received fresh meat and meal enough to make bread. As this latter was Indian meal, it served them for omelets and dumplings; so that now they were in want of nothing but money. Very little of this latter commodity was sent to them by the English, and it was difficult sometimes to obtain credit—a circumstance which oftentimes gave great inconvenience to the common soldiers.

In the middle of the month of February the fruit trees, which were already in blossom, were all killed by the night-frost. As soon as the temperature of the air would allow, we had the garden and the field tilled and planted; and, as our landlord went off three weeks after, we took possession of every thing—swine, wild turkeys, etc. Some of the latter weighed over fifty pounds, and were perfectly tame; but when spring came, they all flew off to hatch their eggs, which they had laid in the forests. We gave them up for lost, but they all came back and brought with them a great number of young ones.

We had built for us a large house, with a great drawing-room in the centre, and upon each side two rooms which cost my husband one hundred guineas. It was exceedingly pretty.

Many of the negroes brought us every thing that we needed, in the shape of poultry and vegetables. Every week, General Phillips and ourselves killed, by turns, an ox and two pigs. Very soon we wanted nothing. But the heat bothered us very much in summer; and we lived in constant terror of rattle-

snakes. The fruits also were eaten into, by three kinds of ticks.\* We had, moreover, very heavy thunder-storms, lasting for five or six days at a time, and accompanied by tempests which tore up by the roots more than one hundred trees in our vicinity. The trees stood very loosely, and their roots were lightly covered, as the strong winds blew away from them the earth, which was mostly sand. Besides all this, the negroes and herdsmen often made fires under the trees, for which they cared nothing. By reason of this the trees were more easily blown down. Often whole forests were set on fire, and burned down in order to obtain new land. At night, we were obliged to leave our windows open, that we might be able to draw in fresh air, and sleep. Thereupon, three or four nasty bats, three times as large as with us, would wake us up, and we were obliged to spend half the night in chasing them around the room. On one occasion a person came in the night to my husband, to tell him that the stable, which was a new one, was in danger of being blown down by the wind. Every one ran out to prop it up, except myself, who was left alone with my children, and women servants. The wind continually grew stronger. A great piece of the chimney fell into the room; the whole house rooked; and I remained half the night in the greatest fear of being killed by a fragment. We were often frightened in this manner.

We had no chairs to sit on, only round blocks, which we also used for a table, laying boards upon them. In this manner we lived for three † or four months, pretty contentedly; my husband, only, was always sad, and could not at all endure the heat, which

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\* A kind of insect which even now infests the south, especially the southern portion of Kentucky.

† Mrs. Reidesel is yet remembered in Virginia. Tradition describes her as having at this time considerable *embonpoint*, and a handsome and lovely face (as is seen in the engraving accompanying this volume). She is also reported as having rendered herself an object of wonder, in riding in boots, after what was then called the European fashion. She was undoubtedly in advance of her age, and by keeping her feet warm and repudiating pasteboard soles, showed her sterling sense.

stood at one hundred and three degrees, and was exceedingly oppressive. We endeavored to cheer him up as much as possible. As soon as the vegetables began to grow in our garden, he took considerable satisfaction in busying himself in gardening. But as he would wear no hat on his head on account of having much headache and its uncomfortable feeling, he met with an accident, which I will presently relate, that was the beginning of my greatest sufferings. I was engaged in putting to rights our new house and my husband's room, when I heard a noise out of doors. I ran to the window and saw my husband being carried into the house by some men. His face was blue, his hands white, his eyes fixed, and great drops of sweat stood upon his forehead. He had received a sun-stroke. I was more dead than alive; and the children uttered piercing shrieks. We immediately laid him down, and tore off all his clothing. Fortunately the surgeon of our regiment, who was already with us, happened at the moment to be in, and at once opened a vein. He now recovered his speech and told us that as he was walking through the garden, the sun shone down intensely upon his head; and he had been scarcely able to reach the house when his adjutant arrived; had it not been for this timely aid he would have been killed. My God! what would then have become of me and my little children in the midst of captives, so far from home, and in an enemy's land! Even now my hair stands on end whenever I think of it. As soon as my husband again came to himself, he took me by the hand, and gazed upon me with an affectionate look. One could not but observe that he considered himself very dangerously ill. If I went away even for an instant, he became very uneasy and followed me with his eyes. The physician, whom we had summoned, came; and after we had used all possible care, God was finally pleased to preserve for me my beloved husband. But for many years afterward he suffered from pains in the head, and from debility, which made him grieve the more over his situation.

The use of a certain bath in Virginia, which is called Frede-

rick-spring, was prescribed for him, and we accordingly journeyed thither. I believe that he increased his disorder by always wetting his head before bathing; and what was still worse was, that in spite of all we could do, his hair would remain damp. His fretfulness continued, and the thought of his imprisonment worried him more than ever. At night he could not sleep. I therefore hit upon the expedient of reading to him in a particularly drowsy tone. This was successful, for he always went to sleep. His hands and feet were constantly blue, and cold as ice. Whenever I thought that I might safely venture to lie down, his anguish would invariably wake him up. Every thing irritated him. One day a Virginian came into my room, and said that he was curious to see a German woman, eying me, at the same time, from head to foot. I was delighted at the idea of enjoying myself over something. But when, at his request, I brought him to my husband, the latter was so moved at the idea of his situation compelling him to be gazed upon at the whim of this or that man, that the tears came into his eyes, and I sincerely repented of having been so inconsiderate.

We made at Frederiek-spring, the acquaintance of General Washington's family, and also of Madam Garel — a very lovable woman — and her husband. She was an ardent American patriot, but reasonable, and we became great friends. She spent most of the forenoons with us. At such times Captain Geismar played the violin and I sang Italian airs, which gave her the greatest delight. One day, while thus engaged, a countryman, from whom we had endeavored by many kind words to obtain fresh butter, came in upon us. As the Americans, generally, are fond of music, he listened attentively, and when I had finished, asked me to sing it once more. I asked him sportively what he would give me for it? as I did nothing gratis. "Two pounds of butter," he at once answered. The idea pleased me, and I began to sing. "Play another one," said he, as soon as I had finished, "but something lively." At length I sang so much, that the next morning, he brought me four or five pounds of fresh butter.

He, also, had his wife with him, and entreated me to sing once more. I thus succeeded in winning their affection; and afterwards I lacked for nothing. The best of the joke was, that he actually believed I wished to be paid for my singing, and wondered much when I paid them for the butter which they supposed they had already sold.

The Virginians are generally inert, a fate which they attribute to their hot climate; but on the slightest inducement, in a twinkling, they leap up and dance about; and if a reel — an English or a Scotch national dance — is played for them, immediately the men catch hold of the women who then jump up as if they were possessed; but as soon as they are led back to their chairs they sit on them like blocks of wood. Regarding the practices of the people in this part of the country, one cannot give a pleasant description. For example, they informed us that two maidens had been got with child by their father; a circumstance, which, it is true, occasioned some talk, but which, nevertheless, remained unpunished. Another man also, who thought his daughter-in-law handsomer than his wife, proposed an exchange to his son, who consented, on the condition, that his father should give with the mother, two cows and two horses. The exchange was accordingly made, and the whole affair excited no farther comment.\*

The landed proprietors in Virginia own many negro slaves, and treat them badly. Many of them are allowed by their masters to run naked until they are fifteen and sixteen years old, and the dress which is then given them, is scarcely worth wearing. The slaves have an overseer who leads them out at day-break into the fields, where they are obliged to work like beasts

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\* If the stories which come to us from our western frontier are to be believed, such *swaps* are not uncommon. Nor, indeed, need we go to the west for such examples of ignorance. A few months since, a man living in Warren county, New York, named Peter Vrashee, swapped his wife for that of another man, giving a *cow* to boot: and when he was told by the authorities of the town that such a transaction was invalid, he seemed highly offended at what he considered their impertinent interference with his individual rights!

or receive beatings; and when thoroughly exhausted and burned by the sun, they come into the house. They are given Indian meal called hominy, which they make into pastry. But often they are tired and had rather sleep for a couple of hours, when they are again obliged to go to work. They view it as a misfortune to have children, as they in turn will become slaves and wretched men. As they have not the time to cultivate the little land which they have, they possess nothing, and are only able by the sale of poultry to scrape together sufficient money to clothe themselves. Still, there are also good masters, who can be easily told, by their slaves being well clothed and housed. Under such auspices, the negroes are also good servants, and are very faithful and much attached to their masters. That wicked masters have disaffected servants is not to be wondered at.

During our sojourn at this bath, my husband received news which gave us all much pleasure; namely, that he and General Phillips, with their adjutants, had permission to go to New York, in order to be exchanged. My husband, upon this, went back to Colle, to make arrangements for the maintenance, in his absence, of the troops, the command of which he handed over to Colonel Specht, and to take measures for the sale of our superfluous things, and especially, our new house, which we had as yet not lived in — in which situation, indeed, we at various times afterwards found ourselves. We were often troubled in this way; for we would come to a place, expecting to remain for some time, but we would scarcely get our things to rights, at infinite pains, when we would receive an order, bidding us, instantly to depart. This time, however, every one was rejoiced. I set out from this bath, in the month of August, 1777, to join my husband in York-town, Pennsylvania. Madame Garel, the clever woman, whom I have already mentioned, had begged me to visit them at their country seat, in the province of Maryland, in case we should be in the vicinity. I, therefore, determined to do it now. Captain Freeman, one of my husband's English adjutants, remained with us. Captain Edmonston had been

exchanged through the intercession of his father. He was so devoted to the interests of my husband, and it gave him so much pain to leave him, that the latter was even obliged to persuade him to return to England. His departure affected us deeply, especially when he said, "I am certain that I shall never see you again."

On our journey to the country-seat of Mrs. Garel, Captain Freeman saw a black snake — which, however, is not dangerous — licking a frog and swallowing him down. Crying out sportively, "I declare myself the Knight of the Frog," he drew his sword, and split the snake open, when lo! the frog hopped out of its stomach, thoroughly alive; at which we all were greatly amazed. Before we arrived, I was overturned with my wagon, but without the slightest injury. I had advised Madame Garel of my arrival, and she sent a man on horseback to meet me. After I had passed through a very pretty hamlet, inhabited by pure negroes — each of whom had his garden, and understood some handicraft — we drove through a large courtyard, to a very beautiful house, where the whole family received us with a joyful welcome. The family consisted of an old father-in-law, eighty-four years of age, of a sprightly humor, and the most extreme neatness, upon whose venerable countenance, appeared happy contentment; four perfectly lovely grandchildren; and their kind, beloved mother, our amiable hostess. We were served upon silver, and entertained, not, it is true, with much display, but with taste. Nothing was wanting for our comfort. She said to me that, as she hoped I would remain with her a long time, she had received me as if I belonged to the family.

The garden was magnificent; and, on the following day, she drove us out to show us her vineyard, which was splendid, and displayed great taste, in fact exceeding my expectations. First, we went through a great fruit garden. Then we ascended the vineyard by a winding path, which led up to the top of the hill. Between every vine, a poplar-rose and an amaranth grew. The effect of this arrangement was to give a magnificent appearance

to every part of the vineyard, to one looking down from the top, such a one, indeed, that for beauty, I have not found its equal in any portion of America which I have seen. The husband of Madame Garel had traveled abroad, and had gathered these ideas of the laying out of grounds in England and France. In other respects he was not very lovable, but rather brusque, and niggardly, and not at all suited to his wife, who, although she never showed it by outward signs, nevertheless did not appear to be happy. Her father-in-law she loved very much.

Not far from this estate, was a town, called Baltimore, which they told me was very pretty, and inhabited by many amiable families. We received a visit from an intimate friend of our hostess. Both these women reminded me of Rousseau's Heloise and her friend, and the old father of the husband of Heloise. Madame Garel was as full of tender feeling as she, and would, I believe, have gladly had a St. Preux for a husband. We arranged for her a temple adorned with flowers, after the design of Captain Freeman, and dedicated it to Friendship and Gratitude. She wrote me some years afterward, that the family still continued to trim it with flowers. The lovely, agreeable Madame Garel, is now dead; and her family, but especially her children, have met with a great loss. We remained here eight or ten days, and our parting was very sad. They supplied us with provisions of the best quality, enough to last for a long time. We, however, did not really need them, as the royalists, through friendly feeling, and the others, through custom, welcomed us kindly, and furnished us with every thing needful for our sustenance. In this country it would be held a crime to refuse hospitality to a traveler.

Not far from the place where I was to meet my husband, we were overtaken in a forest, by a violent thunder-storm. A trunk of a tree broke and fell between the carriage-box and the horses. Here we sat fast aground, and could not stir from the place, as none of our servants were strong enough to move the tree from the spot where it had fallen. In the meantime, it thundered



fearfully; the lightning struck in several places round about us; and another and larger tree threatened to crush us. I could only urge the servants to disengage us from the jam, but the coachman, who was completely bewildered, assured me, that it was impossible. At last, my little Gustava, who was at that time only eight years old, said, "Only unhitch the horses, and put them behind the wagon, and you can draw it backwards." This suggestion was immediately acted upon, and every one asked the other, why that idea had not occurred to them likewise? So finally we arrived happily at York-town, in Pennsylvania, where we found my husband, who had been very much worried about us, on account of the vivid lightning. We rode through a magnificent country, and passed, among others, a very well cultivated section inhabited by the Moravian brethren. One place is called the Holy Sepulchre, and another district goes by the name of the Holy Land, in which is a town called Bethlehem. We found a right good tavern, where we waited for those of our party, who were still behind. I had brought with me from Virginia, some splendid birds. The male was scarlet, with a still darker red tuft, as large as a jack-daw, and sang magnificently. The female was gray, with a red breast, and had also a tuft. As soon as these birds are caught they become tame, and eat out of the hand. This bird lives a long while, but if two males are hung up in the same room, they become so jealous of each other, that one of them soon dies miserably. I saw also in Virginia, blue birds, just as large, that constantly cried willo! This afforded us considerable amusement, as one of my husband's aids was so named. One of our servants found a whole nest of these red birds, and trained them, and, as he knew I loved them very much, he carried to me two cages full of them from Colle, upon his back. But they all died before he arrived, which gave us considerable sorrow. I had also made a collection of very beautiful butterflies, and had packed them very carefully in a trunk, but the wagon in which they were was overturned, and the trunk dashed to pieces. This happened to me twice, and

entirely took away from me any further desire to make another collection.

After we all had once more got together and rested, we again set out and came to the house of a family who gave themselves out for royalists. Their name was Van Horn. They showed us much kindness, and begged us to recommend them to General Cornwallis, who, as well as General Clinton, was a friend of General Phillips and had brought about our return from Virginia.

We came to a very pretty place, opposite Staten island, called Elizabeth-town, where we found many royalists who welcomed us joyfully and treated us with hospitality. We were now so near New York and counted so surely on the exchange of my husband and the actual fulfillment of our dearest wishes, that, as we sat together at dinner, we confidently believed that we should cross over immediately to New York and be restored to freedom that same evening. But suddenly the door opened and an officer, sent by General Washington, stepped inside and handed to General Phillips a letter with an order to return again, as the congress had refused to ratify the exchange. The eyes of General Phillips, who was by nature very passionate, fairly scintillated with rage. He struck the table with his fist, and said, "This is pleasant! but we should have expected it from these people who are all rascals!" I was like one petrified, and could not utter a single word. He seized me by the hand, and said to me, "Now, my friend, do not allow your courage to fail you. Follow my example; see how collected I am!" "Every one," answered I to him, "shows his sorrow in his own fashion. I keep mine in my heart, and you manifest yours with passion. But it's my opinion that you would do better not to allow these people to see you in such a passion. who will only make sport of you, and may perhaps make you still more trouble." He acknowledged that I was right, thanked me, and assured me that he, like myself, would bear his sufferings with resignation. From this time he conducted himself perfectly quietly.

I was at this time with child, and in constant pain, so that the journey fatigued me exceedingly. I had hoped to find quiet, and be among people, from whom I could have received good nursing. Vain hope! After the single day's halt which was allowed us, we were forced to turn about again, and stop once more at the house of the Van Horns. This time we found there a nephew of General Washington, with quite a number of other American officers, who within three days had wrought such a wonderful change in the sentiments of these people (they were among those who hang their cloaks to the wind\*), that we not only saw the daughters of these pretended royalists on the most familiar footing with the anti-royalists, and allowing them all kinds of liberties; but, as they thought we would not now dare to remonstrate, we heard them singing during the whole night, "GOD SAVE GREAT WASHINGTON! GOD DAMN THE KING!" Upon our departure the next morning, I could scarcely conceal my indignation. We now returned to Bethlehem, where my husband and General Phillips were allowed by the Americans to remain until the particulars of the exchange, which was yet unfinished, should be settled; and, as our former landlord in this place had treated us with kind hospitality, we all of us determined to board with him—"all of us" being sixteen persons, and four house servants. The latter received money with which to pay their board. We had, also, about twenty horses. Our host would make with us no definite agreement about the price, and, as none of us had any money, this was very convenient, as he would cheerfully wait for his pay till we received some. We supposed him to be an honest and reasonable man, and the more so, as he belonged to the community of Moravian brethren, and the inn was the one patronized by that society. But how great was our surprise, when, after a residence of six weeks, and just as we had received permission to go to New York, we were served with a bill of thirty-two thou-

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\* The German expression for one who temporizes.

sand dollars, that is to say, in American paper money, which is about four hundred guineas in actual money. Had it not been for a royalist, who just at this time chanced to pass through the village seeking to purchase hard money at any price, we should have been placed in the greatest embarrassment, and would not have been able by any possibility to leave the town. From him, we were so fortunate as to receive for one piaster, eighty dollars in paper money.\*

My husband suffered greatly the whole time from constant pains in his head; and at night he could scarcely breathe. To obtain a little relief, he now accustomed himself to use snuff, a practice, which until this period, he had regarded with the greatest aversion. I first persuaded him to take one pinch. He believed that I was making fun of him; but as the very next instant after the trial, he experienced relief, he exchanged his pipe for a snuff-box. My little Caroline was very sick, with a choking cough and, as I became continually further advanced in pregnancy, we all heartily wished to reach New York as soon as possible, in order to have near at hand the comforts of life, good nursing, and all necessary help.

In Bethlehem, as in all other Moravian communities, there were separate houses for the brethren and sisters. In the latter establishments they made magnificent embroidery, and other beautiful handiworks, and we bought at these places several articles. A Miss Girsdorff, a German, who afterwards resided at Herrnhut, had taught the sisters all these kinds of work. The houses of this community were well built, and there were at this place all sorts of manufactories. Among others, there was one that dressed leather, which was as good as that of Eng-

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\* In the month of December, 1866, a merchant in New York received from a German house, two hundred dollars in *Continental money*, with the request that it might be placed to his credit. It is not at all an improbable supposition, that this was part of some Continental money which had been carried over to Germany, after the Revolution, by the German auxiliaries. Anburey in his *Travels*, says, that he discharged in an inn at Frederick-town, a reckoning of £732 sterling with about four guineas and a half.

land, and half as cheap. The gentlemen of our party bought a quantity of it. There were also very clever cabinet-makers, workers in steel, and excellent smiths. We had very much wished to see Philadelphia, which is only twelve or thirteen miles from Bethlehem, and to which place there is a clear, good road. But as this was not allowed to my husband and the other gentlemen, and, as I wished to share with my beloved husband his joys and sorrows, I cheerfully gave it up. While at Bethlehem we often went to church, and enjoyed the splendid singing. The wife of the minister died while we were there. We saw her laid out in a separate enclosure, with bars, waiting for burial; for here they never keep a dead body in the house.

Finally, at the end of November, 1779, we again set out from Bethlehem. My husband, General Phillips, and their several aid-de-camps, had not, indeed, been exchanged, but permission had been received for them to go to New York on parole. I did not wish to call again on the Van Horns, for I despise double dealing people; but we had the fatality of having our wagon break down before their very door, so that I was forced to tarry with them until the damage could be repaired. I did not, however, remain over night at their house; and when they again asked that we should recommend them, and assured us of their devotion to the king, in whose army the head of the family had served as a colonel, I answered coldly that I believed he did not need our recommendations; which reply he was welcome to take as he pleased. We came, also, once more to Elizabeth-town, where we were again kindly received, embarked upon the Hudson river, and reached New York very late in the evening, where my husband, who had gone on ahead of us, had already arrived before me. A soldier, who at the gateway, had been ordered to show us the way, conducted us to a very great and beautiful house, where we found every thing prepared for our reception, and better than all, a good supper. I was too much occupied in putting my children to bed, and too tired to inquire where I was, and supposed I was in a public-house. My husband,

who had taken tea with General Cornwallis, came home late. The next morning a servant came in to ask me what I desired for dinner, and how many visitors I would probably have daily at table; I replied that as my husband did not dine at home, I should not need more than three dishes for six persons, namely: myself, my children, my women servants, and the pastor, Mylius, the chaplain of my husband's regiment, whom we retained in our family, and who gave my children instruction in every thing useful. He was a man of piety and of excellent character, and good humor; and the children and we all loved him very much. I was then told that the order had been given to serve up on my table every day six large, and four small dishes. Being still under the impression that I was in a tavern, I decidedly forbade this profusion, as I dreaded the bill. But I soon discovered, that I was staying at the house of the governor, General Tryon, who had forbidden them to tell me where I had been taken, through fear that I would not accept of his house.\* This noble minded man, moreover, in order to avoid my thanks, crossed over to Long Island, where he had a provisional command. All my wishes were anticipated, and I was only in continual fear lest I should abuse so much kindness. I also received a call from General Patterson, the commandant of the city, who told me that they were still busy with the arrangement of the house which we were to have as our own residence. Lord Cornwallis

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\* The site of the present [1867] Bank of New York.

"On the night of December 29th, 1773, the government house accidentally caught fire. So rapid was the progress of the flames that in a few moments after the alarm was given, a thick cloud of smoke and flame pervaded the whole building, and in less than two hours it was entirely consumed. From this dreadful conflagration, nothing in the building, except a few articles of furniture, taken from one of the parlors was saved. The manner in which the fire originated was not discovered. The deep snow which covered the roofs of the other buildings in the city, contributed towards their protection, and the fire department of the city showed great activity in preventing the progress of the flames. Gov. Tryon was a resident of the government house in the fort at the time of its destruction, and was a heavy loser by the event. He afterwards resided in a house on the corner of Wall and William streets, the same house having been subsequently, and until late years occupied by the Bank of New York."—*Valentine's Manual for 1861*, page 643.

and General Clinton likewise came to see me. The former went off soon afterwards upon an expedition. The latter offered me a country-seat, of which he had the disposal, where I might have my children inoculated with the small-pox; an operation which it would be dangerous to have performed in the city, as that disease was raging there violently. I accepted his offer with much satisfaction, and we made all necessary preparations to go there. I gave our cook ten guineas to purchase all kinds of provisions. But when he very soon came back and asked for more money, I learned to my surprise that the money I had given him would scarcely last for two days—so dear was every thing, even the commonest thing. For example, one pound of meat, reckoning according to our money, cost twelve groschen;\* one pound of butter, eighteen groschen; one turkey, four rix-thalers; a fowl twenty groschen; an egg, four groschen; a quart of milk, six groschen; a bushel of potatoes, two rix-thalers; a half bushel of turnips, two florins; ten oysters, eight groschen, and six onions, one rix-thaler. But what was there left for me to do, but to bear it with patience? †

One day a general was announced. I received him, and, in the course of conversation, he asked me, among other things,

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\* A groschen, as has been mentioned in a preceding note, is a fraction over three American cents.

† All contemporaneous accounts fully corroborate the statement of our authoress. The rich, in the city, at first strove to keep up their six courses, their three side services, and their profusion of fish, flesh and fowl; but at length their resources failed; many articles of food could no longer be obtained, and others were so dear as to exhaust the means of the wealthiest. A turkey was cheap at four dollars. Good meat could seldom be procured, and vegetables were extravagantly dear. Fifty dollars, says an eye witness, would not feed a family for two days. Sir Henry Clinton entreated the farmers in the vicinity to bring in provisions, but in vain. Nor was he more successful in the foraging parties he sent out. At sight of the enemy, the alarm was given. The farmers of Westport and Southport, of Elizabeth-town and Rahway, hastily buried their corn and oats beneath the snow, and old family furniture was carried off at midnight and hidden in the depths of the forest. The British foraging parties, accordingly, found the barns empty, the cattle driven off, and the farm-houses deserted. In their rage the foragers set fire to the old homesteads, and desolated whole districts—thus increasing the general misery without accomplishing the least good.

whether I was satisfied with my quarters? My heart was too full of thankfulness for all the kindness that had been shown me, not to give full vent to my feelings in this regard; and I at last expressed the wish to know personally my noble benefactor who had treated me with so much delicacy. He laughed, and just at that moment my husband stepped in and said to me, "That is the man who has shown us so much kindness!" I was so delighted at seeing him, that I could not find words to express my feelings. Upon seeing my emotion the man was very much affected. I have invariably received from him the the greatest proofs of his friendship.

The country residence of General Clinton, where we went, was an hour's ride from the city. The grounds were beautiful, as was also the house; but the latter was arranged more for a summer residence, and, as we had come there in the month of December, we suffered much from the cold. Notwithstanding this, however, the inoculation was perfectly successful. Accordingly, as it was now completed, and we had nothing more to fear from the infection, we got ourselves in readiness to return to the city, and sent our cook and the rest of our servants ahead to prepare every thing for our arrival, which we expected would be upon the following day. During the night, however, we had such a terrible storm that we believed the whole house would be overturned. As it was, an entire balustrade actually fell down with a dreadful crash; and, on getting up the next morning, we saw that on account of snow having fallen during the night four or five feet on the level, and eight feet in drifts, it would be utterly impossible to venture forth without sledges. I therefore went to work to hunt up all that I could find for our dinner. An old hen that had been forgotten served us for soup, and some potatoes which the gardener gave us, with some salt meat that still remained over from our stock of provisions, made up the entire meal for more than fourteen persons, which number we then were.

While I was standing, the same afternoon, by the window,



thoroughly perplexed, I saw our cook approaching on horseback. Filled with joy, I turned round to the rest of the company to announce the auspicious arrival. But upon again looking out, I could not see or hear any thing more of the cook! Terrified at his disappearance, the gentlemen immediately ran out, and found him, together with his horse, completely buried in the snow, from which position without their help he could not have got out, and perhaps never would have been able to extricate himself. Our people had been quite uneasy at our non-arrival, and, as they knew our larder was completely exhausted, the cook had brought us some provisions which supplied us with an evening meal. It was impossible to drive into the city in a wagon.

The morning of the next day brought us Captain Willoe with two large sledges, in which we seated ourselves. I was, however, not without anxiety, in regard to the children, whose pocks had not yet entirely dried up, on account of the terrible cold weather. The ride, however, did them no injury whatever. During the period of inoculation Carolina lost her whooping-cough, but immediately after it came back again and lasted a whole year.

On our return to New York I found, to my great amazement, our new dwelling fitted up throughout with mahogany furniture. I was at first frightened at the expense which this would occasion. But Captain Willoe informed me that the entire cost would be defrayed by the governor, and that the commandant, General Patterson, considered himself fortunate in being able to justify the confidence which I had placed in the English nation. To render this remark intelligible, I must here state that I had assured him, when he consulted me upon the arrangement of our house, that I would leave every thing entirely to the English, from whom, up to the present time, I had received sincere kindness and courtesy, and who certainly would still preserve towards us that full confidence, which they had shown towards us.

They overwhelmed us with distinguished marks of courtesy and friendship, for which we had, in a great measure, to thank General Phillips, who in New York was very much beloved, and

was so strong a friend of ours, that he declared that whatever was done for us, would flatter him more than as if done for himself. I had also the good fortune during our stay to make many friends on my own account.

As the birth-day of the queen of England was approaching (which indeed really comes in summer, but as the king's birth-day also comes in that season, is celebrated in winter, to give more custom to the trades people, as every one upon those days appears at court in gala-dress) they wished to celebrate the day with a great fete; and as it was the general wish — partly to please General Phillips, and partly to make me forget my own sufferings — to confer on me a distinguished honor, they desired me to be queen of the ball. In order to bring this about they persuaded the wife of General Cornwallis's adjutant — who as an English lady of noble birth would have had precedence over me — to remain at home, on the ground that she was near her confinement.\* When at length the great day arrived, all the ladies assembled at Governor Tryon's, where they received me with all ceremony. The general introduced me to all the ladies, some of whom were envious of the honor which was shown me. But I immediately declared that I received this distinction only on account of the day, as they had conferred on me the honor of representing the queen, and that in future I would give place to those ladies who were older than I. As there were quite a number present who were my elders, my explanation conciliated them. Their countenances, accordingly, quickly brightened up, and I was soon upon a pleasant footing with the whole company.

At six o'clock in the afternoon I was obliged to seat myself in a carriage with Generals Tryon and Patterson to be driven to the ball, where we were received with kettle-drums and trumpets.

I wished, as I was far advanced with child, not to dance.

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\* As Madam Riedesel was in a similar situation herself, the validity of this excuse is not so apparent.

But I was obliged to open the ball with one of the generals by a formal minuet. My situation as well as my bashfulness was the occasion of my thinking myself very awkward. In order, however, to remove my timidity, they all assured me that I did very well, and must dance once more; and the result was, that I danced several English dances.

At supper, I was obliged, as I represented the queen, to sit under a canopy, and drink the first toast. I was certainly much touched at all the marks of friendship I received, although extremely tired; still, in order to show my gratitude, I cheerfully stayed as long as possible, and remained until two o'clock in the morning. Not only on this occasion, but during the whole of my sojourn in this place, I was loaded with kindness; and I passed the remainder of the winter very pleasantly, with the exception of suffering very much from the cold, as the commissary had not had a sufficient quantity of wood cut. To save expense, he had this work done by his negro slaves; and the winter setting in earlier than usual, and it being impossible, as the river was frozen half over, to bring in wood either by boats or sledges, many of the garrison suffered for fuel. We, indeed, received an order for it; but how did that help the matter since there was no wood to be had? We were, therefore, often obliged to borrow wood of General Tryon for Saturday and Sunday, which we would return on Monday if we received any. The cold was so intense, that I frequently made the children lie in bed in order to keep them warm. Wood often could not be purchased for money; and if by chance a little was for sale, it cost ten pounds by the cord. I have myself paid one piaster (which is a crown with us) for a single stick. The poor were obliged to burn fat, in order to warm themselves and cook their meals.\*

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\* "The wealthy," writes a contemporary, "shivered for cold in their splendid apartments. In vain did Sir Henry Clinton issue proclamations to the farmers of Long Island to send in their wood. In vain did he dispatch foraging parties to cut down the forests on the large estates of the patriots William Floyd and William Smith, the patroons of Long Island. The demand for fuel could not be supplied,

One day I was at the house of the lady of General Cornwallis's aid-de-camp, who had been confined, and complained bitterly of this lack of wood; whereupon, she promised to send me some coals, which I could return at my own convenience. I showed so much joy at this, that a certain major named Brown, who happened to be present and was attached to the commissariat, and who had already expressed much sympathy at our want of wood, was so much affected that he immediately left the room.

The next day, as I was looking out of the window, I saw quite a number of wagons full of chopped trees standing still in the street. Each wagon contained two cords of wood. I went into the room where the pastor, Mylius, sat with the children before the fire-place in which the last stick was burning, and said to him, "Never before have I been envious, but now the distress and pain which these poor children suffer, make me so; for just now there has come to our very door four wagons filled with wood. How happy would I be if I only had some of it!" Scarcely had I thus spoken, when a servant brought me a message from Major Brown, stating that he had sent me these loads of wood with his compliments, and begging us to send to him whenever we should again be out of fuel. Imagine my joy, and my eagerness to thank our guardian angel. I had scarcely seen his face, as the lying-in chamber of milady had been so dark. Some days after I was at a ball where he also was expected to be present. He had been described to me as a man with a very prominent turned up nose. For such a person, therefore, I looked attentively; but I was obliged to look for a long time, because the excellent man kept continually out of my way, that I might have no opportunity to thank him. At last, however, I found him and thanked him right heartily. He then told me that up to that time he had known nothing of our necessity, but that when he heard my story

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and the Baroness Riedesel, the caressed of all the army, suffered severely in that inclement winter."



Engraved by J. Smith

Engraved by S. P. Freeman

CHARLES CORNWALLIS, MARQUIS CORNWALLIS

*Cornwallis*

CHARLES CORNWALLIS



he had not been able to go to sleep quietly the whole night, through fear that the dispositions which he had already made for our relief would not arrive sufficiently speedy. These "dispositions" consisted in giving the order to cut down some of the trees in the great avenue in front of the city;\* and when this proceeding was objected to on the ground that it would make considerable damage, he replied, that it was much better to spare a few trees than to have a family, who had served the king with so much zeal, suffer from want. He further told me that in future we must, under all circumstances, whenever any thing was wanting that it belonged to the commissary to supply, apply directly to him. This acquaintance was of great advantage to us. My husband was supplied with many kinds of provisions; with Indian meal, part of which we used for bread and part for cake, and also with salted meat, which latter article, however, was entirely useless to us, as we received more than we could consume; and it often was so uneatable that I gave it away to get rid of it, especially since our servants were also supplied with the same kind of food. The major, accordingly, advised us to pursue the same plan in this regard as the other generals, viz: to exchange our meat for boxes of tallow and candles of spermaceti (which burn better and are more beautiful than those of wax), and also for butter, which they did gladly, as they were obliged to supply the soldiers with meat. By this means, we saved consider-

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\* Probably, the present Wall street. All the principal highways of the city were adorned at this period with luxuriant shade trees. A celebrated traveler, who visited New York, just previous to the arrival of Governor Tryon, thus describes the various kinds then growing in the city. "In the chief streets there are trees planted, which in summer give them a fine appearance, and during the excessive heat at that time, afford a cooling shade. I found it extremely pleasant to walk in the town, for it seemed quite like a garden. The trees which are planted for this purpose are chiefly of two kinds; the water beach is the most numerous, and gives an agreeable shade in summer by its large and numerous leaves. The locust tree is likewise frequent: its fine leaves and the odoriferous scent which exhales from its flowers, make it very proper for being planted in the streets, near the houses and in the gardens. There are likewise lime trees and elms in these walks, but they are not, by far, so frequent as the others. One seldom meets with trees of the same sort adjoining each other, they being in general placed alternately."

able. We were now no longer troubled for the want of wood, for they broke to pieces an old and worthless ship in order to furnish us with fuel, and from this time we received weekly two cords of fire-wood.

A little while before my confinement I had a dreadful fright. One of our servants brought me something, and I noticed that his eyes rolled, and that he could scarcely speak. I was terrified, and attempted to run out of the room, but he ran ahead of me, fell down, slammed to the door in his fall, and immediately was attacked with an awful infirmity.\* As he lay directly in front of the door, rendering it impossible for me to escape, I began to call out and shriek. The persons in the house endeavored to come in to my assistance, but the lock was sprung and they were obliged to break open the door. Even then the poor man had to be pushed aside to make room; and I was finally obliged to leap over him to get out, he in the mean time gnashing his teeth in a horrible manner, and beating himself with his hands. But I had been for such a long time accustomed to sad and dreadful sights, that this circumstance fortunately did me no injury in my delicate situation.

In the beginning of the month of March, 1780, an old acquaintance of ours came to New York, the Hessian General Loos, who had known me in my girlhood. "Why!" said he to me, as he looked at me from head to foot, "what has become of your slender waist, your beautiful complexion, and your fair white hands! They are gone, but in their stead you have seen many lands; and when you again return home you will be called upon by this and that one of your acquaintance to relate your adventures, and, perhaps, the very next instant, those very ladies, who first asked you, will out of envy, declare your narrative wearisome, and while playing with their fans, will say, 'The woman can talk of nothing but America.'" As I knew before-time, that it was very much his custom to speak the truth,

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\* Probably an epileptic fit.



seemingly in jest, I answered that I thanked him for the caution, and would endeavor to guard myself against the weakness of talking constantly of this journey, into which fault I might otherwise easily have fallen. On my side, however, I counseled him, that when with other women, he should also guard himself against speaking of the perishability of their charms, as he had done in regard to mine, otherwise he might find many who would not take it as good naturedly as myself.

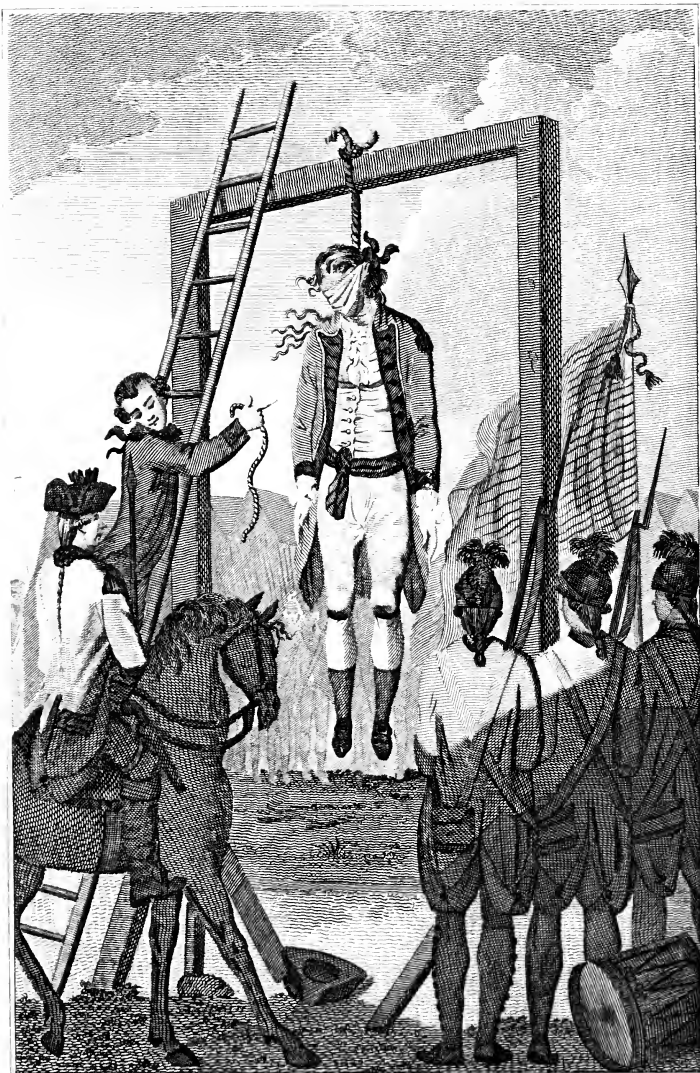
On the following day, which was the seventh of March, I was brought to bed with a daughter. My husband wished very much for a son, but the little one was so pretty that we were soon consoled for its not being a boy. We had intended, in case it had been a boy, to have named it Americus, which we now changed for the little girl into America. The baptism, however, was so hurried, owing to the fact that General Phillips, who, with the Hessian General Knyphausen, and Colonel Wurmb, was the only sponsor, was obliged to leave town on a short expedition, that the name of America was forgotten; and we were obliged afterward to have it placed on the parish register. The same day, my eldest daughter was seized with a dangerous illness, called *asthma infantile*, and some days afterward my third child became also very sick; and, I, therefore, lay in bed between both my almost dying children. But if my heart suffered deeply, my body had by this time become enured to hardship, and I got along nicely, although I was in the first days of my confinement. Six weeks afterward, my husband persuaded me to accompany him to a dinner given by General Tryon. This had been concerted between them for a particular object; for while I was absent my husband had the child inoculated by an English physician, as the small-pox was raging violently in the city. He, therefore, had it done without my knowledge in order to save me anxiety, and he would probably have succeeded, had not his fatherly uneasiness betrayed him. But he was continually going every instant to look at the child,

and in a little while, said, "Alas! how pale she is," or, "She is certainly sick;" so that I, wondering at all these expressions, at last, said, that he must most assuredly have a reason for feeling so uneasy, and asked him if he had had the child inoculated? Immediately I rolled back the sleeves, and there sure enough were two pocks on each arm. I must confess that for a moment I was quite provoked; still I appreciated the good intention of my husband. The child was so bad that we feared we should lose her. My poor husband was inconsolable, accusing himself of being the cause of this misfortune; and I had enough to do in keeping up his spirits. But God be praised it came out all right in the end. The experiment, however, did not terminate so happily with a nobleman who followed our example, for he was so unfortunate as to lose his child.

Throughout the whole winter, Generals Phillips, Tryon and Patterson were our constant friends and guests, and every week we gave a gentleman's dinner party. This was all that we could afford to do, as every thing was so terribly high in the city. At the end of the winter General Tryon sailed for England, but just before his departure, he sent to my house, unbeknown to me, magnificent furniture, tapestry, carpets, and curtains, besides a set of silk hangings for an entire room. Never shall I forget the many marks of friendship which I have received from almost every one of this excellent nation; and it will always be to me a source of satisfaction to be able at any time to be of use to the English, as I have learned by experience how pleasant it is to receive kindness from foreigners.

About this time our friendly relations began with our excellent friend General Clinton, who was the general-in-chief of the English army in the southern provinces of America. As is the case with every Englishman, it was at first very difficult for our acquaintance to ripen into intimacy. His first call upon us was one of ceremony, as he came as general-in-chief, attended by his entire staff. As his general appearance and conversation were agreeable, I said to his friend, General Phillips, that I





Unfortunate DEATH of MAJOR ANDRE

regretted that he treated us with so much ceremony, and that a more friendly manner would have better accorded with our feelings. Afterwards he invited us out to his country-seat to spend the summer, an invitation which was accepted. His country residence was magnificent, a most beautiful situation, orchard, and meadows, and the Hudson river running directly in front of the house. Every thing was placed at our disposal, including fruits of the most delicious flavor; indeed, of this latter article we had more than we could eat. Our servants feasted on peaches even to satiety, and our horses, which roamed through the orchards, eagerly ate the fruit from the trees, disdaining that upon the ground, which every evening we had gathered up and given to the pigs to fatten them. It seems almost incredible, but nevertheless it is true, that with nothing but this fruit we fattened six pigs, the flesh of which was capital, only the fat was somewhat soft. Peach, apricot, and other fruit trees, are raised here, without espaliers, and have trunks as thick as those of ordinary trees.

Not far from us were the Hell-gates, which are dangerous breakers for those ships that pass through them up the river. We often saw ships in danger, but only one was wrecked and went to peices during our stay at this place.

General Clinton came often to visit us, but in hunter's dress, accompanied by only one aid-de-camp. On one of these occasions, he said to us, "I feel confident that you look upon me more as a friend than a stranger, and as I feel the same toward you, you shall always be regarded by me as such. The last time he came to see us, he had with him the unfortunate — as he afterwards became — Major André, who, the day afterward, set out upon the fatal expedition, in which he was captured by the Americans, and afterwards hung as a spy. It was very sad that this preeminently excellent young man should have fallen a victim to his zeal and his kind heart, which led him to undertake such a precarious errand instead of leaving it to older and known officers, to whom properly the duty belonged, but whom

on that very account (as they would be more exposed to danger), he wished to save.

We passed much of our time at this most agreeable place; but our contentment was broken in upon by a malignant fever, that prevailed in New York, and of which, in our family alone, twenty fell ill; eight dangerously. Among these eight were my husband and my daughter *Gustava*. One can imagine my grief and apprehension; day and night I did nothing but divide my nursing between my husband and daughter. The former was so ill, that we often thought he would not survive the day; and *Gustava* had such violent paroxysms of fever, that she entreated me, when she was shivering with the ague, to lay myself upon her, at which times she violently shook me together with her bed, although she was only nine years old. It frequently happened that those sick of the fever died in these fits of shaking; and every day persons would tell me of fifty or sixty fresh burials, which certainly did not tend to raise my spirits. The heat which the sick suffered was so intense that their pulse beat one hundred and thirty-five times in a minute. All our servants were sick, and of course I was obliged to do every thing. I was then nursing my little *America*, and had neither opportunity nor desire to lie down, except while giving her the breast. At such times I laid down upon the bed and fell asleep. At night I was often busied in making for my patients a lemonade of salts of wormwood mixed with lemon juice, sugar and water. By which means, as all the sick in the house had them, I used up in the space of two weeks, two full boxes of lemons, each box containing five hundred.

One day, we expected the physician from New York with the utmost impatience. My husband was taken with a severe diarrhoea, and constant vomiting, and became so ill that our courage completely gave way. He slept continually, and when I wished to give him sago-water, which I had been recommended to make him drink much of, he begged me imploringly to allow him to die in peace, as he could not hold out much longer. At this

moment the physician came in, and I pressed him to tell me candidly if he thought there was still any hope. "Yes, surely," said he. At this confident answer, our two oldest children whom we had not observed (as, fearing that the opinion of the doctor would be unfavorable, they had hidden under the table to listen), when they saw the good news upon my face, suddenly sprung up, threw themselves at his feet and kissed his hands. Every one who witnessed this scene with me was deeply moved; and the doctor, himself, who was a man full of feeling, was affected to tears. Before this, he had visited us very punctually, but now he redoubled his attentions, and so managed it as to dine with us every day that he might lose no time, as he had many patients. He recommended to me strongly a drink made of sago-powder and water. At first he remained with my husband three minutes, then five, and then fifteen, and finally a whole half hour. I had always a watch in my hand, and I was beside myself for joy at the increased length of his visits, a feeling in which every one that was with me shared. The pastor, Mylius, and our trusty jäger, Roekel, both of whom remained well, assisted me by turns in watching at night. Of thirty persons who composed our family, only ten remained in good health. The cook, cook-maid, etc., were all sick, and could work only on their alternate well days; and in addition to which, the weather was terribly hot. It is perfectly amazing what mankind can endure, and what I also went through. But I was well, and blessed with a cheerful happy temperament, which made me receive the smallest particle of hope with heartfelt joy. I certainly believe that by degrees the health is undermined by repeated sufferings; still, I thankfully rejoice that I was able to be of use, and that without my attentions, I might, perhaps, have lost the dear objects of my affection, who now contribute so much to my happiness. At length all of our household who were sick were restored to health, and not one died, a result that abundantly paid me for all my trouble.

We remained the entire summer of 1780, upon this lovely

estate. Two Miss Robinsons came to share our loneliness, and enliven our little company. They remained with us a fortnight previous to our return to the city, when the news of the arrival of a ship from England bringing over the latest fashions, took them back again to the town. On our return to the city, I scarcely recognized them in their odd and actually laughable garb, which a very pretty woman, just over from England, had imposed upon them and the other New York ladies. This lady was with child and did not wish it to be known. Accordingly, she made them think that in England they wore bodices which were parted in the middle, whereby the points stuck upwards, hoops as large around as those of a hog'shead, and very short cloaks tied up with ribbons, all of which they believed implicitly and copied after.\*

Upon our return to New York we were received in the most friendly manner; and our friends vied with each other in making the winter pass most pleasantly. My husband, General Phillips, and their aid-de-camps, were finally exchanged in the autumn of 1780; but the rest of the troops captured at Saratoga remained prisoners.

General Clinton, partly through friendship to my husband, and partly out of attachment to our present duke, wished to place General Riedesel in active service where he could serve to advantage. He, therefore, by virtue of the power which an English general has in his own army, appointed him lieutenant-

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\* The taste for fashionable frivolity and display seems to have been the only thing unaffected by the privations of that gloomy winter. Eugene Laurence, in speaking of New York city at this time, in a paper read before the New York Historical Society, January 6th, 1857, says: "Meanwhile in the midst of all this suffering and want, the city streets were filled with the fashions and the luxuries of Europe. The ladies crowded William street, and the merchants spread out the most costly wares. French silks captured in some unlucky vessels sold readily at extravagant rates. Lute-trings and poplins, brocades and the best broad-cloth of England, were shown on the counters of William street and Wall; and it is a curious circumstance, that through all the war, William Prince, of Flushing, continued his advertisement of fruit and flowers, of magnolias and apricots, and of the finest grafts and the rarest seeds."



ant-general, and gave him the corresponding English allowance; which, on account of the dearness of every thing (by reason of which we had had difficulty in making both ends meet), proved very acceptable to us. At the same time he gave him a command at Long Island, which island lies opposite New York, being separated from it by only a narrow channel called the East river. I was not able during the winter to be with him, as the house, in which he had his quarters, was not habitable for me, as it was possible to heat only a few rooms in it. My husband, accordingly, went back and forth, which he easily did all winter, as every thing was quiet. The autumn before he was appointed to this post, he had a severe relapse of his old complaint, caused probably by a cold which he caught by going in sea-bathing while heated. He suddenly became perfectly stiff and could not speak; and had it not been for friend Colonel Wurmb, who, fortunately, was in his room, it might, perhaps, have been all over with him. The doctor immediately opened a vein and rubbed him strongly, and God once more spared him to me; but his cramps, oppressions, headaches, and drowsiness increased. All the physicians gave it as their opinion that the climate thoroughly disagreed with him, and that he never would be any better as long as he remained in the southern provinces of North America. Still there was nothing else for us to do. My husband could not think of receiving permission to leave, and was, therefore, obliged to remain at his post.

In the spring of 1781, I also settled down on Long Island, where we, although pretty lonesome, might have lived perfectly contented if we only could have been without solicitude: but as the river was not frozen over, the Americans constantly attempted surprises in order to take prisoners. Major Maybaum was drawn out of his bed; and we knew that they aimed to do the same thing with my husband. Our house was situated close to the shore and was perfectly isolated, so that if they had overcome the watch, they could easily have carried him away. Every one was therefore constantly on the watch.

Throughout the entire night, at the slightest noise, he would wake up and place himself in readiness for an attack ; and thus he lost considerable sleep. I also became so accustomed to watching, that day light would often surprise me, when I would lie down and catch a few hours sleep ; for it was only when my husband believed that I was wide awake and on guard, that he would allow himself to sleep—so terrible was to him the thought that he might again be taken prisoner. We had from our house a magnificent prospect. Every evening I saw from my window the city of New York entirely lighted up, and, as the city is built close to the shore, I saw its reflection in the water. We heard also the beating of the drums, and, if every thing was particularly still, even the calls of the sentinels. We had our own boat and could cross over in it to New York in a quarter of an hour.

One day I saw out of a window of my room, a fleet of thirty-five ships approaching under full sail, and shortly afterward, from another window, I perceived them all lying at anchor between us and the city. My husband had many English under his command, and among others the light dragoons. Although the English troops are proud, and, as it is said, difficult to manage, yet they loved my husband, and were perfectly contented under his command. On one occasion, when the English officers were dining with us, my husband said to them that he would accompany them back to their camp ; whereupon they very politely begged me also to go with the party. I, therefore, seated myself in a carriage, and reached the camp in advance of them. But I believe that they had sent word of my arrival ahead of me, for an officer came up, and, to my great perplexity, requested me to get out of the carriage and walk with him down the line. Upon my complying with his request, I was greeted with all military honors, even to the beating of drums, which still more increased my confusion. I remarked to the officer that this was not suitable to me, and that we German women were not accustomed to such distinctions. But he at once very politely





*Published c. Nov. 1778 by Fielding & Walker, Paternoster Row. . . . .*

answered that their whole corps could not sufficiently honor the wife of a general who, as their commanding officer, treated them with so much kindness; and more than all this, they would never forget what I had done for their comrades at Saratoga. Although not unmindful of all this, which was very flattering and agreeable, I welcomed the first favorable moment to get away.

During our sojourn in this place, I often saw people buried up to their necks in the earth; for in this manner they cure the scurvy.

We had a hospital in this place, in which were many wounded and invalid sailors. These good people replied to those who bewailed their fate: "We have fought for our king, and are satisfied, and when we are once in Chelsea,\* we shall be sufficiently rewarded." This is an excellent hospital for seamen, near Loudon, where they are kept, clothed, and nursed in the best manner.

About this time, General Phillips was sent off on an expedition to Carolina. The parting on both sides was painful. We never again beheld this excellent friend, for he died there of an inflammatory fever, which he brought upon him by exposure. We have always mourned his loss. He was a very brave man, and a thorough friend to his friends.

As the health of my husband did not get any better, and his presence, moreover, was necessary to that portion of his corps which had remained behind in Canada, General Clinton was finally induced to send him thither, although he loved him so much that he parted from him with regret. This friendship continued between them — although separated — until the death of the former general.

As the time of our departure had been continually very uncertain, I had not wished to wean my little daughter America, and had accordingly nursed her the whole of the fourteen months. Finally, however, she became so large that I feared my milk would

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\* I. e., Greenwich Hospital.

not hold out, and I therefore weaned her the beginning of May. But by this course I immediately brought upon myself a misfortune which occasioned me even more vexation; namely, an eruption of the skin to which most of the people in this warm climate are subject. Little pimples come out over the whole limb, which itches so that one has no peace whatever. They come with the hot and disappear with the cold weather: otherwise the person is perfectly well.

Our departure was determined upon for the month of July. I had for so long a time received my orders for wood, that during my sojourn upon Long Island, I had saved thirty cords; and I now wished to give them back to my excellent major of the commissariat, who had helped me so faithfully. But he would not receive it, but begged me either to sell it, or share it with the poor. "I know you," said the honest man, "you will take more satisfaction in alleviating distress." This was the view of the case that my husband and myself both took. We, therefore, gave twenty cords to a very worthy family of royalists, who had already lost much of their property and were afterwards obliged to emigrate, and divided the remaining ten cords among other poor families.

Before going away, we desired to deliver up our furniture, but they did not wish to receive it, saying that it belonged to us, and that we had better take it with us to Canada, where we would certainly need it. We, however, did not wish to abuse so much kindness, and accordingly sent it back into the Royal magazine, except one English bedstead which we kept by way of remembrance. Nevertheless, I must frankly confess that I afterward somewhat repented of my decision, partly because we found nothing whatever in Canada, and partly because this beautifully furnished Royal magazine was subsequently plundered and burned by the Americans. At last we set out, or rather went, on board the ship,\* for we remained at anchor within about an

\* The name of the ship was the *Little Seal*.

hour's sail of New York, for more than a week. General Clinton, desiring our safe convoy, had selected an agent (ship's agent) whom he supposed to be an active and skilled man, and desired him to seek out from among those ships that were to sail, one that should be comfortable and at the same time a good sailer — one that could run away from danger and not be captured on the way. But this furnishes fresh evidence how the best of us are deceived; for this agent was a corrupt, coarse and ignorant man, who either, through laziness, had not taken the trouble to examine the ship, or, as often happens, had been bribed by the ship's captain. But enough: we were placed on board one of the smallest and most miserable ships of the whole fleet, upon which, we were often in such danger from falling behind, that the captain of the second man-of-war, appointed to convoy us, was obliged to tow us, that is, to draw us along by a rope. For this purpose, one end of a great cable was attached to the towed ship, and the other was made fast to the man-of-war which drew us along. This, however, was very unpleasant, and often, indeed, dangerous; for if there was a calm, one ship would strike against the other, and if we had been so unlucky as to meet a ship of the enemy, we would have been obliged to receive the shock of battle. Besides, our ship had too few sailors, which would have been the cause of additional danger if we had been overtaken by a hurricane; in which case we should probably have been upset, as on account of the small number of men, we could not have taken in the sails quickly enough, especially as the ship was leaky and all the men would have had to be placed at the pumps. And to crown all, our ship was badly loaded, and lay so much upon one side, that we were obliged, while on the passage, to fill empty casks with sea-water in order to give the ship the necessary equilibrium, an emergency which ought always to be guarded against. In addition to all this, the company of the above mentioned agent, was in the highest degree unpleasant. We were obliged to defray his expenses, and have him near us, where he made himself exceedingly troublesome by his grum-

bling and whining yawns, by which he wakened all the men on the ship, and even ourselves, although we were in another room. Just as we were on the eve of embarking, we met with still another great vexation. Our faithful negroes, a man, his wife and a young kinswoman of theirs, were reclaimed by their first owner (from whom they had been taken on the ground that he was a rebel), under the pretense that he had again become a royalist; and he brought an order, that they should be delivered up to him, actually at the very moment in which the signal had been given for our departure. As they had served us faithfully, and the man was a bad master who treated them shockingly, the shrieks and lamentations of these poor people were very great. The young maiden (Phillis by name), fainted, and when she again came to herself, would hear nothing whatever about leaving us. She threw herself at my feet and embraced them with clasped hands so strongly, that they were obliged to tear her away by force. My husband offered her master money for her; but when the latter observed that we wished so much to keep her, he demanded for this girl thirty guineas, a sum which my husband did not wish to give. Had it not been at the very moment of our departure, I believe that we would have kept her notwithstanding. We made them a present of their clothing, and also the mattresses, which, in view of the voyage, we had had made for them. This very course, however, affected them still more, and Phillis cried out, "If I do not die, I will come again to you, even to the end of the world." This good maiden, also, afterward actually begged two or three persons to take her with them and bring her to me, adding at the same time, "My good lady will be very glad to pay my passage." She was perfectly right, but as none of these persons were confident in the matter, they were not willing to take charge of her. My husband had the money for this one purchase, but her greedy master, in order to compel us to buy them all three, refused to sell her separately; and as this would have been too much for our purse, we were obliged to relinquish the design. We afterwards, however, repented that



we did not make the sacrifice, as we found that the female domestics in Canada were too simple and too clumsy.

The very first day of our voyage my eruption entirely disappeared, which rejoiced me exceedingly. This distemper, however, had rather an evil influence on my health the rest of my life, for three days afterward I was taken with such severe pains in my head and teeth, that I could neither eat nor sleep — and I had to endure this state of things day and night. The sharpness of the pain took hold of my very vitals; and my feet were so cold that they could not be warmed even with hot water. They gave me opium, which, it is true, stupified me somewhat, but gave me no sleep, as my pains were too violent; and I therefore suffered in this way during the whole voyage.

We had all kinds of mishaps on our passage. Among other things, a ship, during a calm, once came too near us and gave us a tremendous thump, and we were obliged to push it away with poles. At another time, also, a ship, with its stern, tore away our little necessary, and it was very fortunate that no one was in it at the time.

One day, while we were enveloped by a thick mist, we thought we saw land. Most fortunately, however, at the same instant the mist, owing to a gust of wind, suddenly drew up like a curtain; and then the captain noticed with terror that we were at a place called Dusky-bay and close to a well known and dangerous rock, which, on account of its shape, is called the “old woman,” and actually looks like one sitting there with bent back and bowed head. He immediately cried out to the captain of the man-of-war that had us in tow, who, making this voyage for the first time, did not know of this danger; and at the same moment a favorable wind fortunately arose, which we used to such good advantage that in less than an hour we had left this bay, which by the way is full of rocks, and on which ships are often wrecked. In the course of this voyage, we touched at Nova Scotia, where we landed for a short time. We were welcomed at this place in the most friendly manner. The governor and

his wife (both amiable people) begged us at once to dine with them. We accepted this invitation, and found assembled at their house, a very agreeable company, consisting of seven or eight families, who were continually exchanging visits one with another. The next day, they showed us, not only the city itself, but the country in the immediate vicinity, with which we were exceedingly pleased. One can live in this place very cheaply. Sea-fish, also, are found here remarkably good. It was remarked upon as a curious circumstance, that while, before the revolution, lobsters or large craw-fish had never been seen in this vicinity; yet no sooner had that struggle commenced, than numbers of them left the continent of North America and came to New Scotland. This gave rise to a standing joke among the people of this place, that the lobsters were good royalists, and accordingly wore the English (red) uniform.\* During our stay in New Scotland, I suffered so terribly with the tooth-ache, that I resolved to have the troublesome tooth extracted. In order however, to spare my husband and children all care and anxiety, I got up at five o'clock in the morning, and sent for our chirurgeon, who was considered very skillful in drawing teeth. We went into a remote room, where he made me sit down on the earthen floor, and with a coarse, dirty instrument, gave me such a jerk that I certainly thought he had done the business, and asked him for my tooth. "Only have patience a moment longer," said he, as he made me again sit down, giving, at the same time, another tug at the tooth. Now, thought I, I have surely got rid of it; but by no manner of means, for he had, on the contrary, seized hold of, and loosened a healthy tooth, without, however, pulling it entirely out. I was exceedingly angry at this bungling: and, although he offered to pull this and the decayed one, I could not, and would not again trust myself to him. I have had good reason to repent this experiment; for

\* This illustration is not a happy one, since they do not wear this uniform until they are pretty well *cooked*.

this loosened tooth was so pressed upon one side, that for more than two years afterward it prevented me from shutting my teeth together; while, in addition, this experience made me such a coward, that I have never been able to bring myself to submit to a similar operation.

During the remainder of our voyage, we had a few storms, and just as we entered the river St. Lawrence, we met with the disagreeable mishap of losing two anchors. We anchored in this river every evening on account of the ebbing of the tide. Unfortunately an anchor was dropped upon a reef, which on account of the continual motion of the ship by the wind, parted from the cable. They then threw out a second anchor, which met with the same fate. We had now only one small anchor left. If we had lost that we should have been at the sport of the wind, and would have had to pass an exceedingly wretched night. At the same time, also, our provisions failed us, a boat that we had sent ashore having brought back only some fowls and eggs. All these *contretemps* made my husband resolve that we should not remain another night on board the ship. Accordingly, when the ship again came to anchor the same evening, he ordered the long-boat to be let down, and we, namely, my husband and myself, our children, both the aids-de-camp, my maid servants and two attendants, seated ourselves in it and were carried to the land. We chanced upon a pretty cottage occupied by a peasant, where we were received in a very friendly manner. The captain of the ship brought us hither, together with our pilots. Some of these pilots come on board, immediately upon the ships entering any distance within the St. Lawrence. These people are well paid, receiving often twenty guineas. As the ships are all insured, every sea captain is bound at his peril to take one. On the contrary, however, every captain is released from all responsibility, the moment the pilot is on board, who then takes the entire charge, and is answerable with his head for any danger.

My husband, with one of his aids-de-camp, went on, the same

evening, to Quebec, and I followed him the next day, but did not arrive there until three days afterward. The country through which I passed, was exceedingly picturesque. Every inhabitant has a good house, which they take great pains to cleanse thoroughly once a year. This causes them to have a very neat look, and gives them, also, a glistening appearance in the distance.\* As their sons, and also their sons-in-law, as soon as married, build close to their parents, very pretty settlements soon spring up around them, on which account these people call themselves *habitans* (settlers), and not peasants. These dwellings, every one of which has attached to it a stable, orchard and pasturage, lie along the St. Lawrence, and present a splendid appearance, especially to those who sail up and down the river. To every house, also, an ice cellar is attached, which is made with very little trouble. A hole, for instance, is dug in the earth. This is then filled, first with ice and then with water, which, in congealing, fills up all the interstices, and makes the top as smooth as the surface of a mirror. Over this the inhabitants lay a very clean board, and place upon it various articles of food, which are thus kept with the greatest cleanliness. They take special pains to keep out of the ice-house any straw or hay, which they say causes the ice to melt more quickly. These ice houses are indispensable, particularly as each one kills his own cattle, nor would they be able otherwise to keep the meat fresh in summer when the heat is very great. As a general thing, these ice-cellars are made under their barns.

These people, also, keep in summer much cattle, which they kill at the beginning of winter, and bring into the city for sale. Some of the animals that they keep, for their own support — such as beeves, sheep and swine — they drive to the forest in the morning, and only in the evening give them provender in

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\*When Mrs. Riedesel says, "cleanse them every year," she probably meant, "*white wash*," though she does not use that word. One who has ever passed down the St. Lawrence, will recall the shining appearance of the Canadian cottages, the effect of the white-wash.

the stable. They have, also, in this part of the country, a little fish called small cod,\* which are caught under the ice. For this purpose large holes are made in the ice at intervals of six to eight hundred feet. In these openings they place nets which are made fast to great poles by strong cords. In this way they catch sometimes five or six sledges full. The fish are then thrown into the ice-cellars, where they freeze instantly, and they remain in this condition until they are needed. Then they are brought forth, thawed out, placed immediately in the kettle, and eaten. These fish, especially when fried in butter, taste very nicely.

The dwellings are exceedingly comfortable; and in them one finds remarkably good and clean beds. All the heads of the households have curtained beds; and, as the sitting-rooms are very large, they have their beds stand in them. They have, moreover, great ovens, in which they cook. Their soups are very substantial, and consist, for the most part, of bacon, fresh meat and vegetables, which are cooked all together in a pot, and served out at the same time with the entremets. The Canadians prepare a kind of sugar from the maple-tree which for this reason, is called the sugar-maple. They go in the spring of the year into the forest, armed with kettles and pots, in which the sap is gathered from incisions made in the trees. It is then boiled and that which is uppermost, and on that account the best, they keep especially for their own use. This maple-sugar has only one fault, that it is too brown; otherwise it is right good, especially for diseases of the breast.

The natives are hospitable and jovial, singing and smoking the whole day long. The women frequently have goitres. Otherwise, however, the people are healthy and live to be quite old. Indeed, it is not unfrequent to meet with very aged persons living with their great grandchildren, who take the greatest care of them.

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\* Probably Tom-cod.

We arrived in Quebec the middle of September, 1781, after a journey of eight weeks, and were welcomed in a very friendly manner. My husband soon gained the affection of the English Lieutenant General Haldimand, (who was the governor of the province and the commander-in-chief of the troops in Canada) although he had been represented as a man with whom it was difficult to get along, as nobody could ever please him. I had the satisfaction not only of receiving kindness from him, but of winning his friendship, which I also kept as long as he lived.\* People endeavored to inspire us with distrust of him; but we would hear nothing against him. On the contrary, we behaved toward him with great open-heartedness — a line of conduct which he was not slow to acknowledge with thanks, especially as he was very little accustomed to such treatment in this place. Great changes were now made in the governor's house, which up to this time had resembled a barrack. He had it now furnished and arranged after the English fashion; and, although he had only been here five years, yet his gardens were already full of choice fruits and foreign plants, which one would scarcely have believed could be made to grow in this climate. He had, however, taken advantage of an excellent southern exposure. The house was situated on a height, almost on the very top. We remained four weeks in Quebec, during which time, General Haldimand went with my husband to Sorell, and pointed out to him where he was to be stationed in that place. While there he said to him, with great friendliness, that he felt badly at our having to reside here in such miserable lodgings, but as this was a post of considerable importance he knew of no one so capable of filling it as himself. As he was unable to

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\* Papet's diary, speaking of this general says: "His excellency, General Haldimand, is not a friend of great formalities, but fond of a good dinner, and satisfied when he can quietly smoke his pipe in his seat before the chimney."

• Another Brunswick officer does more justice to the general, and considers him one of the most deserving officers England ever had; and one, "whom the Brunswickers will always remember with the greatest gratitude and esteem."

have a house built for us immediately, he bought one, the walls of which had only just been completed. He, however, gave orders that every thing should be in readiness for our reception by Christmas-eve, and begged us to give directions for the arrangement of our rooms. In the meantime we resided with an inhabitant of the place. Our plan was given out; and to our great astonishment we were able to eat our Christmas pie, in our new house — with which dish the English always celebrate Christmas day — although the trees for our building had not been felled nor the boards sawed until after our arrival. Upon the walls pretty paper-hangings were pasted, and we had really quite a spruce residence. We had a large dining-room, and near by, a pretty room for my husband, close to which was our sleeping apartment: then came a cunning little nursery, to which was attached a closet fitted up especially for our eldest daughter; and last of all, a large and beautiful parlor, which we used as a sitting room. The entry resembled more a fine apartment. Along its sides were benches, and in it stood a great stove, from which strong pipes extended to the ceiling and heated the whole house. Over head were still four large rooms: one for our female servants; another for our male domestics; and the two others for spare chambers.

In the spring of 1782, two covered passage-ways were built on to the house, one of which led to the kitchen, and the other to our wash-house. Over this latter was the guard room. We did not live in the village of Sorell itself, but about a quarter of a mile distant, and so near the outposts, that, as my husband did not wish to be captured, six men slept every night in the entry upon the benches. Our immense stove, which stood in this hall, gave out such an amount of heat, that the house was kept always so warm, that notwithstanding the biting cold which exists in Canada, we never felt in the least chilled as long as we remained in the house. An unpleasant circumstance, however, happened to us, namely: our walls became warped during the winter, tearing our pretty paper-hangings, and creating draughts of air.

In the summer of 1782, my husband made a journey of three weeks, during which time I begged the English artisans, who, according to the orders of the governor, were all at our disposal, to help me set every thing to rights against his return. Cabinet-makers, painters and paper-hangers all set themselves to work. The walls were repaired; doors, windows, chairs, and tables painted afresh, and the rents in the wall-paper mended with new paper which I had brought hither. On his return, my husband found to his great amazement every thing arranged in perfect order, and, as it were, a new house, and all this too had been accomplished with very little cost, as we were not allowed to give the artisans any thing except their food and drink; for which recompense, however, they worked with a will. Our company consisted solely of men. What we missed of society, however, was fully made up to us during both the winters, we spent in Canada, by the invitations which we received from General Haldimand to visit him at Quebec, where we staid six weeks at a time, at the house of Dr. Mabine, a staunch friend of the general. We dined every day with the general who, at the same time, was so kind as even to send for my children. In the evening he would come to the house of our host to make a hand at cards and take supper. He said that he did this in order not to keep me from my children. He often played until midnight, sometimes, indeed, till after one o'clock; but he was so polite as not to force me to remain up against my will, and accordingly I could not have retired even had I been so disposed. I have hardly ever seen a man who was more amiable and friendly to those to whom he had once given his friendship; and we flattered ourselves that we were included among that number.

In the spring of 1782, he begged us to come to Montreal, where he had business, on which occasion he assured us, that the time which he then spent with us, was the dearest moment of his life. I rode to Montreal in a sledge, upon the river St. Lawrence which was frozen solid. We remained there about a week, and returned home in the same manner. This proceeding,



however, was not only very imprudent, but in the highest degree hazardous; for by this time it had begun to thaw, and along the whole of our track, which was marked by branches of trees stuck up at intervals, the ice was already covered with water. (I may here remark, that this practice of marking out a particular path on the ice by these trees, soon makes a well beaten road, as every sled goes in the same track). Our Canadian drivers seemed to be quite timid, but they would not go out of the regular beaten track, as they said there was less danger in following that, than in making a new one. At last about five o'clock in the afternoon, we arrived at Sorell in safety, though we had traveled most of the way in water which, at times, came into our sledges. The next morning when I got up, I saw, to my horror, a ship under full canvas, sailing up the river in the very track that we had come over with so much risk the night previous.\*

The Canadian winter is very healthy, although severe; for as the weather is steady, one can take proper precautions against the cold. Thus is it, that the people here do not suffer from cold near as much as with us. In the beginning of November, each household lays in all their stores for the winter. I was very much astonished when they asked me how many fowls, and particularly how many fish I wished to have for the winter; I asked where I should keep the latter as I had no fish-pond? "In the loft," they replied, "where they will keep better than in the cellar." I accordingly laid away, between three and four hundred, which kept fresh and sweet the entire winter. All that was necessary to do, when we wanted something for our table, such as meat, fish, eggs, apples and lemons, was to put them in cold water the day previous. By this means, all the frost was taken out, and the meat and fish became as juicy and tender as they are with us. The fowls, moreover, are packed in

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\* There is nothing improbable in this statement. Frequently towards spring, the whole surface of Lake Champlain, for instance, will be covered apparently with solid ice one day, while on the next, not the least particle of it can be seen.

the snow, which forms around them such a crust of ice, that they have to be chopped out with a hatchet. They have a fruit in Canada, which is called *ottocas*.\* It grows in the water, is red, and as large as a small cherry, but without a stone. It is carefully gathered, particularly by the Indians, and sold without the stalk. It makes a very good preserve, especially if picked after a hard frost. All other fruit is very scarce; and only in Montreal, can one find good, yes, excellent apples, viz: "*reinettes*," and a kind of large red apple, of a very excellent flavor, which is called "*bowrassas*." The Canadians pack them in barrels which must be headed up, and pasted over with paper, where they keep good until the very last. But small barrels are used for this purpose, for if they are once broken open the apples can no longer be preserved. Fruit, however, is very dear, especially pears, which are less seldom met with than apples, and are not so easily kept. I ordered six barrels of apples, and half a barrel of pears. One can imagine my surprise at being compelled to pay for them, twenty-one guineas. I had, it is true, asked the price beforehand, but they had not been able, at that time, to name a definite sum. My husband had a large patch of ground behind our house, converted into a productive garden, in which he planted twelve hundred fruit trees. This made the garden not only ornamental, but useful, especially as we raised in it a few vegetables. Every thing grew splendidly; and each evening, we went into the garden and picked between one hundred and fifty and two hundred cucumbers, which I made into pickles. This manner of preparing these vegetables, was not known to the Canadians; and I accordingly made them all presents of pickles, particularly our good General Haldimand, who declared them to be excellent.

It was, in fact, as if I lived upon a magnificent farm. I had my cows, a large number of fowls, and Virginia hogs, which are

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\* The cranberry. The Canadian peasants still sell them in the markets at Montreal, under this name.

black, smaller than ours, and very short-legged. I also made my own butter. This was truly the promised land to the soldiers, for their barracks were prettily fitted up, and attached to each one was a garden. My husband gave them seeds; and it afforded us great satisfaction to see their house-keeping, especially their kitchen arrangements; a pleasure we often indulged in when we were out walking. They exchanged half of the salt meat they received for fresh; after which they would boil both kinds together in a large kettle with all sorts of vegetables and dumplings. There was also considerable rivalry among the soldiers as to which of them could prepare the best meal. They divided regularly among each other all their work. Some worked in the garden; others attended to the cooking; some kept the barracks clean; and others again went out into the forest and cut wood, which they brought in on little carts made especially for that purpose. My husband, also, had fishing nets made and each company went fishing in turn. Every time they went, they were so considerate as to send us some of the fish which they had caught. In this way they had fish two or three times a week; besides which they received every six days a bottle of rum, rice, butter, twelve pounds of Indian-meal for bread, and every day either a pound of salt pork or half a pound of beef. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the greater portion of them looked wistfully toward their native land. My husband had also Indians under his command who loved him very much. His frank disposition had completely won their hearts. Before my first arrival in Canada, one of his Indians, named Hansel, heard that he was sick, was married, and felt very uneasy at my not having arrived. He, therefore, came with his wife, to my husband, and said to him, "See here now! I love my wife, but I also love thee, and as a proof of my sincerity I give her to thee!" My husband replied, "I thank thee and recognize thy attachment, but I already have a wife, whom I love, and I, therefore, beg thee to keep thine own." Upon this refusal he seemed sad and very much cast down; and it was

only after considerable persuasion that he could be induced to take back his wife, whom I afterwards saw very frequently. She was quite handsome. This Hansel was not, it is true, a real Indian, but a German, who in a battle with the savages, had been taken prisoner with several others, when only fifteen years old. All the rest of his party who were not captured, were killed. All of his companions were killed, but his figure, and his courageous defense had so pleased the Indians that they gave him his life on the consideration that he would marry among them and assume their manners and dress, which he accordingly did. The life of a savage must be very attractive, for a nephew of General Carleton lived a long time among them ; married an Indian ; and became so accustomed to this restless, but free and pleasant life, that it was not until many years afterwards, and only after repeated entreaties, that he returned to his uncle. He then married the general's sister-in-law, a pretty and amiable person, but, they told me, he continually longed after his former mode of life, and his Indian wife, the marriage with whom was afterwards annulled. He served in the army, I believe, as a major, and was an exceedingly agreeable man.

It was at this time that I saw the renowned chief of the Indians, Captain Brant, whose likeness has been engraved. As he showed considerable intellect and talent when very young, General Carleton sent him to England to visit the king, upon whom he made so good an impression that he had him educated, and promised to care for him in the future. He profited by the tuition which he received, but when he was between twenty and twenty-four years old, he begged very hard to be sent back to his family.\* At the time we were in Canada, he was the leader of the Indians. He conversed well, possessed polished manners, and was highly esteemed by General Haldimand. I have dined with him at the general's. He was dressed partly as a military man, and partly as an Indian. He had a manly and

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\* Mrs. Riedesel was misinformed in regard to the early life of Brant. His first visit to England was in 1755, at the age of thirty-three. *Vide Stone's Life of Brant.*



1752

JEAN-BAPTISTE LAFONTAINE  
D'UN JEUNE HOMME DE LA FIN DU XVIII<sup>e</sup> SIÈCLE

1752 - 1753







*Sir William Johnson Bart.  
Major General of the English Forces  
in North America.*

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intelligent cast of countenance. His character was very gentle. My husband was once invited to a gathering of Indians, where they first made him a speech, and then begged him to take a seat among them. They then offered him a pipe of tobacco, which with them is the highest compliment they can pay, and is an evidence of their esteem and friendship. They also gave him a name which in their language signifies THE SUN. He, in turn, invited them to visit him. They came, and he entertained them, after the fashion of their race, with tobacco and rum.

One of these Indians especially, was decorated with medals which are marks of personal prowess. We invited him to dinner and forced him to drink. He drank, however, very little, and said to us in broken French, "Bon enfant le sauvage, lorsque sobre, mais trop bû, animal féroce!" My daughter, Frederica, won his friendship. He begged her for a new ribbon, upon which to hang his medals, assuring her that then he should prize them still more highly. Altogether, he was a very kind man, full of gentle courtesy. The Indians lay great stress upon dreams. A certain Johnson, before our arrival, became a rich man through this belief. It happened in this way: the Indians were in the habit of often coming to him and saying to him, "Brother Johnson, we have just dreamed that we came to you, and you gave us a great quantity of rum and tobacco." "In that case," he would reply, "I must make your dream come true," giving them of the same as much as they wished. This delighted them; and they came more frequently to repeat to him their several dreams. But one day he went to them and said, "My brothers, I also have just dreamed that I came to you, and that you were so well satisfied with the friendship and hospitality which I have shown you, as to make me a present of a very large piece of land;" at the same time mentioning the particular tract. "Indeed!" they exclaimed, terribly frightened, "Have you dreamt that?" They immediately went out and held a consultation, the result of which was, that on their return,

they said, "Brother Johnson, we give you this piece of land, but *do not dream again*.\*

The Indians generally treat their bodies with harshness, making incisions and marks in their faces, which they paint with different colors in order to give them a more martial appearance.

One day a youth was chosen chief of a tribe. This caused a murmuring among the other tribes, and at a general council so many offensive epithets were applied to him by one of the other chiefs, that after much altercation, his temper kindled; and, springing up, he split open the head of his antagonist with his tomahawk. When, however, he afterwards reflected upon the consequences of his rash step, which, among savages, occasions for all time feuds and bloodshed between the tribe of the murdered and that of the murderer, he went to the house of the English commandant in the place, called for a black ribbon, punched holes in both his arms (through which he drew the ribbon, and with which he had his arms tied securely behind his back), and in this condition delivered himself up to the tribe of the Indian he had slain, at the same time acknowledging that he had killed one of their number in a fit of passion. He further said that in order to prevent the shedding of blood between the tribes, which otherwise must immediately follow, he had rendered himself defenseless, and now delivered himself up to them in this condition. Upon this noble behavior and his evident courage and penitence, the Indians of the injured tribe were so touched and pleased that they not only forgave but adopted him into their tribe in the place of the murdered man; and subsequently even chose him for their chief.

The Indians behave bravely in battle as long as victory is upon their side. But on retreats, as, for example, previous to our

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\* A capital story, but utterly without foundation in truth. Mrs. Riedesel, however, undoubtedly tells it as it was related to her, as the story was current at the time. *Vide Stone's Life of Sir Wm. Johnson*, vol. I. page 325, where the facts in relation to the origin of the royal grant, are given in full.

being taken prisoners at Saratoga, I saw them first run and then hide themselves. But it is very likely that this may have been caused by their fear of being captured and then killed.

During the summer of 1782, we passed several weeks very pleasantly at Quebec. General Haldimand had built himself a house upon a hill, which he called Montmorency, after the great and famous waterfall of that name. He took us over to his house. It was his pet, and certainly nothing could equal its situation. This celebrated cataract of the Montmorency plunges down from a height of one hundred and sixty-three feet, with a frightful din, through a cleft between two mountains. While the general was pointing out to us this magnificent spectacle, I accidentally let fall the remark, that it must be splendid to have a little house directly over the cataract. Three weeks afterwards he again guided us to the fall. We made our way up the steep path, and over pieces of rock that were united by little bridges after the manner of Chinese gardens. When we at last reached the top, he gave me his hand to assist me into a little building which hung directly over the fall itself. He was amazed at my courage, when, without a moment's hesitation, I immediately entered it. But I assured him that I was not in the least afraid, when accompanied by such a careful man as himself. He showed us how the house was fastened in such a situation. The manner of it was this. He had caused eight strong rafters to be extended from the bank, some distance over the chasm, through which the cataract plunged down. There beams rested for a third of their length upon the rocks, and upon them the house stood. It was a frightful but majestic sight. Nor could one remain in the house long, for the din was horrible. Above this fall they catch very fine trout, which, however, once cost an English officer his life. He was springing from one rock to another, in order to catch them, when his foot slipped from under him, and he was carried away by the strength of the current. Nothing was ever found of him afterwards, but a few mangled limbs.

We were also at this fall once in the winter, on which occasion the various and strange figures made by the ice, afforded a magnificent spectacle; but we missed the roaring of the waters. The cold was at that time so intense that even the general's Madeira wine froze in the bottles. Instead of being spoiled, however, it was found to be especially fine when thawed out. He gave us one day some of that which had not been frozen, and we found it most excellent.

In the autumn of 1782, when I was far advanced in pregnancy, my husband received orders to go to the Isle aux Noix, and lay out a fort which should protect the place in case of attack. During his absence I felt perfectly forlorn; and my only consolation was that he came to see me every three or four weeks. On his part, also, the time was passed at that place very unpleasantly. He made from there a short journey to a place called Point de Fer, which lies at the confluence of the river Sorell with Lake Champlain, to visit the outposts. While there he came very near being burnt in the barracks. In the middle of the night he heard a great commotion; and, as this was an advanced post, he thought, for the moment, that the Americans had learned of his whereabouts, and were intending to capture him. While thus thinking an English officer came in and asked where the general was. Upon the latter answering "Here," he called out, "For God's sake, General, run, or we are both lost for the barracks are in flames." The subaltern did not allow my husband any time to gather together any of his things, so that he was obliged to run out naked and barefoot, through the flames upon the ice. The danger was indeed great, on account of the barrels of gunpowder stored in the barracks, which might easily have gone off had the flames reached them. However, as soon as my husband observed that the soldiers remained, and were busily engaged in extinguishing the fire, he returned and dressed himself by one of the watch fires.

In the meantime I was taken sick. During the absence of my husband I had been in the habit, by way of dissipating my

loneliness, of driving out in my carriage. On one of these occasions, my pains, of which I already had premonitory symptoms, became so great as to compel me to return. They endeavored to persuade me to sit down at table, as I alone felt that I had a severe trial before me. I had hoped that my confinement would be delayed until my husband's arrival on the 5th, but I was disappointed in my expectations, and I was happily delivered of a beautiful little daughter. I was so well that I was able to write to my husband myself, announcing the new arrival. But as he wished very much for a little son, he thought I was only joking; and when at table the health of his newly born daughter was proposed, he again read my letter attentively to see if it was not really a little son. Finally, however, he was obliged to give in; but on his arrival home, on the 5th, he found the little maiden so handsome, that he was consoled for his disappointment, and the little one contributed much to the joy of us both. But, alas! this joy was of short duration, for she was spared to us only five months. I nursed her myself, but in doing so, suffered so much with my breasts, that I was obliged to have an operation performed on them. I was strongly advised not to nurse her longer, and I at last yielded, although with the greatest reluctance, as I had almost a foreboding of what would be the sad result. The very first night after I had weaned the little one, my imagination became so very much excited, that I actually thought I heard a voice calling out to me, "You have done very wrong to wean her; she will die!" Half asleep and terribly frightened, I sprang out of bed, tore away the things which had been put on my breast to dry up the milk, and was about to give my dear little Canada (for so we had named her) the breast again. But my nurse would not allow it, giving as a reason, that it would only injure the child, as she was now weaned. Three days afterward, she was attacked by a diarrhoea, and on the 5th was very bad. They would not allow me to nurse her, as I was also very sick with the milk-fever. But I can never forgive myself for allowing them to prevent me from

doing as my judgment dictated ; for I afterwards heard that they gave her very little nourishment. It is true that at length upon my repeated urging, our cook, who was a wet nurse, gave her the breast anew, which she took eagerly, but it was probably already too late. We had a distinguished English physician, named Kennedy, come from Three Rivers, who, as soon as he saw the child, said it was dying from debility. He had an old hen killed, and took out the entrails, which he had cooked without being cleaned. Of this, he gave her every half hour injections, which at first seemed to infuse into her new life ; but she was too far gone to rally permanently, and we had the unhappiness to lose her. My oldest daughter, Augusta, who had loved her little sister very much, became sick from sorrow ; and my youngest daughter, America, also, almost died from the same cause, before her sister even was buried. But the physician who was still with us, made such good use of his remedies that she was spared to us.

My husband was so beside himself in consequence of all these calamities, that he could not be persuaded to come into the house, until the doctor assured him that his patients were all well.

We buried our beloved dead little one in Sorell ; and the officer promised me that they would have a tombstone, with an inscription, put over her grave, which would prevent the inhabitants, who were blind and zealous Catholics, from taking up the heretic child out of the consecrated earth.

In order to dissipate my sorrow, General Haldimand, in the summer of 1783, begged us to visit him in Quebec. We had, however, when the invitation came, just heard of the death of my father-in-law, and my husband, very naturally, therefore, longed more than ever to return to Europe. His health, also, was very uncertain ; and, although the climate of Canada suited him better than that of New York, yet he was never free from unpleasant buzzings in his ears and violent headaches. So far as regarded myself, also, I wished very much to see my mother,

brothers and sisters, once more. Indeed, had it not been for this homesickness, I should have been perfectly contented in Canada; for the climate agreed well with my children, and we were beloved by, and on a very pleasant footing with the people. News had been received that as the preliminaries of peace had already been signed, our troops would, perhaps, be sent back to Europe that same year. General Haldimand, also, very much wished to return to England, and had even gone so far as to solicit his recall. We often formed plans with each other to make the return voyage together on the same ship. One day, when we were at his house and were walking together in his garden, we saw a number of vessels arrive in the harbor, and among others, a very beautiful ship anchor at the foot of the mountain. The general said, "Those are certainly the vessels that are to carry your troops back to Europe. Perhaps we shall make the journey together." Thereupon my little daughter, Frederica, who stood at my side, said to him, "Well then, if we go, you must give us that ship, it is so beautiful!" "My child," he replied, "I will do it right willingly, if it is a transport, but what would the king of England say if I should hire one especially for you, for the cost would be considerable?" "Oh!" she rejoined, "the king loves his wife and children, and it would certainly give him much pleasure if papa brought back his family safely; and you, would you not be delighted if your little wife was also taken back without any mishap?" (The good general always called my eldest daughter, Augusta, his little wife). He laughed heartily at this rally, and said, "Well, we will see about it."

Two days afterward, he called upon me in the morning, and with tears in his eyes told me, that we must separate. "You are to go, but I must remain. I shall miss you very much. I have found in your husband a man whom I can depend upon, and in your entire family friends—such as are seldom met with. I had hoped that we should have returned together, but the king has ordered it otherwise, and I must obey him. Mean-

while, I have thought over what your daughter said to me, and as it is my most earnest wish to have you make the voyage to Europe safely, I have myself examined the ship that has been chosen for you to see if it was suitable, but I find it unsafe. On the contrary, however, the one that your daughter was so pleased with, I find to be as good as I could wish for you, and therefore, although it is not of the number of those that were selected for the transportation of the troops, I have, nevertheless, assumed the responsibility of hiring it and having it put in proper order for the occupation of yourself and family. Now go and look at it, and order it fitted up for your comfort exactly as you wish. I have already given orders that every thing shall be as you desire. Your husband is about to go to Sorell, and it would be well if you should also accompany him thither to make all necessary arrangements for your voyage. But you must return soon and give me your company for the little time that will remain to you before your departure." He then left me deeply moved. How could one not give such a man his whole friendship?

An hour afterwards Major Twiss came to take me on board the ship. It was a large West-India three-decker, and in good condition. The captain, also, was highly praised as an excellent seaman, and a courteous and upright man. They showed me every part of the ship, and requested me to select those apartments I desired, as I would certainly need a dining and a sitting room. I laughed and said, "How can you manage to give me such accommodations." "Let me alone for that," replied the major. He immediately ordered the cannons, which were on the gun deck, to be taken away, a large window to be cut through above it, and on each side closets,\* for the gentlemen, in which their beds, chairs and tables were securely fastened. We retained for ourselves the great cabin, in which my husband and myself had a closet with two beds, and close by one for our

\* State-rooms in modern parlance.



children. In short, every thing was comfortable as could be expected in such a floating prison.

The day after I went to Sorell, in order to travel faster, I was advised to make the journey in a boat. I followed the suggestion; but we soon found the water too shallow, and they told us we must again take to land. "But how shall we reach it," said I, "for here there is nothing but swamps and stones?" It was then proposed to carry us, which, indeed, was a frightful undertaking, for our bearers slipped every instant. When we at last reached the land, a new difficulty awaited us; for we were obliged to climb up a high and very stony mountain. I protested that I never should be able to ascend it; but the Canadians who are inured to this kind of work, and can climb like chamois, assured me that this was a mere trifle to them, and besides, that there was nothing else left for us but to ascend the mountain. Accordingly they carried up my children, at the same time that two of the men dragged me up the ascent under their arms. The mountain was so steep, that those who went ahead of me, seemed as if they would fall on to me; besides all of which, the heat was unbearable. Finally, after much toil and trouble, we arrived at the top; and it was high time, for I was so completely tired out, that I was obliged to sit down, while my veins, also, were so swollen, from my having overheated myself, that my poor children felt exceedingly anxious about me. We were compelled to pass a night on the way. I found, however, a good bed and some refreshment, both of which I needed to restore my strength; and the next morning we again set out on our journey.

On our arrival at Sorell, I found my husband already very busy, and I, on my part, set myself to work to such good purpose, that in about a week I was able to return to Quebec, whither my husband very soon followed me. Before leaving, however, I took pains to speak to the parish priest, who was a very good man, about my little daughter's grave in that place, and to express to him my fears, that some of the very bigoted

people living there, out of blind zeal, would violate the resting place of one who was no Catholic child. But he assured me that the child had only been christened, not yet confirmed; and that it was therefore regarded as an angel, whose ashes would not be disturbed. He, also, gave me his word that he would personally watch over them.

On our return to Quebec, I heard that the new alterations of our ship had already advanced so far that every thing in it had assumed an entirely different appearance, and that General Haldimand himself had been there several times to oversee matters, besides having sent on board a cow and her calf, that we might be supplied constantly with fresh milk. He had also caused a place upon the upper-deck to be covered with earth, and salad-plants set out, which was not only very agreeable but exceedingly healthy on a sea-voyage. We bought also many fowls, sheep and house vegetables, so careful was I (as there were many of us), that our table — at which twenty-two people sat down daily — should be well supplied.

Our physician, Doctor Kennedy, on our passage through Three Rivers, pressed us to arrange it in such a manner that his family, namely, his wife and three daughters, two maid-servants and an attendant, could go with us to Europe. We promised him, accordingly, to speak with the general, for he was very skillful, and we thought it would be a capital idea to have such a man with us. The general replied to me, when I asked him, "The ship is yours, arrange matters as you please; but you do not know the pretensions of these people, who will make you a good deal of trouble." I learned afterward, by dear experience, that he knew his man well.

Another cabin was, accordingly, fixed up close to ours for Madame Kennedy and two of her daughters and a maid-servant; my children taking her third daughter, who was ten years old, in their own state-room. The doctor, himself, occupied one of the cabins in the great space adjoining the saloon.

On our departure, my husband sent to the good general his

favorite mare, with her beautiful foal; and in return he sent me a magnificent muff and tippet of sable, to remind us of the land where we had so long resided. This, too, was the more appropriate, as furs of many kinds are the principal products of Canada. English merchants become rich by sending over common articles of merchandise, which they exchange for furs, that are afterward dressed in England.

The general also, presented my daughter, Augusta, with a beautiful hound; and indeed he neglected no opportunity of showing his great friendship for us; and on our departure he was so much moved, that we also, were deeply affected. Two days before our departure, the English officers paid us the attention—in a comedy which they gave twice a week, and the receipts of which, after deducting the expenses of lighting up, went to the poor—of giving, at the end of the performance, a truly touching song, expressive of their regret at the departure of our troops; closing with thanking my husband for his kind treatment of each one of them, and with wishing us a prosperous journey.

After my husband had seen to the embarkation of the troops, we took dinner and tea with the general; after which, he carried us himself, to the ship, where we took a right hearty and sad farewell of him, and several others, who had showed us friendship.

## MRS. RIEDESEL'S ACCOUNT OF HER RETURN JOURNEY TO EUROPE.

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It was about the middle of the month of August, when we set out on our return journey to Europe. My husband, myself and our three children went, as I have already said, in the same ship. The morning after we had embarked, the signal of our departure was given. Every one laid in as great a supply of fresh meat as he could; and an hour after, our whole fleet was under sail. We sailed as far as the Isle de Bec, at the mouth of the river St. Lawrence, where we were obliged to lie two whole weeks waiting for favorable winds. This made it the more unfortunate for all hands, as we were consequently forced to use up our supplies of fresh meat and vegetables, for the surrounding country had those articles neither as good, nor as abundant as was necessary to meet the wants of the whole fleet. We also learned that we would not be able to reach Europe before the equinoctial, and would run great danger of meeting with the storms so prevalent at that time off the English coast.

While we were in this frame of mind, our chaplain, Mylius, of my husband's regiment, held one Sunday his accustomed service; and just as he was praying most fervently that God would soon grant us a favorable wind and a happy arrival in our father-land, the ship, which had hitherto lain motionless in the calm, suddenly began to move; and as the chaplain said, "Amen," the cry went round that the English commodore, who commanded the fleet, had just given the signal for our departure.

Half an hour after, he passed us with his ship, and the whole fleet followed him under full sail.

As the passage with the fleet, which was often delayed, was exceedingly tedious, my husband wished very much to leave it and go on ahead in order to deliver, as quickly as possible, the dispatches which General Haldimand had sent to the king through him. It was also the wish of our ship's captain to find an opportunity of separating from the fleet and sailing faster, but he dared not do it without permission from the commodore who commanded the convoy. Two days afterward, one of the ships made a sign that it had something to say to the commodore, on which all the ships came to a stop. But the commodore was so courteous as to call out to my husband through a speaking trumpet, "General, go on!" Our captain profited by this order; for, taking it as his general warrant not to wait for the other ships, he spread all sail, and in a short time we saw our fleet no more. At first we were very much delighted, but afterward, this very isolation made me fearful of the result in case of our meeting with any accident.

Just as we separated from the fleet, a singular circumstance happened, which deserves mention in this connection, only because it was regarded by our captain as a sure and auspicious omen of a happy termination of our voyage. It was this: two pigeons, belonging to the ship of the commodore, flew from that vessel to ours and could not be driven away. As I have just said, this incident, our captain regarded as an important and auspicious omen, but the crew of the commodore's ship, on the contrary, reasoning on the same principle, considered it as very unlucky for them; which foreboding, indeed, was afterwards accidentally confirmed, for the poor commodore during this very voyage, had the misfortune to become insane. Before this I had no idea of the many superstitions that prevail among sailors. These people notice every little trifling incident, and draw from them conclusions and omens.

Soon after our departure we noticed that a large number of

black-birds, and an amazing quantity of dolphins, gathered around our ship, and the horizon became a yellowish fawn color. Our captain prophesied from this a heavy storm, which set in, sure enough, the same evening, and, with the exception of a calm of a single day, when we were on the banks of Newfoundland, continued with unabated fury, day and night, for three weeks. As we were fortunately, however, sailing before the wind, we made, by this very means, the passage from the Isle de Bee, to the bay of St. Helen, in eighteen days, an instance of unheard-of speed, as the only example in the least similar, was that of a French frigate, which went the same distance in eighteen days, one day longer than our passage.

One evening, one of our sails was torn away, and as it was very dark, this made bad work, for our ship was dreadfully tossed, and lay entirely upon one of her sides. However, before the next night the injury was repaired.

Some days after, we perceived a burning smell, and were the more anxious to discover whence it came, because under our cabin was the powder room. After searching in vain for a long time, I at last found that in the state-room of Madame Kennedy, a string which held a lantern, had caught fire, and had already burned up close to a rafter, which, as is customary upon ships, was smeared with tar and on that account would the more easily have burned. I hastened to point it out, and the captain was very much delighted at the discovery of the source of the fire. He represented to Mrs. Kennedy the danger in which she had placed us all, and begged her to be more careful in future. But she, instead of acknowledging it with thanks, as she had also escaped the danger, considered herself a very much injured woman, was sulky toward me for more than a week, and did nothing less than to place upon the floor of her cabin a night lamp, which, as it slid hither and thither by the motion of the ship, gave us much anxiety. My husband and I could scarcely sleep on account of the violence of the storm, and the former passed the greater part of the night on deck. On one occa-

sion, I said to the captain that what I most feared was the so-called dead-lights. These are wooden windows which in case of a violent storm are placed in the windows of the ship to keep the water from coming in. The captain, a very kind and amiable man, endeavored to reassure me by saying that our ship was so very high out of the water, that a storm must be extraordinarily heavy to render these windows necessary; and further, that in summer there never had been an instance known of a storm so violent as to render such a proceeding needful.

It was eight o'clock in the evening when he said this to me, and at ten o'clock the storm was so violent that no one went to bed. Toward midnight some one knocked at our door; I inquired who was there, and received to my great horror the reply that the captain had sent down the dreaded dead-lights for our windows. "It is impossible," cried I, "beg the captain to come to me." He came at once and told us that the storm was so violent that he must resort to these means to keep the waves from dashing in at the windows. He, however, assured me, that otherwise there was no actual danger, as the ship was amply strong enough to ride out the storm. The storm continued the whole night with unabated fury, and just at sunrise it carried away one of our masts. Madame Kennedy was in tears the whole of the night, and lamented especially that her sons had by this time arrived safely in England, and would in all probability survive her.

Early in the morning at five o'clock I went into the room where my children were asleep. I hesitated whether to wake them, or allow them to sleep on in peaceful ignorance of our dangerous situation. I could not, however, in the sorrowful presentment that we were all about to perish, restrain myself from embracing them all in turn. When I came to my eldest daughter, Augusta, I found her awake; but she had abstained from uttering the least cry, in order not to disturb me still more. "Alas! what a storm," said I, "are you not terribly frightened?" "Oh yes," she replied, "but my consolation is, that at any rate

we shall not survive you." These few words, which showed their tender love, as well as resignation, touched my innermost heart.

At one time during the gale the ship was so dreadfully shaken and thrown so violently upon one side, that I said to myself, one more such a shaking and it will be all over with us. At last, however, day-break put an end to my sufferings; for although the wind was still strong enough in all conscience, yet the storm had considerably abated. The wind, nevertheless, was always favorable for us, and drove us along with such force, that we made fourteen knots every hour, a circumstance which greatly assisted our progress.

One day the captain said to us, "Should the wind continue as favorable as hitherto, we shall be in England within three days." This caused us the most lively joy; for although we had a sufficiency of almost every thing, fresh bread and other provisions, milk (which is very seldom to be obtained on board a ship) and even music, as the hautboys of my husband's regiment were with us, yet we were all worse off than as if we had been in the most miserable hut. Indeed, my husband, who shared all my troubles, remarked to me one night, that even a pig-sty would be better. He could not lie still in bed with comfort to himself, and I believe that during the whole of our voyage he did not sleep in bed more than five or six nights.

During one of the violent tossings of the ship, one of our cows was thrown out of a hammock in which she was hanging, and so much injured that we were obliged to have her killed. We then made her meat a present to the crew.

Towards the end of our voyage, a constant and strong mist prevented the captain from taking accurate observations, and his reckoning did not agree with that of my husband, who was positive that we had already passed the Scilly Isles (of whose rocks the captain was exceedingly apprehensive), and were accordingly very near the English coast. In this uncertainty, the captain determined, on the evening of the eighteenth day of



our passage, to lie to. By this means the ship would remain stationary, and be in no danger of running on the rocks at night.

In this unpleasant state of expectancy (for while a ship is lying to, the wind gives it a very disagreeable motion) we were one day sitting in our cabin. The gentlemen, although they had finished their dinner, were still seated at table, sad and thoughtful, and the captain had already got up, and gone on deck to give in person the preliminary orders for lying to, when suddenly my husband heard from above the cry of land! land! and soon after, he was called on deck by the captain, who pointed out to him, a small white speck glistening through the mist. At first he would not believe that it was land, but the captain assured him that having made the passage so often, he indeed recognized it as chalk, and that it, therefore, could be nothing else than the shining coast of England.\*

Soon after, a gust of wind dissipated the mist, drawing it aside, as it were, like a great curtain, and to our indescribable joy, disclosed the Isle of Wight, and the whole English coast, lying in the clear atmosphere, directly in front of us. "Now," exclaimed the captain, "I must put on all sail, for we must, this very evening get round the Isle of Wight: otherwise, I will not be able to find a place to anchor, and may be driven, by storms, through the channel, into the North sea." This was no small undertaking. It was already four o'clock in the afternoon, and the Isle of Wight is thirty leagues long. It cost the captain a great amount of trouble to stretch out the sails; and as it was, he had more than twenty sail-yards — which cracked like glass — shivered to pieces in the operation. But at last we got things fixed; and then the ship shot away with such amazing velocity, that

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\* If report speaks correctly, Baron Riedesel was a better general than navigator. There is yet a tradition current in Brunswick (where he resided for so long a time) that on his voyage to America — which, it will be recollected, was very long and tedious — he, one morning, gravely inquired of the captain, "whether it were possible that the ship could have sailed past Canada in the night!"

at eight o'clock the same evening, we arrived safely in St. Helen's bay.

The same day, I came very near having my foot crushed. I had gone upon deck with the others, to feast my eyes for a moment upon the land so close at hand. Captain O'Connell, one of the English officers that were of our party, jumped up for joy, slipped, and knocked down in falling, a block pulley, which rolled upon my foot, and crushed it against the side of the ship. The pain made me shriek out, and I was not able to stand up. They carried me into my cabin, and washed and dressed my foot. On each side of the cabin, there was a sofa securely fastened. I sat down upon one of these, and my little seven year old daughter, upon the other. Suddenly the ship gave such a violent lurch, that the child was thrown from the opposite sofa, on to mine. It was fortunate that she did not break her arm, or a bone. Although my bruise was extremely painful, it was luckily followed by no further serious consequences.

During the night we remained at anchor in the bay of St. Helen, and expected to be at Portsmouth on the following day. But our ship in entering the harbor, settled upon the sunken man-of-war, the *Royal George*,\* or, to speak in nautical phrase, "stuck fast." We were, therefore, obliged to remain the next night also, in this unpleasant situation, and only got off the day after. The night was accordingly passed very unpleasantly, as our ship lurched violently while lying upon the sunken vessel. The sight, also, on all sides of us of the floating fragments of those ships which had been torn from their anchorage in the harbor of Portsmouth, and were wrecked by the same storm which we had encountered at sea, was very sad.

I must also particularly notice the fact, that we anchored in the harbor of Portsmouth, between the ships that carried me

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\* The *Royal George*, sunk about a year and three months previous to Mrs. Riedesel's arrival, viz: on the 28th of June, 1782. Admiral Kempenfelt and the crew were lost, together with nearly two hundred women.

from England to Canada, and the one which conveyed us from New York to Quebec.

As the ebb of the tide prevented our ship from coming to land, and it would consume too much time to have waited for the incoming tide, my husband chartered a lugger, which is a light boat, in order to land as quickly as possible. But for this conveyance, although the time consumed in making the trip was not more than half an hour, we were obliged to pay fifteen guineas.

So we at length arrived at Portsmouth, about the middle of the month of September, 1783. Our hearts were very light as we stepped out upon the land, and I thanked God for the happy return of us all, and especially for his having preserved my husband to me. We ordered ourselves driven to the best inn of the place; and the dinner which we ate there seemed to us, after what we had gone through, to be the most delicious morsel of our whole lives. The white bread, especially, tasted remarkably good, for it was not only really very fine itself, but doubtless seemed to us much better, because, either on account of the bad weather, or lack of skill, that which we had had during the voyage was scarcely ever well baked. In the evening we indulged ourselves in some oysters; but we soon paid very dear for this delicacy, for in the night my daughter, Augusta, was taken with a terrible colic accompanied by incessant vomiting, which Doctor Kennedy, who luckily was with us, and whom I immediately called in, pronounced to be cholera morbus, which by the bye, is one of the most dangerous kind of colics. He gave her remedies which at once acted beneficially. The next morning our chaplain, Mylius, was also taken very ill, even worse than my daughter. At length it was discovered that the oysters had been taken from a spot near Portsmouth, where there was either a quantity of copper, or else, where copper-bottomed ships were accustomed to lie at anchor, and had thus absorbed verdigris. It was strictly forbidden to take oysters from this ground, and those persons who

were caught at it were severely punished. This, however, did not prevent people from venturing, as they could thus obtain them with much less trouble and expense.

In the forenoon of the following day, my husband with his adjutant, set out for London. I entreated him earnestly to spend the night at the inn, kept by the honest landlord, who had received me so kindly, on my first journey; but the postilions drove him over a different road. My postilions, also, wished to take the same road, but I insisted on having my way; and I was received by the honest man with sincere demonstrations of joy. He gave in my honor, a little family concert, at which one of his sisters, who had been blind for seven years, played very well upon the harpsichord, accompanying it at the same time with her voice. She did not like to have strangers know that she was blind. She, accordingly, seated herself at her harpsichord before any one came in; and as she had her book before her, and her eyes were not seen, no one would have observed her misfortune, had not her brother told us of it, for fear some one might discover and speak of it, and thus injure her feelings. He seemed much pained at my husband's having gone on without stopping. I asked him why it was, that the postilions had prevented my husband from stopping at his inn? He answered, that it was because he considered it disreputable to bribe them, but that two miles from him there was a landlord who gave them considerable money, which, indeed, did not come out of his own pocket, but out of the money he made out of strangers. "But those strangers," he said to me, "who once make my acquaintance, come again to me, for they know that I take the greatest pains to treat them well." His house was prettier than ever. The whole of the entrance hall and the inner court, was adorned with flower-pots and trailing shrubs. These latter were hung tastefully all through the house; and between each vine, were suspended glass globes, in which gold-fish sported; the whole arrangement producing a most charming effect. He again gave me the best

rooms, and as good fare as I could possibly desire, for a price that was dog cheap. My husband, on the contrary, had to pay, at the house where he stopped, a tremendous bill. Two days afterward, I arrived in London, where we were magnificently lodged in a large hotel, called, if my memory serves me, The King George. The very first thing I did, the morning after my arrival, was to hasten to pay a visit to excellent Mr. Russel, who, during my first sojourn in London, before my voyage to America, had shown me so much affection and consideration. I took a hackney coach, seated myself in it with my four children, and arranged matters so that those good people knew nothing of my intended visit. As the husband was in his room engaged in making his toilet, we went into the shop, and placed ourselves directly opposite Mistress Russel who was just then engaged in selling some sugar. As soon as she perceived me standing before her, she looked me sharply in the face and exclaimed, "Can I trust my eyes? Is it actually you? But you had only three children, and now there are four of them!" I could not restrain myself longer: my tears of joy betrayed me; I fell upon her neck. At this very moment, some one grasped me from behind and cried out, "Pardon my lady; I must embrace you!" It was worthy, honest Mr. Russel. The good people wept very much when I left them; but I promised to come back again once more, and bring my husband with me.

We were daily the guests of some one; and, on one occasion dined with our kind New York friend, General Tryon. One day, while we were yet seated at table, the queen's first lady of honor, my lady Howard, sent us a message to the effect that her majesty would receive us at six o'clock that afternoon. As my court-dress was not yet ready, and I had nothing with me but a perfectly plain angloise,\* I sent my apologies for not going at that time, which I again repeated when we had the honor of being presented to their majesties, who were both

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\* The name of a garment worn at that time.

present at the reception. The queen, however, as did also the king, received us with extraordinary graciousness, and replied to my excuses, by saying, "We do not look at the dress of those persons we are glad to see." They were surrounded by the princesses, their daughters. We seated ourselves before the chimney-fire—the queen, the princesses, the first lady of honor and myself forming a half circle, and my husband, with the king, standing in the centre close to the fire. Tea and cakes were then passed round.\* I sat between the queen and one of the princesses, and was obliged to go over a great part of my adventures. Her majesty said to me very graciously, "I have followed you everywhere, and have often inquired after you; and I have always heard with delight that you were well, contented and beloved by every one." I happened to have at this time a shocking cough. Observing this, the Princess Sophia went herself and brought me a jelly made of black currants, which she represented as a particularly good remedy, and forced me to accept a jar full.

About nine o'clock in the evening, the Prince of Wales came in. His youngest sisters flocked around him, and he embraced them and danced them around. In short, the royal family had such a peculiar gift for removing all restraint that one could readily imagine himself to be in a cheerful family circle of his own station in life. We remained with them until ten o'clock; and the king conversed much with my husband about America, and in German which he spoke exceedingly well. My husband was perfectly amazed at the king's excellent memory. As we were about taking our leave, the queen was so courteous as to say, that she hoped we would not very soon take our departure, and that she wished to see me once more; but as we shortly afterwards received intelligence that the fleet, destined to convey our troops back to Germany, was already in waiting, we were

\* The delicate compliment paid to the Riedesels by this informal reception will at once strike the reader.

obliged to hasten our departure so much, that we were not able again to wait upon the royal family.

During our sojourn at this time in London, I made the acquaintance of Lord North and Mr. Fox. Both called upon us. I made, also, several trips into the surrounding country, partly to become better acquainted with London and vicinity, and partly to see the most note-worthy objects of interest. I might have profited still more by my stay, but the news that the fleet which was to take us to Germany was in sailing trim, changed all our plans, and obliged us to take our departure as speedily as possible. We went to Deal, where we were to embark. The equinoctial storms, which we had so much feared, had already begun, and our captain, himself, also, wished it to be over before we embarked, because the storm was very violent, and the entrance of the Elbe, particularly in contrary weather, is pretty difficult. After waiting a day in Deal, and the weather continuing unpropitious, my husband, not wishing to detain the transports longer, determined to sail, let the weather be as it would. The wharf at this port is very bad, but especially so when there is a heavy storm. The ship's boats lie on the beach, from which the embarkation is made, waiting for the tide to come up; and the instant that it rolls in, the sailors draw the boats into the water and shove them off. This process made us all very timid, as it seemed such an extremely perilous undertaking. I had my youngest three years old daughter, America, in my lap, and around our boat a number of people were standing. Suddenly the frightened child cried out in English, "Is there nobody here who will take me?" at the same time stretching out both of her little arms. Thereupon an exceedingly well dressed woman came running up, and was on the point of snatching her out of my arms as the boat was being shoved off, and I had as much as I could do to keep my hold upon the little one. At last we were safely in the boat, but the waves tossed us hither and thither. As I believed that with our arrival in England I had escaped all further perils, this unlooked-for danger, completely took away

all my presence of mind. We, however, at last came safely to the ship, but here a new difficulty awaited us. The waves, which ran so high, tossed our boat hither and thither, so that, for a time, we did not know how we should get on board the vessel. I at once declared that I should be the last to leave the boat, and wished the others to climb up first, in order to be assured that all my family were safe. My husband, therefore, took the initiatory. The sailors then took my children in their arms, and climbed with their precious burdens up the little ladder that hung over the vessel's side. While they were being thus carried up, I was in a constant state of fear and anguish, for if the sailors had slipped, the children would have been crushed between the ship and the boat, and lost beyond the possibility of rescue. I myself was drawn up in a chair. As soon as I touched the deck, the captain came up to me and said, "I wish you joy, for you have to-day, run more danger than during your whole voyage."

The following morning we weighed anchor, and were three days on our passage to Stade. We were obliged to sail to and fro, as we were not able to pass the barrels — which lie in that part of the Elbe, to mark those places where large ships can sail through — only on a full tide. My husband, finally, became impatient. He accordingly had himself put ashore, and traveled to Stade in a calash. I, however, remained behind with the children, as it was thought that this journey would give too much needless trouble.

The day after, however, the captain — who accidentally, and I may say fortunately, was the same one who had brought us from Quebec to England — begged me with his customary and thoughtful politeness, to allow him, in case the ship was obliged to remain at anchor, to take me himself, to Stade. Accordingly, at four o'clock in the afternoon, we left the ship in the long-boat. Before leaving, following the instructions of my husband, I made the kind captain a present of the whole of our provisions, consisting of two cows, fifteen sheep, six hogs, and a con



siderable quantity of poultry, for we had taken great pains to provide ourselves with every thing. For these presents, he thanked us warmly. We had six sailors to manage the boat, but as they had to row against the stream, these poor people became thoroughly exhausted, and I feared that we should have to spend the night upon the Elbe, which would have been exceedingly unpleasant. At last, after much exertion, we reached Stade at eleven o'clock in the evening; but on account of the many ships that lay there, we were not able to land, especially as it was very dark. In this dilemma, we determined to cross over three or four ships to the shore, by means of boards laid from one to another. This feat was successfully accomplished.

Having at length arrived in the town, I knew not where to look for my husband. Every one, almost, was already asleep; and those whom we did meet, were either drunk, or were unable to give us the least information. I thought, in the innocence of my heart, that every one must of course know the newly arrived German general, because he seemed so dear to me; but when one said, "We know no German general," and another, "What do we care about him?" I felt mortified at having placed myself, as I thought, in such a ridiculous position, before the captain and our sailors, who were helping my trusty Rockel in carrying the children. At last we found a good soul who guided us to the inn, where my husband had put up; but he led us through so many narrow streets, that we were fearful he was taking us out of the way, into some by-path, with the intention of robbing us. We therefore determined not to enter any house which should have a suspicious appearance. But when we finally came to the inn, I saw, to my great joy, a night watch composed of our dragoons, standing before the door, and among them an old soldier, who had always been attached to the person of my husband. This good old man took myself and children by the hand, and said, "How rejoiced I am, that you are once more safely in Germany!" And he said this in

such a cordial, sympathetic tone, that we could see how full of kindness and deep feeling his heart was towards us. My husband, who had already gone to bed, was perfectly overjoyed at our safe arrival. I wished to entertain our kind captain with tea, but the people of the inn were in such a snarling humor, that I could only obtain miserable tea, stale milk, bad bread and worse butter, and besides, every thing was served up in such a filthy manner, that for the sake of the captain, I was heartily ashamed of my countrymen, and begged him not to judge my father-land from these specimens. The next day he took his departure, when we took an affecting leave of this honest man, who had invariably shown us so much courtesy, attention and deference.

We remained a day longer in Stade. My husband was obliged to remain there until the rest of the troops arrived, but I set out the following day, and passed the night at Zelle, in the delightful expectation of being in Brunswick the day after. But in the middle of the night, I saw all at once a soldier with fierce mustaches, and a light in his hand standing in front of my bed. It was the hostler. I was terribly frightened, but still more so when he handed me a letter from my husband which had just been brought by a courier, for I feared that something had happened to him. However, it was nothing more than a message from him directing me to alter the plan of my journey and go first to Wolfenbüttel.

There I found our entire family mansion in the same order as I had left it on my departure for America. My good friends, Madame Paasch and her daughter, had come expressly from Brunswick to arrange every thing for our reception. They had also prepared for me a capital supper; and after refreshing myself with it, I retired to rest with a feeling of the most hearty and sincere thanks to God for having preserved me through so many manifold dangers, but especially for his having so graciously watched over all my family, and for the precious gift of my little daughter America.

On the following day I had a call from our excellent duchess, and many old and dear friends. About a week afterwards I had the great satisfaction of seeing my husband, with his own troops, pass through the city. Yes! those very streets, in which, eight and a half years before, I had lost my joy and happiness, were the ones where I now saw this beautiful and soul-stirring spectacle. But it is beyond my power to describe my emotions, at beholding my beloved, upright husband, who, the whole time had lived solely for his duty, and who had constantly been so unwearied in helping and assisting, as far as possible, those who had been entrusted to him, often, too, out of his own purse, never receiving any return for the expenditure — standing, with tears of joy in his eyes, in the midst of his soldiers, who in turn were surrounded by a joyous and sorrowful crowd of fathers, mothers, wives, children, sisters and friends — all pressing around him to see again their loved ones.\*

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\* “In judging of the hearty reception which those warriors, who had fought so bravely on the other side of the ocean, met on their return to their father-land, one cannot help observing, that they were not looked upon by the public, as *mercenaries* and *hirelings*. On the contrary, they were honored as brave soldiers, who had defied innumerable dangers in remote countries, and experienced many adversities. All the different classes of the population, hastened to tender them their sympathy and esteem; and even after a long lapse of time the common people would pay great respect to him who had participated in the war in America. Of course they had heard for years of these warriors, or read in the newspapers of the renown they had gained by their valor, both in the eyes of friends and enemies, what venturous voyages they had made, and to what hardships they had been subjected in severe captivity. Their deeds were celebrated in song, some of which are still in use. With the exception of a few individuals, perhaps, people were far from the idea of abusing and calumniating these warriors. That was to be reserved for a later period.”—*The German Auxiliaries in America*.

All of the German troops, however, did not return to the father-land, as the following extract, which I copy from the *General Advertiser and Morning Intelligencer*, shows:

“If America has been the grave of a great number of Germans, some of them, however, have found it the road to fortune: and among the latter we learn is Col. De Menger who, having been taken prisoner of war, had the good fortune to become acquainted with Miss Hancock, only daughter of the late president of the American congress, and obtained the hand of that rich heiress, who is besides endowed with the most amiable qualities, and with whom that fortunate officer has gone to settle at Philadelphia.

The following day we both went to Brunswick. I remember well the day. It was Sunday, in the autumn of the year 1783, when we arrived in that town. We dined at the court, where, in the evening, I again met, after this long separation, most of my friends who resided in the place. This was great joy ; but, at the same time, it excited in me emotions, which moved my innermost soul.

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